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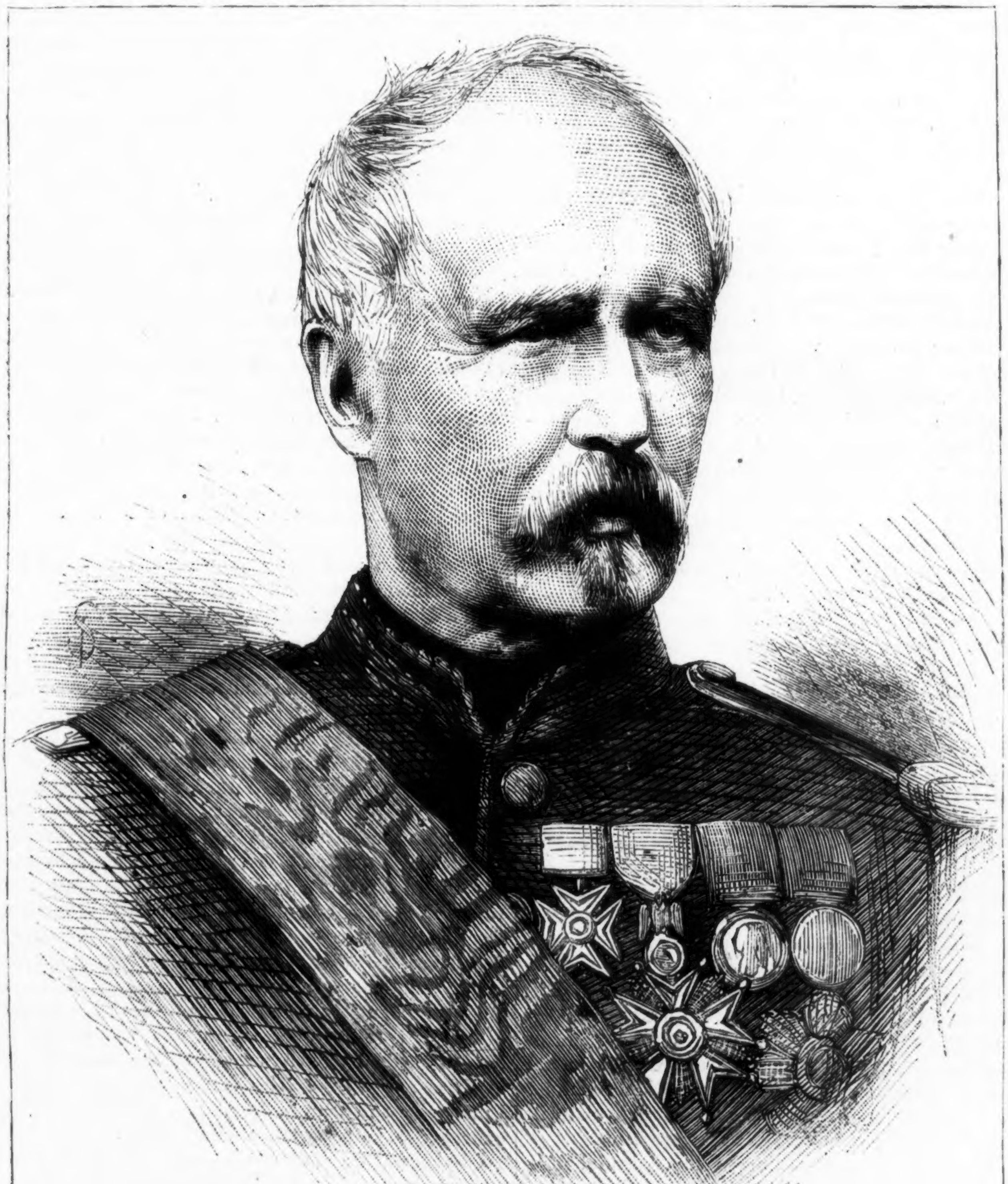
MARSHAL MACMAHON.

By H. A. Seyguern.



MARSHAL MACMAHON, EX-PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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MARSHAL MACMAHON.

By H. A. Seyguern.

Marie-Edme-Patrice-Maurice, Count and Marquis of MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, Marshal of France, and, until his resignation, January 31st, 1879, President of France, was born in 1808, at the ancestral chateau of Sully, near Autun, in Burgundy. As his name indicates, he was sprung from one of those Irish gentlemen who went into exile after the overthrow of the House of Stuart. No body of men ever strove more valiantly for the maintenance of a Lost Cause, and few such have ever achieved like success in the lands in which they made their new homes. The MacMahons settled in Burgundy, where from generation to generation they intermarried with the noblest French families, but made their own Irish name more illustrious than that of any of those with which they became allied.

From first to last the MacMahons were Monarchists of the strictest "Legitimate" type. The father of the ex-President was in 1817 raised to the peerage under the title of Marquis of MacMahon. He was a personal friend of Charles X., upon whose overthrow, in 1830, he forfeited his peerage by refusing to take the oath of allegiance to Louis Philippe. He married Mlle. de Caraman, a lady of high rank and large fortune, and was the father of four sons, of whom Patrice, or Patrick, was the youngest, and with him only have we here to do.

The younger son of a noble family, it was but natural that the military career should be selected for him. After preparatory studies at Autun and Versailles, he entered the Military Academy of St. Cyr at the age of seventeen, where he remained for two years, when he entered the army with the rank of sub-lieutenant. At this period he is described as a tall youth, with light hair, large blue eyes, of thoughtful demeanor, a devoted Catholic and firm Legitimist—characteristics which have marked him through life. He had, however, more than the usual share of the not very sanguinary student duels of the time. He was noted as a master of the foils, and had one special thrust which was named after him, *la botte MacMahon*. It consisted in pinking his opponent in the right arm, just above the elbow, and thus practically disarming him.

In 1830 we find young MacMahon serving in Algeria, and two years later as aide-de-camp to General Achard in the siege of Antwerp; after which he returned to Algeria with the rank of captain. In 1837 he was severely wounded at the siege of Constantine, and received the decoration of the Legion of Honor. In 1845 he took the oath of fealty to Louis Philippe, and was made colonel. His father dying about this time, he was permitted to assume the title of marquis, although his elder brother, who obstinately refused to acknowledge the right of Louis Philippe, was still living.

Notwithstanding all this, MacMahon was recognized as a Bourbonist, and he was heartily rejoiced at the overthrow of Louis Philippe in 1848. He, indeed, hoped that the Comte de Chambord, the self-styled Henry V., would be placed on the throne of France, and took no pains to conceal his dislike of the Republican government which followed. But he was quite satisfied with the accession of Louis Napoleon, by whom, in 1852, he was made a general of division. Napoleon took a strong liking to MacMahon, declaring, "He has the eyes of an honest man, and will never betray a trust"; as indeed he has never done.

MacMahon had in the meantime made a splendid marriage with the daughter and heiress of the Duc de Castries, and was soon sent back to Algeria as commander of the military division of Constantine. He remained here until the breaking out of the Crimean War, toward the close of which he was sent to Sebastopol as the commander of a military division. He showed high capacity as a bold and dashing soldier, and the capture of the Malakoff, the deciding event of that war, was owing mainly to his energy. At the close of this war he took his seat in the Senate, where he attained some prominence. In 1857 he was again sent to Africa, where he bore a prominent part in the successful expedition against the Kabyles, and was soon after placed in command of all the land and naval forces in Algeria. He went back to France, resumed his place in the Senate, where, not long before the breaking out of the Austro-Franco-Italian War, in 1859, he distinguished himself by his determined opposition to the stringent restrictive measures urged by the Government for the maintenance of public safety.

The services of MacMahon during the Austro-Italian War were notably brilliant. His division was the first to cross the Ticino, June 3d, and to commence the actual campaign by intercepting the march of a strong Austrian column. On the next day ensued the great battle of Magenta. The issue was decided by the arrival of MacMahon at the critical moment when the chances of battle were greatly in favor of the Austrians. He had fought his way desperately to Magenta, which was strongly held by the enemy. The fighting here was terrific, for this point was conceded by both parties to be the one upon the possession of which everything depended. MacMahon stormed the town, actually carrying it house by house, and the victory was won. The Austrian General, Gyulai, officially announced his loss at 9,713 killed, wounded and missing, and estimated that of the enemy at 6,000 or 7,000 killed and wounded. The official French accounts state their loss at only 4,957, and estimate that of the Austrians at 20,000, including 7,000 prisoners. So uncertain and unreliable are even the deliberate official reports of great battles. But be the losses what they may have been, the victory was a decisive one, the immediate result being that the Austrians evacuated Lombardy. For his share in this victory MacMahon was rewarded by being made a Marshal of France and Duke of Magenta.

During the next few years we have occasional glimpses of MacMahon. In October, 1861, he was officially present, with a display befitting his great wealth, at the coronation of the King of Prussia, now Emperor of Germany. From October, 1862, to September, 1864, he was stationed as military commander at Lille and Nancy. Late in 1864 Napoleon made him Governor-general of Algeria.

This apparently distinguished appointment was, however, generally looked upon as in reality a kind of honorable exile. Napoleon, or, rather, his favorites of the time, it is said, had become jealous of the growing popularity of MacMahon, and put him where the wisest man could scarcely avoid failure. The plan of the new Governor-general to convert the colonial administration into a military vice-royalty failed completely. Difficulties of various kinds arose, culminating in 1869 by a rising of the native tribes, which was, however, speedily suppressed, and with great vigor. MacMahon was severely censured in the Senate, where, in January, 1870, he vindicated his course, and offered his resignation, which was not accepted; but, though nominally Governor-general of Algeria, he remained in France up to the time of the beginning of the great Franco-German War, in July, 1870, when he was placed in command of an important military corps.

Of this war we shall speak only in as far as MacMahon was concerned. Never did a war between two great nations break out with so little warning and upon grounds so apparently trivial; though now, when looking back upon it, we can see that there were weighty political motives, and that the reason assigned was a mere pretext. But at the time no one imagined that there could be any reason to apprehend that the peace of Europe would be disturbed. On July 15, 1870, just four days before the formal declaration of war by France, Earl Granville became British Minister for Foreign Affairs, in the full belief that the task before him would be an easy one. The Permanent Under-Secretary, who was presumed to know all about the political outlook, officially declared that "the world has never been so profoundly at peace, and the diplomatic atmosphere so serene." A fortnight before, M. Ollivier, the real head of the French Ministry, had assured the Legislative Bodies that "the Government has no uneasiness whatever. At no epoch was the peace of Europe more assured. Military questions no longer exist. The European Cabinets understand that treaties should be maintained. We have developed liberty to assure peace, and the accord between the Nation and the Sovereign has achieved a French Sadowa in the *plebiscitum.*"

In the results of that *plebiscitum*, or general election of May 8th, 1870, lay the real cause of the coming war. The result, indeed, was apparently an overwhelming triumph for the Imperial policy. Out of about eight and three-quarter million votes, seven and a quarter millions were for the Government, and only one and a half millions against it. But it was an ominous feature that in nearly every one of the great cities, which sooner or later decide political issues in France, the Imperial candidates were defeated; and it really mattered little that the rural deputies were almost to a man Imperialists. Of still more sinister omen was it that in the army, where entire unanimity was looked for, there were fifty thousand votes against the Government. The opposition in the Legislative Bodies grew more and more defiant, and it was soon perceived that their following was rapidly increasing. This general dissatisfaction was intensified by the assassination of Victor Noir, a journalist, by Prince Pierre Bonaparte, a disreputable cousin of the Emperor, and his acquittal when tried for murder. This had, indeed, occurred some six weeks before the election, but now it was discussed in every hamlet in France. The Emperor and his foolish advisers came to the conclusion that some glorious foreign war was necessary to regain the waning prestige of Napoleon III.; and, as it happened, Prussia was the only nation a war with which promised glory to the French arms, followed, if successful, by the acquisition of territory up to the coveted banks of the Rhine. On paper, the French army was in a state of perfect preparation, in respect both of numbers and equipment; while it was believed that the North German Confederation, of which Prussia was the head, would go to pieces at the first shock, and that all the minor German Powers would at least hold themselves aloof, and possibly would even side against Prussia. So war was secretly resolved upon by the Emperor and his cabal. A plausible pretext only was wanting.

Where a pretext is looked for in such a case, one will easily be found. Spain was looking about for a king, and the Spanish ministers announced that they should propose as a candidate Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern. Though nominally a member of the family of which the King of Prussia is head, Leopold was a very distant cousin. Indeed, one would have to look back five hundred years to find a common ancestor of the two. One would have supposed that there could have been no prince of royal blood whom France would more willingly see upon the throne of Spain. His branch of the Hohenzollern family had always been Catholics; and he himself was in blood more a Frenchman than a German. His paternal grandfather was a Murat; his maternal grandmother a Beauharnais; his mother a Bourbon-Braganza. But the French Government affected to believe that it would be dangerous to France to have even such a remote kinsman of the King of Prussia placed upon the Spanish throne; and the Chargé d'Affaires at Berlin was instructed formally to remonstrate at his candidature. The Prussian Ministry responded that they had nothing to say or do about the matter. Some diplomatic correspondence ensued; and Leopold put an end to the difficulty, as one would have thought, by refusing to be any longer a candidate.

But the foolish war party in France were by no means satisfied with such a cutting of the Gordian knot. They demanded that the King of Prussia should write an autograph letter to the Emperor of the French, apologizing for having permitted Leopold to be named as a candidate, and pledging himself that no prince of the House of Hohenzollern should ever be a candidate for the Spanish crown. Bismarck indignantly refused even to lay this demand before the King; whereupon M. Benedetti, the French Ambassador, undertook to present the question in the most insulting manner. On the 9th of July he accosted the King, who was walking in the public garden at Ems, and insolently presented his demand. In reply he was told, in a manner altogether undiplomatic, to be off with himself. Never was an impudent diplomat more significantly snubbed.

On the 15th the foolish De Gramont laid the matter before the French Senate. "Under these circumstances," said he, "we should have forgotten our dignity, and also our prudence, had we not made preparations. We have prepared to maintain the war which is offered to us, leaving to each that portion of the responsibility which belongs to him. Since yesterday we have called out the reserve, and we shall take the necessary measures to guard the interest and the security and the honor of France." On Sunday, the 18th, the Senate went to St. Cloud to congratulate the Emperor on the decision which had been reached. The mobile Parisian populace were at war heat. The boulevards sounded all that Sunday with shouts of "*Vive la guerre!*" "*A Berlin!*" "*A bas la Prusse!*" And on the next day war was formally declared.

On the 24th of July the formal manifesto of the French Government appeared. It had in it about as much and quite as little truth as one expects in such documents. "There are"—so it ran—"solemn moments in the life of a people, when the national honor, violently excited, imposes itself with irresistible force, dominates all interests, and alone takes in hand the destinies of the country. Launched on the path of invasion, Prussia has aroused defiance, everywhere necessitated exaggerated armaments, and turned Europe into a camp, where only uncertainty and fear of the future reign. It only remains to confide our destinies to the decision of arms. We wish to conquer a lasting peace."

"Are we ready for war?" asked the incapable De Gramont of the equally incapable Lebœuf, the War Minister. "Ready? Ay, more than ready," was the unhesitating reply. Not very long afterward, when De Gramont had come to be a sadder if not a wiser man, he declared: "I could easily have avoided the war in twenty different ways."

That Napoleon should have vastly underrated the military strength of Prussia is not, perhaps, to be wondered at; but, except from his own private correspondence, subsequently captured by the Germans, and from a pamphlet put forth by him while a prisoner, we should never have dreamed to what an extent he was misled by his cabal of counselors as to the actual number and efficiency of his own force. The correspondence shows that the army was

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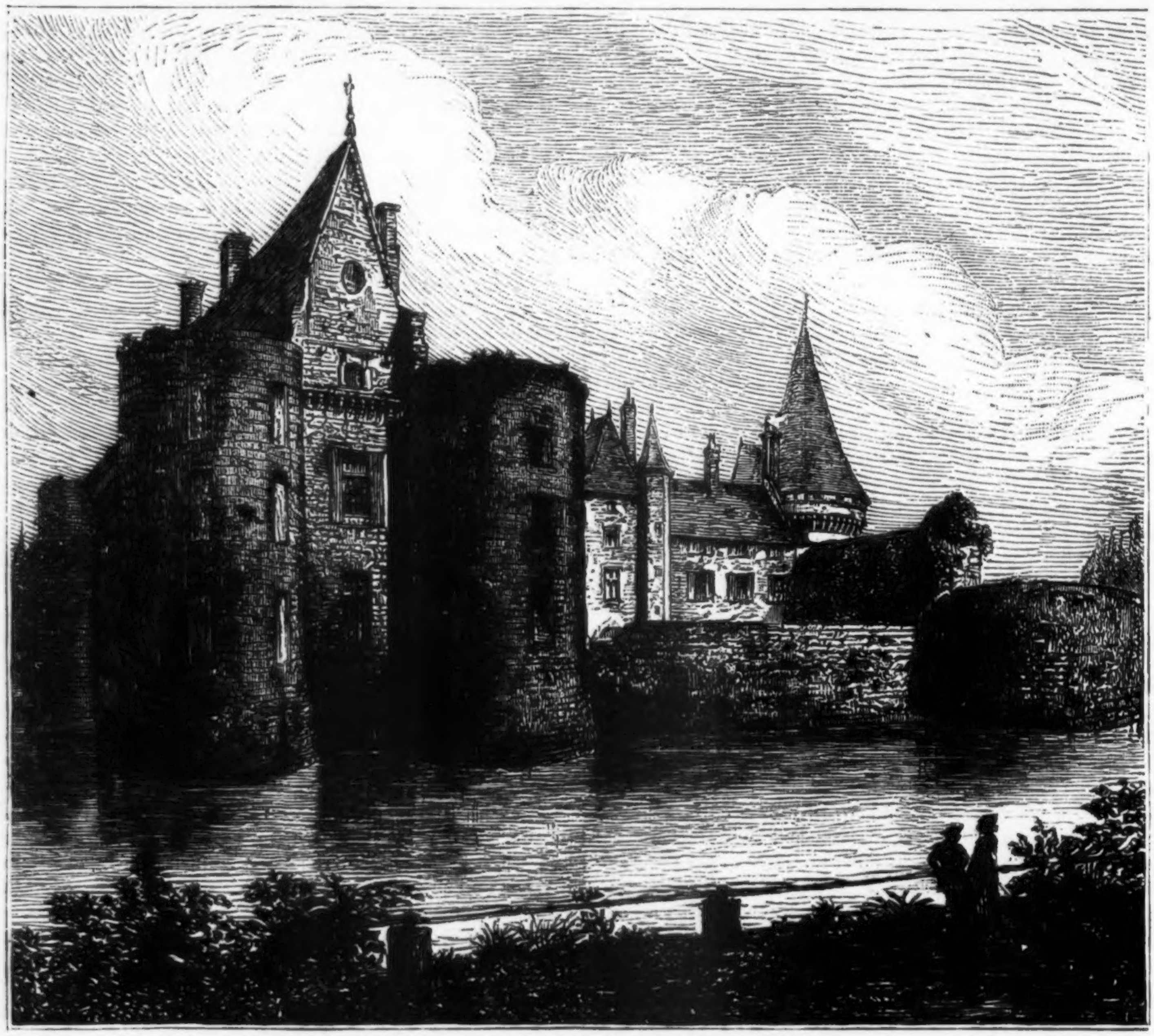


THE CHATEAU DE SULLY, BIRTHPLACE OF MARSHAL MACMAHON.

destitute of the most necessary appliances for an offensive movement; and in the pamphlet Napoleon says that it was his intention—an intention confided only to MacMahon and Lebœuf—to mass 150,000 men at Metz, 100,000 at Strasburg, and 50,000 at Chalons; then, leaving 50,000 behind to garrison the fortresses, the remaining 250,000 were suddenly to unite and cross the Rhine; but when the time came to invade Germany there were only 140,000 at both Metz and Strasburg, instead of the expected 250,000.

If Napoleon had been jealous of the popularity of MacMahon, he at least knew that he could depend upon his fidelity as a soldier, and he trusted much to his as yet untried ability as a commander. As it happened, at this time there was, indeed—Bazaine, perhaps, excepted—no other French general from whom much could be expected. So MacMahon was placed in command at Strasburg, and Bazaine at Metz.

Metz seemed at this time to be the most important point, and to this Napoleon went in person, leaving the Empress Eugenie as Regent at Paris. He reached Metz on July 28th, nominally assumed command of the army, and issued a proclamation which now reads strangely enough: "Soldiers," so ran the proclamation, "I am about to place myself at your head, to defend the honor and the soil of the country. You go to fight against one of the best armies in Europe; but others, who were quite as worthy, were unable to resist your bravery. It will be the same again at the present time. The war which is now commencing will be a long and severe one, since it will have for the scene of its operations places full of fortresses and obstacles; but nothing is too difficult for the soldiers of Algeria, the Crimea, Italy and Mexico. Whatever road we may take beyond our frontiers, we shall find glorious traces of our fathers. We will prove ourselves worthy of them."

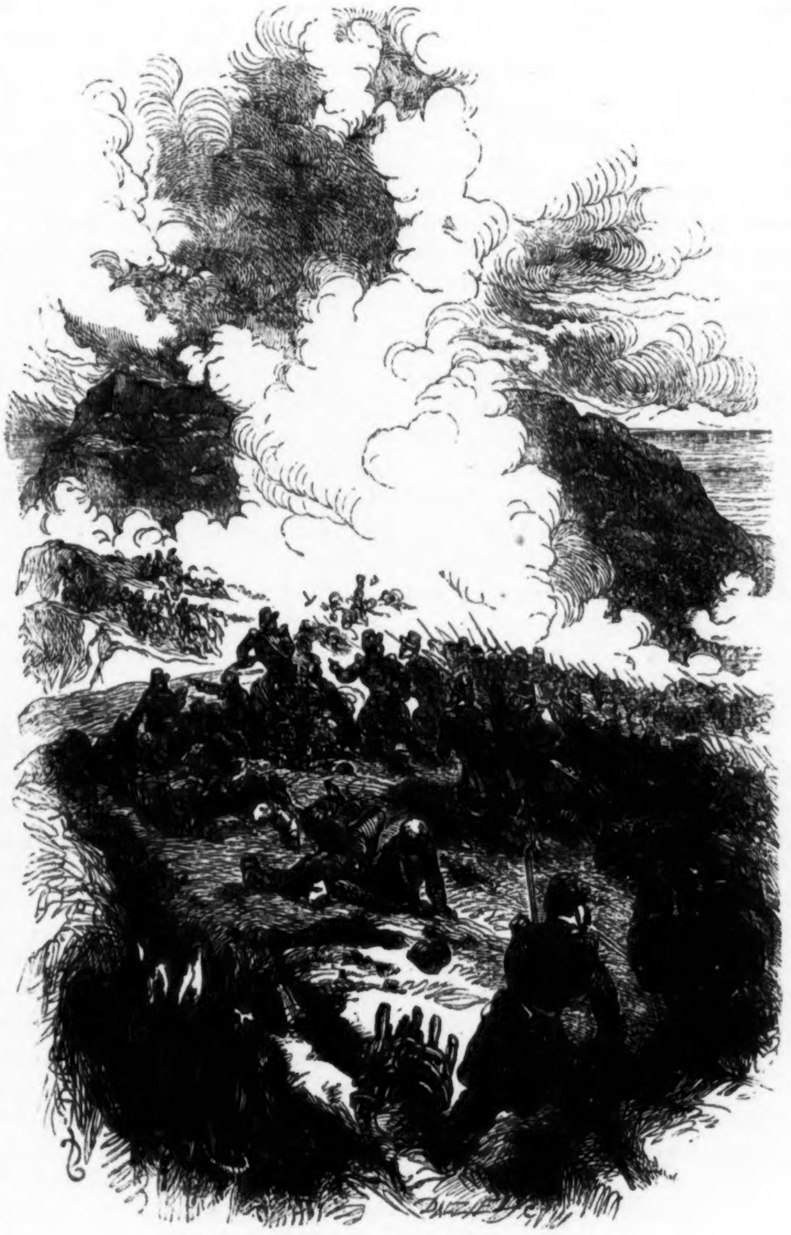
But of the French army, not a man ever crossed the German frontier except as a prisoner. On August 2d, indeed, the French, under the eye of Napoleon and his sickly young son, shelled the little open town of Saarbrück, on the German side of the Saar, a small affluent of the Moselle, where the Prussian outposts were posted. The Prussians fell back from the fire, but the French did not attempt to cross the Saar; and these few cannon-shots were the only ones from French guns that fell upon German soil during this war. This trifling affair, however, gave occasion for Napoleon to send a bombastic dispatch to Eugenie—the only undesponding one which he was ever able to dictate. "Louis," he said, "has gone through his baptism of fire, and his presence of mind has drawn tears from the eyes of the soldiers."

But while martial play was going on near Metz, work was being done about Strasburg, thirty leagues southeastward, where MacMahon had command. He ought to have had with him 100,000 men; he had barely 40,000. He had sent an advance division, under General Abel Douay, to Weissenburg, about ten leagues toward Metz, where, on the 4th of August, it was pounced upon and routed by the Germans, under the command of the Crown Prince of Prussia. MacMahon, apparently quite ignorant of the immense German force in that direction, got together all the men under his command, and moved toward Weissenburg. Before he had gone more than half way, he found that the enemy were before him in great force. He took up a strong position at and around the little village of Wörth. Here, on the morning of August 6th, he was fiercely assailed by greatly superior numbers. The battle lasted until late in the afternoon. Then all the strong points of the French position having been either turned or carried, orders to retreat were given. The retreat soon became a panic. The French, followed by the German cavalry, fled through the rugged passes of the Vosges Mountains.

In this first important action of the war, the loss to the Germans in killed and wounded is put down at 8,000; that of the French at 10,000. But this is no measure of the extent of the disaster; for when the retreating army reached Chalons, some fifty leagues to the west, barely 18,000 men could be mustered.

Never were tidings of disaster more unexpected than those which reached Paris of the crushing defeat at Wörth. Only the day before the telegraph had told that MacMahon had routed the Prussians, taken Landau, and made 25,000 prisoners, among whom was the Crown Prince himself. This was the news on Friday. On Saturday came something very different, in the shape of a telegram from the Emperor, who said, "Marshal MacMahon has lost a battle. General Frossard, on the Saar, has been compelled to fall back. The retreat is being effected in good order. Everything may come right again (*tout peut se retablir*)."

Such was the best face which could be put upon the news which reached poor Eugenie on Saturday night. Poor woman! whose face was her fortune, and who really wanted nothing more in this life than to say her prayers, and be confessedly the best-dressed woman in the world—one can do nothing less than pity her when the nominal burden of government came upon those feeble shoulders of hers, which had already come to need cosmetics to render them attractive to that jaded old fellow which her imperial husband had come to be. Poor Eugenie did the best she could. We doubt if a much wiser woman could just then have done much better. The ill news came late on Saturday. Day had scarcely broken on Sunday morning before the poor Empress hurried from St. Cloud to the Tuileries, and issued a proclamation. There was nothing in it which any school-girl could not have indited, although we suppose that she consulted with some of that absurd crew who formed the Ministry. "Citizens, be firm and orderly," was about the sum and substance of the proclamation. But in the meanwhile, Paris was to be in a state of siege; the Council to be in permanent sitting, and the Chambers were to be forthwith assembled.



STORMING THE MALAKOFF.

Sunday passed, and Monday; and on Tuesday the Chambers met—the Ministers apparently quite prepared to discourse with the honorable deputies. But never before did a poor Ministry encounter such a cat-calling. Some deputies shouted for Henri Rochefort, of whom the less here said the better; and M. Jules Favre, who is by no means destitute of capacity, made some startling propositions, which were greeted with loud applause. The substance of them was that the Emperor should be deprived of the command of the army, and that the existing Ministry should be kicked out.

Never before had a poor Empress-Regent to listen to such demands; but luckily for her they did not involve matters so important in her eyes as the fit of a skirt or the shade of a flounce. So the Emperor got his go-by; the Ministers resigned their portfolios, and a new Cabinet was appointed. Of this Cabinet we need name only one, who was made Minister of War. His name was Charles Montauban. He was seventy-five years old; had served in many parts of the earth, notably in China, in 1860, where he did something at a place called Pa-lia-kia-ho, on account of which he received the title of Count Palikao. He was a firm Napoleonist, as well he might be, since, as came to light, the Emperor had made him a present of 600,000 francs, from the sum which had been wrung from the Chinese by way of indemnity.

Nobody seemed to know or care where the Emperor was. Up to this time he had been at Metz with Bazaine. But

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Bazaine, as well as MacMahon, had had his full share of ill-luck. On the 14th of August, a sharp encounter took place at Courcelles. Each side, if the bulletins are to be believed, won a great victory. But the fruits remained with the Germans, who retained the battlefield, while the French retired into their stronghold of Metz. Poor Napoleon thought that Metz was no place for him or his son; and forthwith they took carriage westward for Chalons, where MacMahon had by this time gathered a considerable force. On the way, the Imperial fugitive narrowly escaped capture at Verdun. Before leaving Metz, Napoleon issued a proclamation to the people: "In leaving you to oppose the invading enemy," he said, "I rely upon your patriotism to defend this great city. You will not allow the foreigners to seize the bulwark of France, and you will emulate the army in courage and devotion. I shall preserve a grateful memory of the welcome I have found within your walls; and I hope to be able to return in happier times to thank you for your noble conduct." Vain hope! In a fortnight after the issue of this proclamation, the Emperor, with MacMahon, and fully 100,000 men, surrendered at Sedan; and before another two months had passed, Bazaine surrendered Metz with well-nigh 200,000 soldiers.

We now return to MacMahon. He had, as we have seen, reached Chalons with some 18,000 men. Here reinforcements from many quarters reached him, until his entire strength was 100,000 or more. Then came an order from the absurd Count Palikao, the Minister of War, that MacMahon should march toward Metz, so as to unite with Bazaine. This movement was just the one which should not have been made. The Germans in that direction were in overwhelming force; but Bazaine, with his 200,000, were, for the time, safe enough behind the strong works at Metz; and if the Germans chose to besiege him there, so much the better; for it would keep a good part of their army engaged in the siege. MacMahon's idea was the really sensible one. His force should fall slowly back toward Paris. Every league which he went in that direction would add to his strength, while every league would weaken the Germans if they should follow him up; and long before Paris was reached, the opposing forces would become so far equalized that a battle might be offered or accepted, with fair hope of victory. But the orders from Paris were imperative, and MacMahon proceeded to endeavor to carry them out. So in the last days of August he left Chalons, and headed eastward toward Metz. But disaster, which had met him from the first, still clung to him.

The truth was, that there was among the Germans one presiding intellect—that of Count Helmuth Von Moltke—*Vater Moltke*, as the German soldiers called him—a man of threescore and ten, whom history will recognize as one of the greatest military commanders of any age, although he never led an army in the field. From his quiet headquarters, with maps and reports before him, he knew every rood of ground where operations were to be carried on, the position of every division of the great German army, and the exact number of hours required to put each command upon the spot where it was most wanted, at any given moment. The consequence was that, while there might be no very great disparity in the numbers of the entire opposing forces, the Germans were always greatly preponderant at every decisive point.

So MacMahon found it. Scarcely had he moved out of Chalons when he found his way barred. On the 29th of August his foremost division was absolutely surprised at noonday, and utterly routed, at Beaumont. We recall nothing of the kind in modern warfare, except the like surprise of Howard's corps at Chancellorsville. To cut his way to Metz was now wholly out of the question for MacMahon. All that was left for him was to turn due north to Sedan. The Germans, in superior force, were there almost as soon as were the French. The best account of what ensued is given by the King of Prussia, in a letter to the Queen, bearing date September 2nd, which we greatly abridge:

"On the evening of the 31st and the morning of the 1st, the army had reached its appointed positions round Sedan. The Bavarians held the left wing, near Bazeilles. Notwithstanding a thick fog, the battle began at Bazeilles early in the morning, and a sharp action developed itself by degrees, in which it was necessary to take house by house. It lasted all day. It was at eight o'clock, when I reached the front before Sedan, that the great battle commenced. A hot artillery fire now began at all points. It lasted for hours, and during it we gradually gained ground. The villages of Illy and Floing were taken, and the fiery circle drew gradually closer round Sedan. It was a grand sight from our position, on a commanding height.

"The violent resistance of the enemy began to slacken by degrees, which we could see by the broken battalions that were hurriedly retreating from the woods and villages. The cavalry endeavored to attack several battalions of our 5th Corps, and the latter behaved admirably. The cavalry galloped through the intervals between the battalions, and then returned the same way. This was repeated three times, so that the ground was covered with corpses and horses—all of which we could see very well from our position. I have not been able to learn the name of this brave regiment, as the retreat of the enemy was in many places a flight.

"The infantry, cavalry and artillery rushed in a crowd into the town and its immediate environs; but no sign was given that the enemy contemplated extricating himself from his desperate situation by capitulation. No other course was left than to bombard the town with the heavy battery. In twenty minutes the town was burning in several places, which, with the numerous burning villages over the whole field, produced a terrible impression.

"I accordingly ordered the firing to cease, and sent Colonel Von Brousart, with a flag of truce, to demand the capitulation of the army and the fortress. He was met by a Bavarian officer, who reported to me that a French messenger had announced himself at the gate. Colonel Von Brousart was admitted, and on asking for the commander-in-chief he was unexpectedly admitted into the presence of the Emperor, who wished to give him a letter for myself. When the Emperor asked what his message was, and received the answer, 'To demand the surrender of the army and fortress," the Emperor replied that on this subject application must be made to General De Wimpffen, who had undertaken the command in the place of the wounded General MacMahon."

It was now seven o'clock in the evening, and the battle had begun at dawn. MacMahon had received a slight wound in the thigh at seven in the morning, whereupon he made over the command to Ducrot, who was soon replaced by Wimpffen. Up to this moment the Germans had not the slightest suspicion that Napoleon was with the French army; and indeed from the moment of his leaving Metz he appears to have taken no action in military matters. He had certainly lost heart, and probably had lost head also. It is said that he had grown gloomy and unsettled, and was constantly complaining that he had been falsely advised and betrayed. In his Wilhelmshöhe pamphlet he declared that the fatal movement which led to Sedan was made against his own judgment, and only in accordance with the orders of the incapable regency at Paris. MacMahon, although he took no personal part in the capitulation, was man enough to assume the whole responsibility of the movement which led to it. When, three years after, Bazaine was upon trial for what was alleged to be the needless surrender of Metz, evidence was adduced to prove that he had sent a letter to MacMahon, directing him not to march eastward. But MacMahon, then President, declared that no such letter had ever been received by him.

The Emperor of France had in the meanwhile sent an autograph letter to the King of Prussia. "This letter," writes the King, "began thus: 'Not having been able to die at the head of my troops, I lay down my sword to your Majesty,' leaving all the rest to me." The King was not a little puzzled what to do. "I had," he says, "seen Napoleon, only three years before, at the very summit of his power." He was not long, however, in inditing a very significant letter, in French, couched in the courteous phrases to which that language so readily lends itself. "*Monsieur, mon frère,*" wrote William, "while regretting the circumstances under which we meet, I accept the sword of your Majesty, and beg you to have the kindness to name some one of your officers furnished with full powers to treat concerning the capitulation of the army which has fought so bravely under your orders. On my side, I have designated General Moltke for that purpose. *Je suis de votre Majesté le bon frère.*

But it was Bismarck, not Moltke, with whom Napoleon had to do in the first place. The quarters of the great Minister were in a poor weaver's cottage in a little village not far from Sedan, and thither Napoleon rode next morning. There was no convenient room in the cottage, and a couple of chairs were placed before the door. Bismarck brought up the question of peace; but Napoleon said he had nothing to do with that. The Empress was regent, and he could give no orders to the army, nor could he enter upon any negotiations. He had simply surrendered as an individual—that was all. "Then," said Bismarck, "there is no use of more talk." Napoleon desired to have an interview with the King. "That can't be done," replied Bismarck, "until the capitulation has been signed."

Where all the power is on one side, matters get to be quickly settled; and an hour before noon the terms of capitulation were drawn up. As we count, there were surrendered 100,825 officers and men, of whom 14,000 were wounded. In the battle of the preceding day the Germans claim to have made 28,000 prisoners. There must have been a large number killed; so that the entire force of MacMahon when he reached Sedan, was not far from 140,000. The Germans there numbered about 220,000. The French also lost 10,000 horses, 70 mitrailleuses, 150 fort-guns and 355 field-guns, besides the flags of all their regiments. Never before in the history of modern war had so many men laid down their arms at once; and only once since has that number been exceeded—when Bazaine surrendered Metz.

The surrender at Sedan closed the relations of MacMahon with the war. He was suffered to go on parole to Wiesbaden for the recovery of his health, where he remained until the preliminary treaty of peace in February, 1871. Returning to France, he found Thiers at the head of affairs, by whom he was placed in command of the French troops operating against the Paris Commune, and he was military governor of Paris for a month after the overthrow of the Commune. At the supplementary election in July, 1871, he refused to be a candidate for the National Assembly.

In August, Thiers was made President of the newly-formed French Republic, with great powers and without expressed limitation of term. As the Act of the Assembly phrased it, his tenure of office was to be prolonged "until it shall have concluded its labors." With what skill he wielded the executive power during the critical period which ensued, need not here be narrated.

But Thiers was not, any more than his predecessors in power had done, to find his position a bed of roses. The opposition to him, composed of all sorts of elements, made head in the Assembly. As early as January, 1872, he announced his purpose to resign; but MacMahon, in the name of the army, urged him to remain in office. At length, in May, 1873, Thiers found himself defeated by a decided majority of the Assembly, upon a measure which had been made a test question; and forthwith he sent in a peremptory resignation. A further test question was then raised as to refusing to accept this resignation. It was decided, by a vote of 365 to 339, that it should be accepted. Then ensued a scene of wild confusion. A deputy undertook to make a speech eulogizing the late President, but was hissed down.

At length, a motion was made that MacMahon should be invited to accept the Presidency. Only 392 deputies voted, a little more than half of the whole number; but of these there were only two in opposition. A committee was sent to lay this vote before MacMahon. The Marshal was found in company with M. Thiers. He was not disposed to accept the office, for which he had never sought. He reminded Thiers that he had often voluntarily pledged himself that he would never be the man to supersede him in the Presidency. Thiers responded that he had never said a word which could, by any possibility, be construed into a recognition of any such pledge.

At length M. Buffet—the same who had just before attempted to eulogize Thiers—urgently appealed to MacMahon to save the country by accepting the Presidency. After further entreaty, the Marshal yielded to the urgency, and sent a letter of acceptance to the Assembly: "Gentlemen," he wrote, "I obey the will of the Assembly, the depositary of the National Sovereignty, and accept the functions of President of the Republic. A heavy responsibility is thrust upon my patriotism; but with the aid of God and the devotion of the army, which will always be an army of the law, and the supporter of all honest men, we will continue together the work of liberating the territory, and restoring moral order throughout the country; we will maintain internal peace, and the principles upon which society rests. That this shall be the case, I pledge my word as an honest man and a soldier."

No man, then or afterward, had reason to doubt the word of MacMahon—Thiers least of all. Thiers took his displacement very coolly, and, for a time, believed that he would be recalled to the Presidency. To his friends he said: "I fall with the flag in my hand, having rendered some service; and I give up the position to those who wish to fling themselves into the adventures of a very grave situation. I shall take again my place in the Assembly. I hold myself, above all, at the command which shall come to me from the nation."

MacMahon's first Message to the Assembly, read by the Duc de Broglie, who had been made Minister for Foreign Affairs, was significant of the line of policy which he meant to follow. First of all things, it recognized the National Assembly as the source of all political power: "Called to the Presidency by the National Assembly," he said, "I have exercised my power by choosing a Ministry taken from your ranks. I believe that the majority invariably constitutes the law in a parliamentary *régime*, and this is still more the case in the present instance, where, by virtue of the existing laws, the First Magistrate of the Republic is the delegate of the Assembly, and the delegate of the law."

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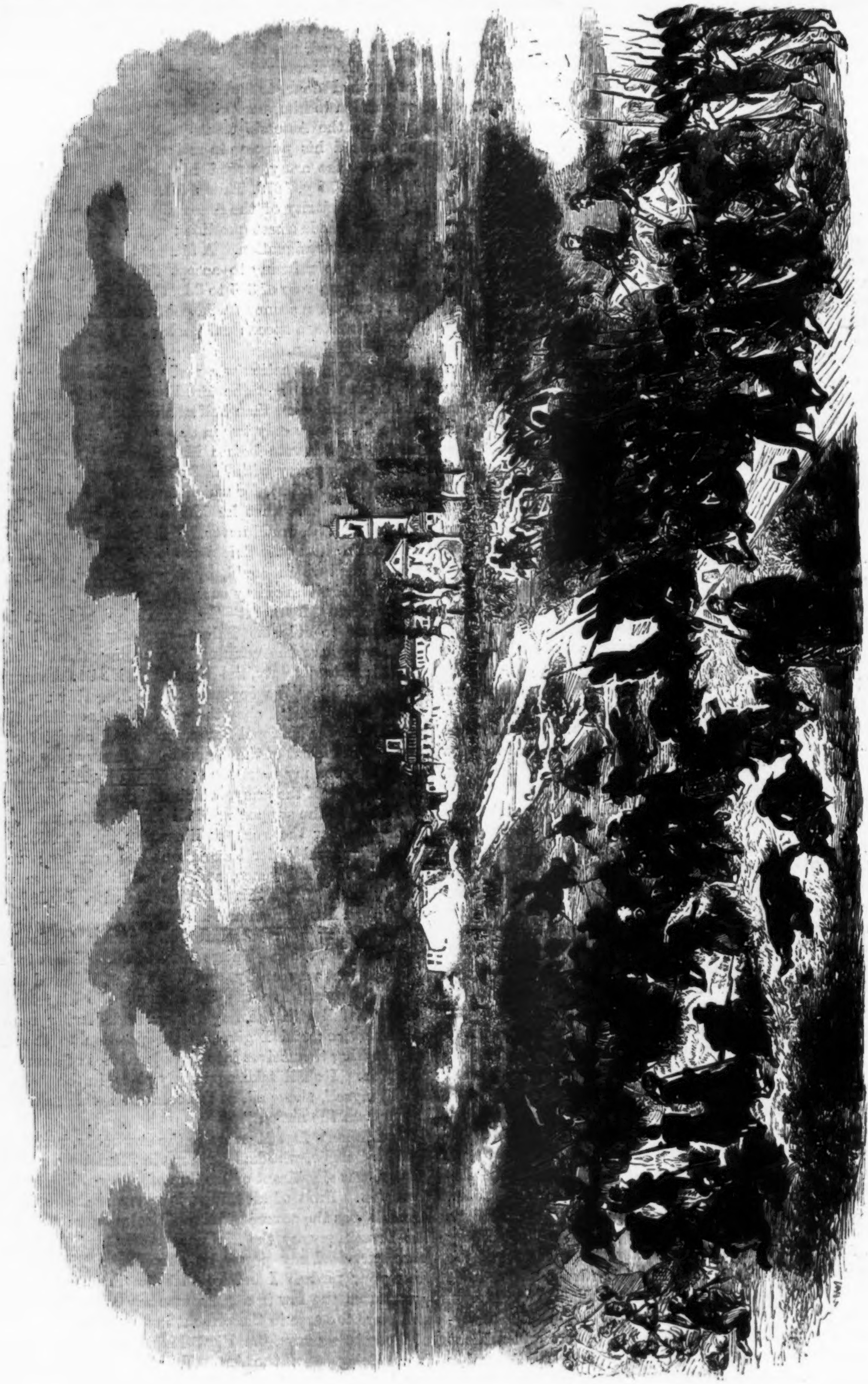
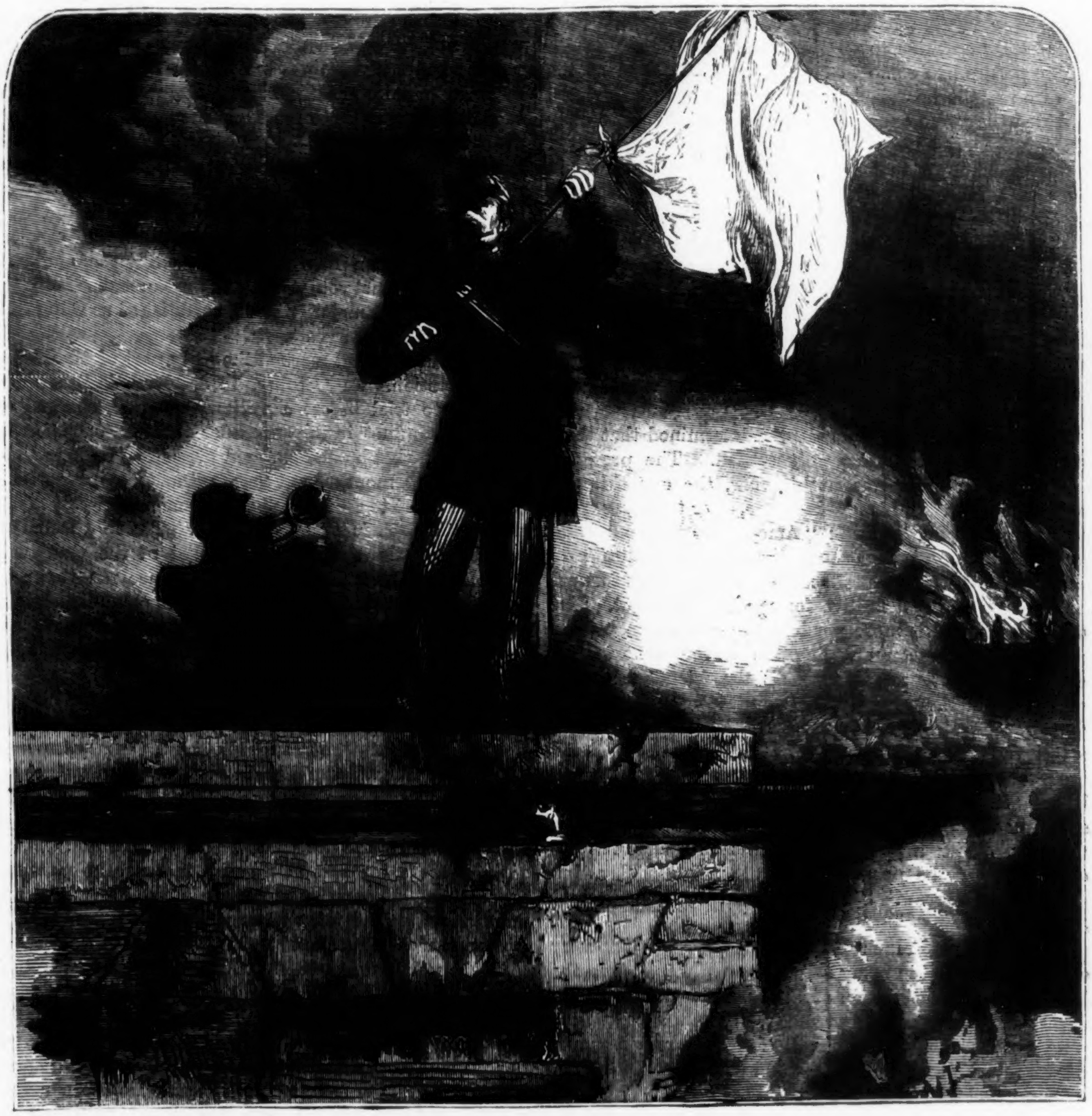


THE BATTLE OF MAGENTA.

Then followed a delicate compliment to Thiers, in regard to his foreign policy, which had resulted in the virtual liberation of the country from the conquerors. "It would have been impossible to accomplish this if the country had not lent itself to the task with heroic patience; and it has been ably conducted by a man from whom a disagreement on home policy alone could induce you to separate. I rely upon you to complete this task."

Some further sentences sharply indicated what MacMahon intended should be his policy: "We desire the maintenance of peace, and the reorganization of the army, which is necessary to repair the strength and retain the rank which belongs to France. The home policy of the Government will be imbued with a character of social conservatism. The Government must introduce and impress upon the Administration the spirit of conservatism. It will not fail in its duty, and will defend society against all factions. The post in which you have placed me, is that of a sentinel who has to watch over the integrity of your sovereign power."



ANNOUNCING THE SURRENDER OF SEDAN.

MacMahon's Government was early enabled to complete the great work left to it by that of Thiers—the complete liberation of France from the presence of the German troops. On September 5th the last franc of the enormous indemnity was paid over, and on the 15th, Verdun, the last of the French fortresses, was formally given up, and the tri-colored flag of France displaced the black eagle of Germany, amid shouts of "*Vive la Republique!*" "*Vive l'Armée!*" and "*Vive Thiers!*" France had no present foreign enemy to face, and factions and parties at home had a free field to fight out their own battles.

A large volume would be quite insufficient to give even a *resumé* of the partisan conflicts which ensued. Sufficient here to say that the two branches of the Monarchists—the Bourbonists and the Orleanists—joined hands. The Comte de Paris had a meeting with the Comte de Chambord, in which the former said: "In the name of my family I present you our respectful homage, not only as the chief of our House, but also as the sole representative of the Monarchical principle in France. I hope that a day may come when the

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French nation may understand that its safety is in that principle. If ever it wishes to have recourse to the Monarchy, no competition for the throne will arise in our family." The reconciliation of all Monarchical interests appeared to be complete, if only the French people could be brought to believe that they wanted a King of Bourbon or Orleans blood. But besides Monarchists there were Bonapartists, who longed for a reconstruction of the Empire, and Republicans, who wanted neither a Monarchy nor an Empire. Nobody, just then, could tell what were the relative numbers of these three main parties, or at what moment or in what manner any two of them would form a temporary coalition to put down the other one.

Two parties had come to look upon MacMahon as the man who might be relied upon to carry out their views, provided they were once shown to be those of the majority of the people, as authoritatively declared by the Assembly. It was well known that his own personal opinion was in favor of a Monarchy, with a Bourbon or an Orleans as king; but he had also faithfully served the Empire, and might be trusted to do so again, if it were re-established. But, How about Republicanism ? was a grave question. He was a kind of provisional President, with quite undefined powers, and a wholly undefined tenure of office. What should be his powers, and for how long should he hold them ? was the grave question which came up before the motley Assembly when it reassembled at the middle of November, 1873.

MacMahon himself was evidently determined that these questions should be measurably settled. The preservation of public order was, in his view, the one thing of present moment. In his first message, after touching upon some formal topics, he said : "Among the matters claiming your attention is the examination of the Constitutional Laws presented to my predecessor. This brings forward the question of the definitive form of Government. You will perhaps find it more prudent to maintain in present institutions a character enabling the Government to surround itself, as at present, with all the friends of order, without distinction of party. If you think so, permit him whom you have elected to an honor which he did not seek, to tell you frankly his opinion. To give public peace a sure guarantee, the present Government lacks two essential conditions, of which you can no longer leave it destitute without danger. It has neither sufficient vitality nor authority. With a power that might be changed at any moment, it may be possible to secure peace to-day, but not safety to-morrow. Stability is wanting in the present Government."

In a word, the French Republic of 1873 was in every respect as bad, and in many respects much worse, than the old American Confederation of States. MacMahon closed his message by suggesting a remedy. "You will consider," he says, "these dangers, and will give to Society a strong and durable Executive power which will be solicitous for its future, and able to defend it with energy." This suggestion brought out the opinions of all sections in the Assembly. Changarnier offered a motion to the effect that the powers of the President should, in their present form, be prolonged for ten years. Eschasseriaux, a violent Bonapartist, moved that a *plebiscite* should be ordered to decide between a Republic, a Monarchy and an Empire. At length, after much of what we style "filibustering," the question was reached in this form : "Shall the powers of the Marshal be prolonged for ten years ?" but appended to this was a proviso which really deprived him of all actual power ; vesting everything essentially in certain Committees of the Assembly, the control of which each faction hoped to secure.

It soon came to be understood that MacMahon would hold office on no such terms. If this motion prevailed he would resign. When the vote came to be taken, it was to the last moment uncertain what would be the result. Member after member changed his vote from one side to the other. Finally, when all had voted definitely, there were 350 for the motion, and 360 against it. MacMahon had not been defeated ; yet he had apparently narrowly escaped defeat. But the heterogeneous combination which had been formed against him fell to pieces from its own want of coherence.

MacMahon adroitly took advantage of the situation. He would not, he said in effect, hold office without adequate power ; but ten years was too long a term. In a special message he said, "After having maturely considered the subject, I have come to the conclusion that a term of seven years would be sufficient to meet the requirements of the general interests. If the Assembly thinks that in the position in which it has placed me, I am still able to render some services, I openly declare that I shall use the powers which will be intrusted to me for the defense of Conservative ideas." Upon the whole, the Assembly thought so too ; and when the final vote was taken, on November 19th, MacMahon was, by a majority of 66, established as Chief of the Executive for seven years.

A notable incident marked the early part of MacMahon's administration. In October, 1873, Marshal Bazaine was brought to trial before a military tribunal, charged with gross misconduct in the surrender of Metz. The general charge was, that he had suffered himself to be hemmed up there for two months, and then, without having made any effective effort to escape, he had surrendered nearly 200,000 men, with all their arms and colors. The trial lasted several days, and the unanimous verdict of the court was a complete condemnation ; and the sentence ran thus : "In consequence of this, Marshal Bazaine is condemned to the penalty of death, with military degradation, and ceases to belong to the Legion of Honor ; and besides is condemned to pay the expenses of the trial as regards the State." But this sentence was really meant to be a farce ; for the court unanimously requested President MacMahon that it should not be executed. The President ordered that the ceremony of military degradation should be divested of all its usual humiliating accompaniments, and that Bazaine should be imprisoned for twenty years in a fortress on the Isle St. Marguerite, in the Mediterranean, off Cannes. He remained there for several months, in scarcely more than nominal confinement, and then made his escape, under circumstances which left little room for doubt that the authorities were more than glad to get rid of him.

Of the political course of MacMahon, until it was finally brought to a close by his recent quite unexpected resignation of the Presidency, we shall not speak at length. Indeed, to no mortal man is it given, we believe, to comprehend, much less to unfold, the course of French domestic politics for any ten consecutive years. But in general it may be said that for five years the almost unbroken tendency has been toward Republican institutions, as opposed to Monarchical or Imperial. But MacMahon, though ostensibly the President of the Republic, has never disguised the fact that his own feelings are and have always been in favor of a Monarchy or an Empire ; and more than once, when he has allowed this feeling to have a kind of official expression, he has encountered a sharp rebuff. Thus, in January, 1875, the Orleanists and Bonapartists proposed that there should be a Senate, or Second Chamber, which should, in conjunction with the President, be a sort of check upon the Assembly. MacMahon sent in a message advocating such a body ; but, in a vote of 670, there were only 250 in its favor. Not very long after, by some curious freak of the Assembly, a Senate was constituted, upon principles quite unexpected; and the Republic assumed a form not altogether to the liking of the President. On the other hand, MacMahon has more than once been able to prevent the passage of measures obnoxious to him by threatening to resign in case they were pressed to an issue.

Upon the whole, he was in favor of giving the Constitution of 1875 a fair trial, in default of a better. This feeling was specially indicated in his proclamation when the general election of 1876 was at hand. He said: "Our institutions, I think, should not be revised before they have been honestly tried. But to try them as the safety of France requires, it is indispensable that the conservative and truly liberal policy which I always intended to pursue should prevail. France knows that I neither sought nor desired the power with which I am invested; but she may rely upon my exercising it without weakness."

When the result of the elections came to be declared, it was found that the Republicans had met with quite unexpected success in almost every quarter. Out of 300 senators they had 148, lacking only three of a majority; while the others were divided among a number of different parties and factions, who hated each other quite as much as they hated the Republicans. In the Assembly the Republicans had a clear majority of some twenty over all others. The popular vote was still more significant. The Republicans had cast 4,687,000 votes; the Conservatives, who might perhaps be styled MacMahonists, 2,147,000; the Bonapartists, 1,699,000; the Republicans having thus a clear majority of a million over all others. MacMahon yielded to the popular voice, and formed a new Ministry. The Government of France was coming to be, in one important respect, like that of Great Britain: the President governed only through a responsible Ministry, and the Ministers were virtually appointed, not by him, but by the majority of the Assembly for the time being.

Matters were brought to a crisis at the election of 1877. The Republicans were resolved to have everything their own way, and demanded a further change in the Ministry. MacMahon resolved upon a last stand. He would, if possible, appeal from the Assembly to the people. By the Constitution he could dissolve the Assembly, with the concurrence of the Senate. In hinting at such a concurrence, he clearly indicated what policy he meant to pursue. "I have received," he said, "my right to remain in office until 1880, from this Assembly; and I shall remain, unless a contingency, which I shall point out to you, shall arise. Let me also assure you that I shall lend myself to no venture of Imperialism or Monarchic restoration. I have souvenirs from the Empire, just as I have souvenirs and connections with Legitimism. I am on excellent terms with the Orleans princes; but I shall participate in nothing favorable to the restoration of the Prince Imperial or of the Comte de Chambord, or of the Comte de Paris."

Then came the paragraph which contained the gist of the whole: "I am, till 1880, invested by the Constitution with definite power. I shall exercise that power to the full extent, according to circumstances. But I can pledge myself to no enterprise contrary to the Constitutional Laws, to which you are also subject; nor do I ask any pledge of you. It will be necessary, perhaps, to ask a dissolution. If you accord it to me, I shall use it as well as possible. If you refuse it, I should have two forces out of three against me, and should withdraw." On June 16th he formally asked for power to dissolve the Assembly. A fierce discussion ensued in both Chambers. The members of the Assembly were naturally unwilling to be sent back to their constituents; for it was quite certain that many of them would not be returned again. But the majority of the Senate were not prepared to push matters to an extremity against the President. The assent to a dissolution was given by a vote of 150 to 130; and the resignation was not sent in.

The election was hotly contested, and resulted in the triumph of the Republicans by an overwhelming majority. MacMahon could do nothing but yield to the national will so unmistakably expressed. He dismissed his Cabinet, and named new Ministers, taking them wholly from men who had borne no prominent part in the recent political struggles. It was a last and well-meant attempt to carry water on both shoulders. The Assembly, by the decided vote of 323 to 208, rejected the nominations. MacMahon yielded the point, and surrendered to the Assembly, just as English monarchs have over and over again surrendered to the existing majority in the House of Commons. He nominated a Ministry satisfactory to the party of "the Left"; and so the Legislative, as such, achieved a triumph over the Executive.

The President endeavored to put the best face on the matter. In his next message he said: "The end of this crisis will be the starting-point of a new era of prosperity. All the public powers will co-operate in promoting the development of this era. The Universal Exhibition is about to be opened. Commerce and industry are about to take a new spring; and we shall give to the world a fresh testimony of the vitality of our country, which has always revived through labor, through thrift, and through its profound attachment to ideas of conservation, order and liberty."

When all disputed elections had been decided, it was found that the Republican triumph had been even more signal than either side had supposed. At the last election they had a majority in thirty-six departments; now they had a majority in forty-five—a preponderance which made it certain that at the election of 1878 they would have a clear majority in the Senate, as well as in the Assembly. The new Ministry, the cabinet of the Assembly rather than of the President, set itself at work to make sure of the fruits of the victory which had been won. M. Marcère, the Minister of the Interior, undertook to make a clean sweep of all the Conservative officials under his control. The prefects of the departments exercise great influence in the elections. Of the eighty-nine prefects, eighty-two were displaced, and their posts given to new men; one prefect was removed from one department to another; and only four were left undisturbed.

During the greater part of 1878 there was an apparent lull in political agitation. The minds of all men were turned toward the Universal Exhibition. In relation to this, MacMahon acquitted himself to general satisfaction. This over, political disputes revived. Their details, even could one fully understand them, are scarcely worth narrating. MacMahon grew heartily sick of his position, in which he found himself in perpetual collision with the Assembly, and perpetually worsted. His intimate friends knew that he was awaiting only a fair occasion to offer his resignation; but none the less was the public surprise when this resignation was sent to the Assembly on January 30th, 1879. The immediate occasion was a dispute with the Ministers, who seem to have "gone back" on him, in accordance with the will of the Assembly, in the matter of grave proposed changes in the military administration. The President shall here tell his own story, as he told it in his letter of resignation. He says:

"At the opening of this session of the Chambers the Ministry presented to you a programme which, while

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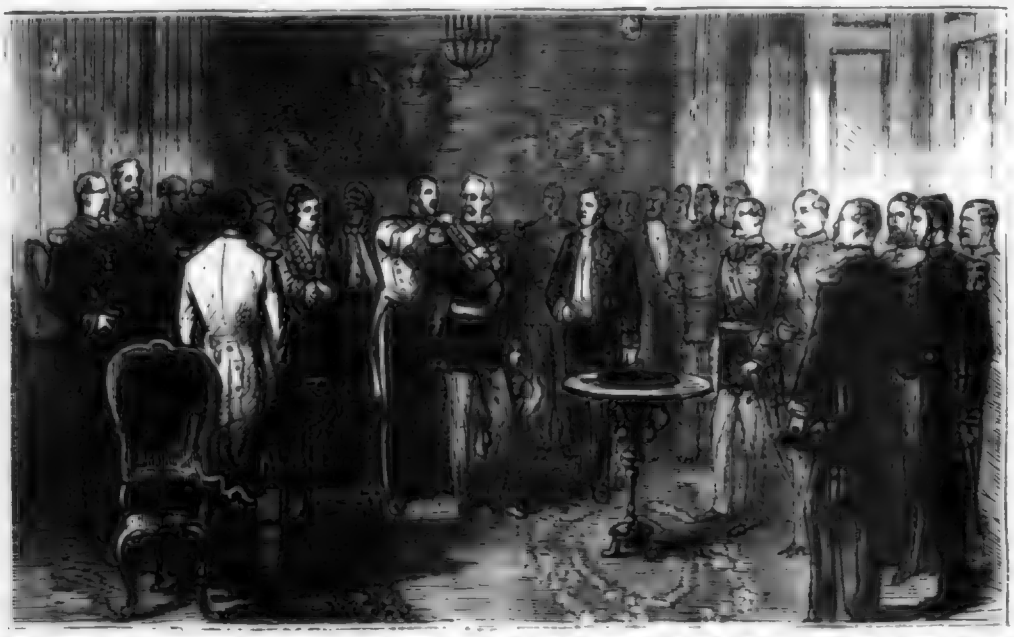
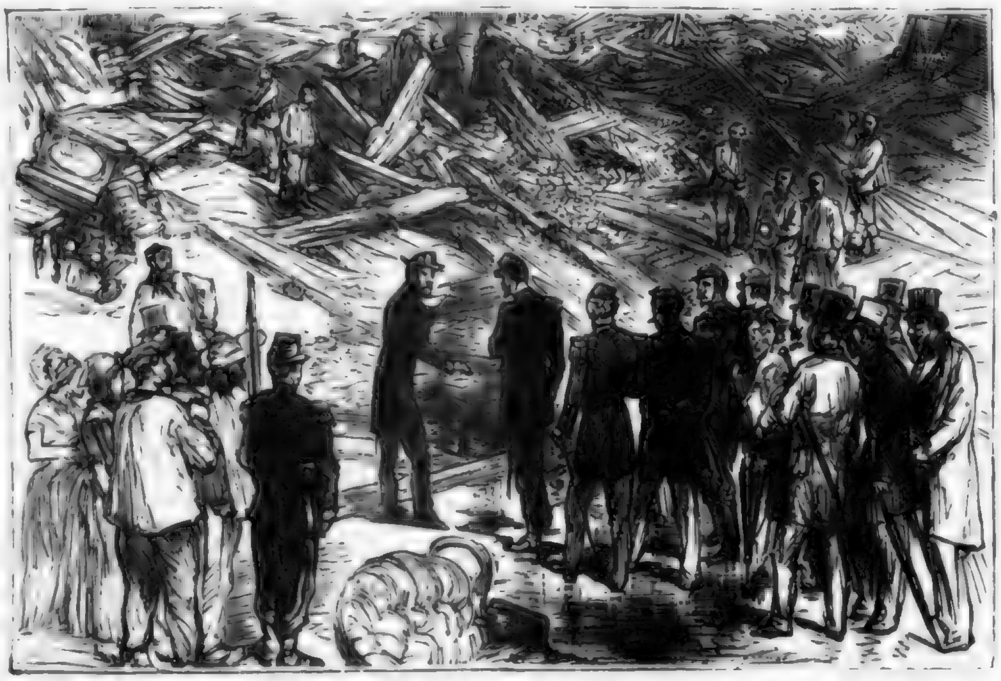


MARSHAL MACMAHON RECEIVING THE INSIGNIA OF THE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE FROM THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR IN THE THRONE-HALL AT THE PALACE OF THE ÉLYSÉE, PARIS.

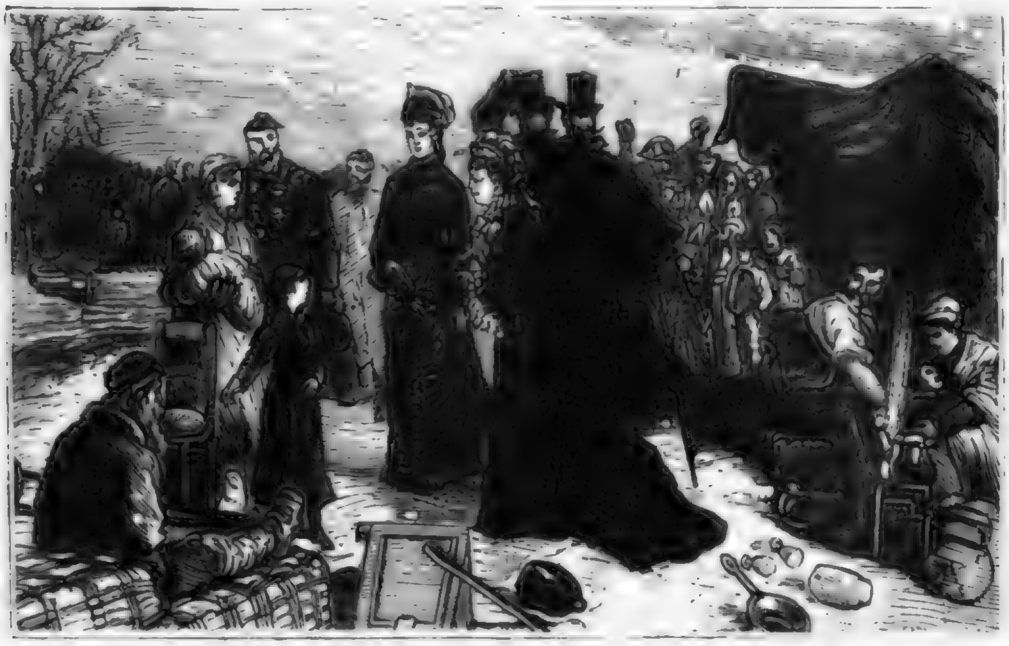
affording satisfaction to public opinion, appeared to the Cabinet such as might be voted without danger to the security or good administration of the country. Putting aside all personal views, I had given the programme my approbation, for I was sacrificing no principles to which conscience commanded me to remain faithful. To-day the Ministry, thinking to respond to the opinion of the majority of the two Chambers, proposes to me, in regard to high military commands, some general measures which I consider contrary to the interests of the army, and, consequently, to those of the country. I cannot subscribe to them. Any other Ministry taken from the majority would impose upon me the same conditions. I consider myself, therefore, bound to shorten the duration of the mandate which the National Assembly confided to me, and I therefore tender my resignation. In quitting power, I have the consolation of thinking that during the fifty-three years I devoted to the service of my country, either as soldier or citizen, I have never been guided by sentiments other than honor and duty and absolute devotion to my country. I request you to communicate my decision to the Chambers."

It is quite clear that if MacMahon had become tired of the Assembly, the Assembly were no less tired of him—both sides were glad to part company.



MARSHAL MACMAHON VISITING THE FAUBOURG ST. CYPRIEN, TOULOUSE, AFTER THE GREAT FLOOD.

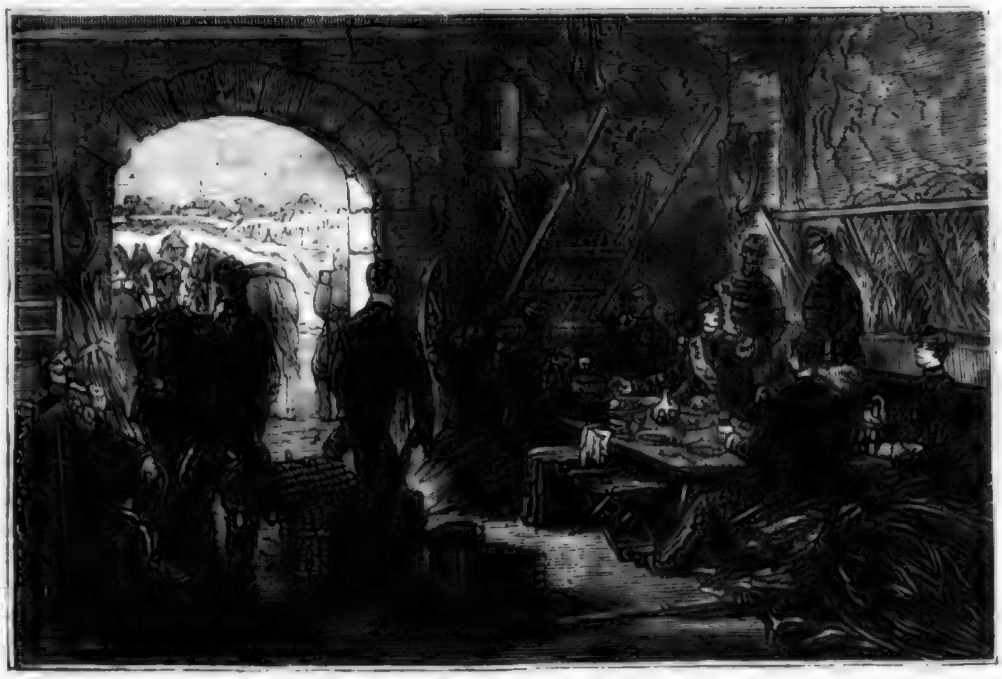
When the Chambers met in joint session, one senator attempted to have it put to vote whether the resignation should be accepted. The Chambers, by a large majority, refused even to consider the point; but ordered the previous question, which was, that they should jointly proceed to the election of a new President. This matter had already been cut and dried. A caucus of all the Members of the Left had been held, at which, upon the motion of Gambetta, a candidate had been unanimously selected, in the person of M. Grévy. All told, there were 670 votes, 336 being thus an absolute majority. Of these M. Grévy received 536, and



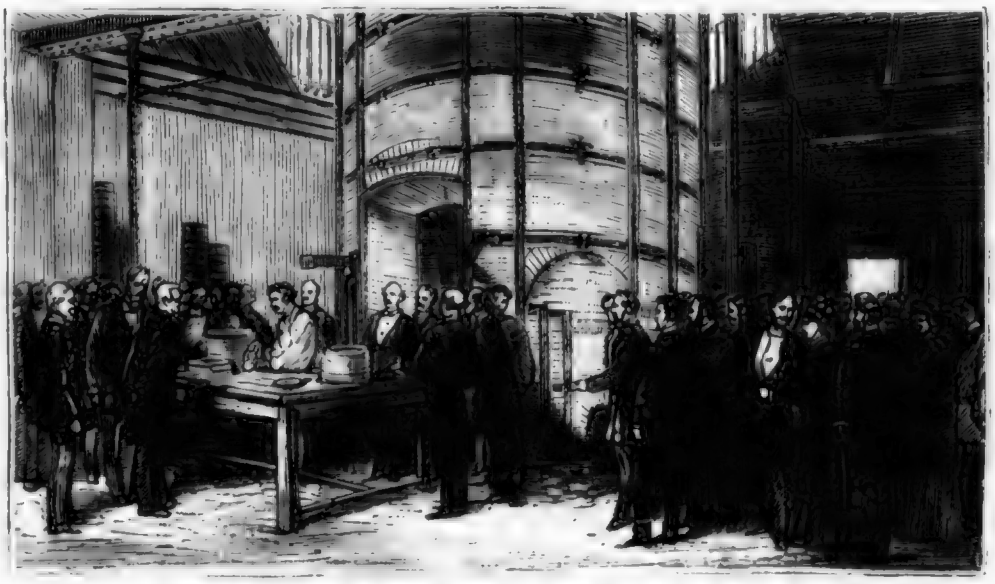
MADAME MACMAHON DISTRIBUTING RELIEF TO THE SUFFERERS.

General de Chanzy 99; the remainder being either blank or scattering. So M. Grévy was declared duly elected President of the French Republic.

Here, to all human seeming, ends the long military and civil career of Marshal MacMahon—a career stained nowhere with dishonor, and, taken as a whole, worthy of decided respect. At the age of three-score and ten, possessed of an ample private fortune, and every way happy in his domestic relations, one can scarcely find any reason why he should again wish to enter upon the stormy career of public life.

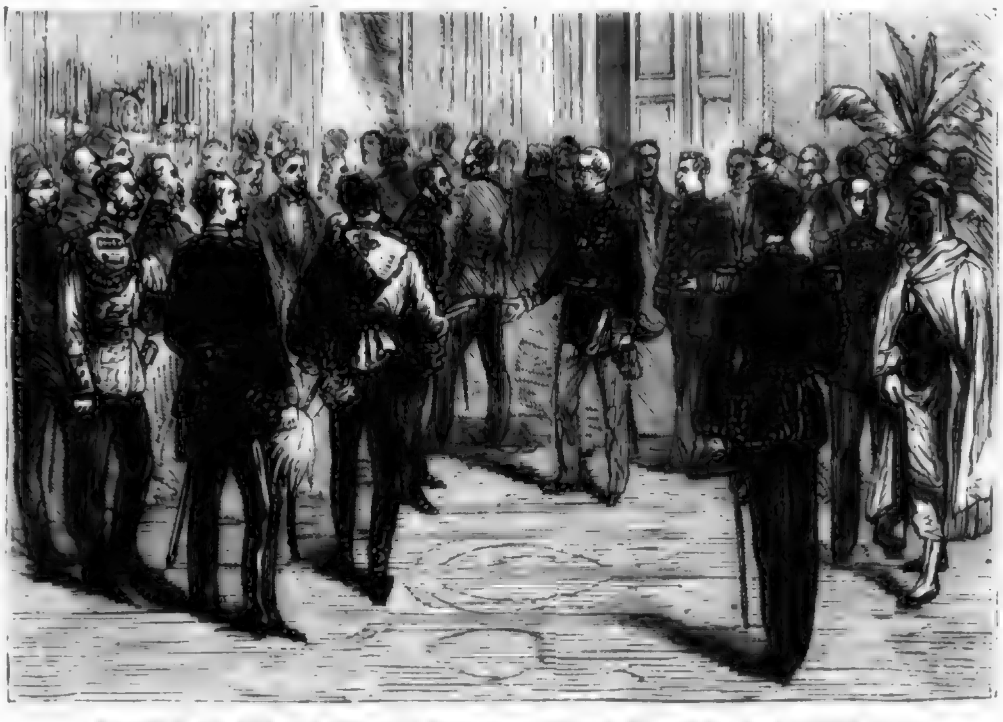


MARSHAL MACMAHON AND STAFF AT BREAKFAST IN A BARN NEAR BEAUVILLE.



MARSHAL MACMAHON INAUGURATING THE NEW SEVRES PORCELAIN WORKS.

Of his successor, Francis Paul Grévy, a few words should be said by way of conclusion. He was born in the Department of Jura, near the borders of Switzerland, his father being a petty farmer. He studied law, finally, at Paris, where he was a student at the time of the Revolution of 1830, and was among those who fought behind the barricades. In due time he was admitted to the bar, where he gained some prominence as a defender of members of the Radical party, who were charged with political offenses. In 1848 he was elected to the Constituent Assembly from his native Department of Jura, and distinguished himself as an able speaker on the democratic side, although his views were, upon the whole, rather moderate than extreme. Perhaps his most significant action at this period was the advocacy of several amendments to the proposed Constitution, the substance of them being that "The National Assembly delegates the executive power to a citizen, who receives the title of President of the Council of Ministers; he shall be elected by the National Assembly in secret ballot, by a majority of votes, and for an unlimited period; but the appointment is always revocable." These amendments were rejected by a vote of 633 to 158.



MARSHAL MACMAHON HOLDING A RECEPTION AT THE ÉLYSÉE ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

He firmly opposed the Presidential Administration of Louis Napoleon, and protested against the French expedition to Rome; and after the *coup d'état*, and nearly through

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the Empire, he held aloof from politics, and devoted himself to the successful practice of his profession. In 1868 he was again elected as deputy from the Department of Jura. In February, 1871, he was elected President of the National Assembly, just removed from Bordeaux to Versailles. In this position, which he held until April, 1873, he displayed great tact, judgment, and moderation. In October, 1873, he put forth a pamphlet, entitled "The Necessary Government," which may be considered a fair exponent of his political creed. "France," he says, "has been transformed, and has become a pure Democracy. . . . Her first mistake was not to have founded a Constitutional Monarchy when she possessed the elements of one; and her second mistake would be to attempt to establish it when those elements no longer exist." Since that time M. Grévy has occupied a prominent place in French politics; and the great majority of votes which he received for President evinces the respect and esteem in which he is held by men of very diverse political sentiments.

THE GATE OF THE SERAGLIO OF THE SHOUBRA PALACE.

By Oscanyan.

The land of the Pharaohs has ever been remarkable in the annals of Oriental history, and Cairo, the capital of modern Egypt, though of recent origin—for it was founded during the latter part of the tenth century by Abu-Tammin, a general and chief of the Fatimites—is nevertheless replete with thrilling incidents and barbaric adventures.

Musr-el-Cahireh, called Musr for short by the natives, for Cairo, has a pleasing appearance from a distance. Much of this effect was formerly lost, because, the city being situated a few miles from the Nile, and approach being effected by that river, a full or panoramic view of its splendor was impossible. But now, access being by railway, one is enabled to enjoy the picturesque tableau of the city, with its four hundred minarets—for Cairo is a rival of Brooklyn, the City of Churches *par excellence*—its famous citadel, with the Moukattem Mountains as a background.

The city has been done by travelers so often and so minutely that we will not attempt repetition; but will invite the attention of the reader to the historic Shoubra Palace, built by Mehmed Ali himself within the acropolis, where many acts of barbaric prowess have been perpetrated, and many romantic incidents have been ruthlessly enacted.

It was within this bourg that the Borgian festival was re-enacted by Mehmed Ali; where the Mamelukes were enticed to a festival and treacherously assassinated.

The Mamelukes were of two classes—Bahree, and Bourghee. The Bahrees, or the Mamelukes of the river, on account of their being trained on an island in the Nile, were created by Turan Shah during the thirteenth century, from young captives purchased from the Moghols, as a body-guard. But, like the Janizaries of yore, these Mamelukes became refractory and rebellious; dethroned their liege lord and replaced him by one of their own commanders. A line of sultans now followed, known as the Bahee Sultans. Even many of these became the victims of the fury or caprice of this turbulent band.

To counteract this pernicious influence, and suppress the unruly conduct of these turbulent cohorts, a new corps of Mamelukes was formed from Circassian and Georgian slaves. These were designated as the Bourghee Mamelukes, in contradistinction to the Bahrees, or the Mamelukes of the citadel; because they were trained and kept within the acropolis.

These Bourghee Mamelukes having gained the ascendency over the Bahrees, made, in 1382, Barkouk, their commander, Sultan of Egypt. This dynasty lasted till 1517, when they were subdued by the Turks, and Egypt became a dependency of the Porte.

The Turks found Egypt divided into twenty-four provinces, each governed by a Mameluke Bey, or chief. The Porte, from motives of diplomacy, did not think it prudent either to change the system or appoint new governors. So these Beys were not only kept in their places, but were made to watch over the conduct of the Valli, or Governor-general appointed by the Porte.

Each of the twenty-four Beys, in accordance with feudal system, maintained 500 or 600 warriors, thoroughly armed and equipped, forming an admirable cavalry force.

When Napoleon invaded Egypt, he, of course, encountered these Mamelukes at the battle of the Pyramids, under the leadership of Mourad Bey. They displayed on that memorable occasion such desperate courage, tact, ability, and specially horsemanship, as to elicit the exclamation from the military genius of that day, "Could I have united the Mameluke horse to the French infantry, I would have reckoned myself master of the world!"

Mehmed Ali, a scion of humble parentage, born in 1769 at Kavala, in Macedonia, was, when thirty years of age, sent to Egypt with the contingent troops as Beoluk-Bashi, or captain of a corps, to quell the disturbances there.

Destitute of means, he applied to the then well-known Armenian bankers, G'ellg'ell Oghloo and Karakiahia, for pecuniary aid, so as to be able to reach the place of his appointment; asking only for the loan of $50 or $60. Moderate as was his requirement, the senior partner of the firm objected; but Karakiahia, taking a fancy to this fellow, who had all the airs of an adventurer, advanced him the required sum on his own responsibility. It seems that Mehmed Ali was so touched by Karakiahia's generosity, that he there and then vowed to make him an independent man ever after, if Fortune should smile upon him.

Mehmed Ali kept his word; for the Karakiahias are now the richest family in Constantinople, and one of the scions, Apraham Pasha, is now a Mûshir, or grandee of the realm; and even the wife of Nubar Pasha, of Egypt, is a Karakiahia.

Soon after his arrival in Egypt, Mehmed Ali so ingratiated himself with the soldiery that he became their chief commander. The Albanian contingent, a set of mercenary scoundrels such as never to be met with anywhere, and ready to do any job for a consideration, being in arrears for their pay, were not slow to revolt, and Mehmed Ali, availing himself of the opportunity, became their leader.

A long and confused struggle now ensued between various factions, the result of which was that, through the anarchy, Mehmed Ali assumed the supreme authority in Cairo. He was confirmed by the Porte, as the only man capable of restoring order and ruling the people. Notwithstanding that he was made the Valli of Egypt, with the title of Pasha, his authority did not, however, extend much beyond the city walls; for the Mameluke Beys were everywhere powerful. The consequence was a constant struggle between the Beys and the Pasha for supremacy.

Seeing that they were too strong for him, Mehmed Ali resorted to stratagem. One day he issued a general invitation to all the Mameluke Beys residing in and about the city to *assist*, as the French would say, at the investiture of his son, Tossoun Pasha, with the command of the army about to start against the Wahabee Arabs. The Mamelukes, not suspecting in the least any designed treachery, and desirous, also, to reconcile matters, repaired, to the number of 470, to the citadel. They were courteously received and sumptuously feasted, *à la* Borgia. At last they took leave, and mounted their horses to depart. But all of a sudden a fire of musketry was opened upon them through the loopholes in the walls, and all perished, with the exception of a single individual, who leaped over the ramparts with his horse.

I believe it was Talleyrand who said that "the Turkish Government was a despotism tempered by assassination"; and surely assassination has ever been, and is, the order of the day in Turkey. Oh, if the drawbridge at Boulack could tell how many of the heirs of the Egyptian dynasty were precipitated there through methodical accident—the bridge being left open as the train approached—or if we could number the various victims who were consigned to the bosom of the Nile at different periods, what a startling revelation there would be! No wonder, then, that the gates of their palaces are always strongly guarded.

Common gossip reports that even Nagha Hannum, the Pasha's daughter, was a great contributor to that classic stream, owing to her position and peculiar idiosyncrasy. It is said that this lady had the same influence with her father, the Great Pasha, as Lady Hester Stanhope with her uncle, Pitt; and her intrigues almost rivaled those of Catherine II. It is moreover said that she was charmingly beautiful and insinuatingly captivating.

There has ever hung over the East a vail of mystery—it may be from the warmth of the Oriental imagination and its own extravagant creations, or from the seclusion of the women, who, as they became unfamiliar objects, seemed to be the very Venuses and Peris of the world of fables. The reserve of the men themselves, leaving their better halves to an obliviousness from all the world, is calculated to excite the curiosity of the community at home, and the rest of the world abroad, and to invest the fair sex with most improbable charms. The difficulty of immediate danger of a single interview excites the love of adventure.

Once upon a time, a young Italian nobleman was so carried away with the personal charms of this modern Cleopatra, the Pasha's daughter, that he actually ran the gauntlet. Encouraged by successful intrigues during carnivals in his native land, where his metamorphosis from manhood to womanhood was always completely carried out without the least detection, on his arrival in Cairo the rash youth sought an interview with this Peri of the Nile, and obtained it as a disguised female of distinction traveling for pleasure.

On the appointed day he was seen in a carriage, in feminine attire, accompanied by a female interpreter, and preceded by two *sayisses*, or runners, to clear the way, as becomes personages of distinction, driving furiously toward the Shoubra Palace in the citadel. The guards at the gate, who lay sprawling in the full enjoyment of their noontide siesta, under the influence of *hashish*, were somewhat surprised at the sudden apparition of these guests, and were slow to realize the fact; for nothing is so difficult and distressing as to wake from a dreamy lethargy. They at length woke up, and, seeing that the intruders were females, handed them over to the eunuchs, who took charge of them, and led them into the harem.

The count was duly received by Her Highness and grandly entertained, as became a lady of distinction. Etiquetical set phrases were gone through; sweetmeats, coffee, sherbets were duly served; dancing girls brought in; female orchestra introduced, etc.; but all the while Her Highness seemed to be absorbed in her guest, whom she was studiously scanning.

At length, all of a sudden, she rose, and taking hold of her guest's hand, invited her to accompany her to the garden. During their perambulations, notwithstanding the delicate form, the small hands which she was holding, and the general feminine make-up of the youthful adventurer, the instinctive faculty of the Princess revealed to her that things were not exactly as they appeared, and that the current of electricity circulating through her fingers was of an opposite nature. So when the girls in attendance were at some distance, Her Highness arraigned her guest abruptly, by saying: "Young man! you have acted your part very well indeed! but I am astonished at your temerity; for, had you been discovered, you would have been cut to pieces by those stern guardians of the harem. What can be your motive for such a daring enterprise?"

"Question your own reflection in the glass, my Princess," replied the rash youth, "and you will there find the answer which this tongue is incapable adequately to express!"

"Ah, I see! You are on a romantic venture. Well, I receive you to-morrow at the palace on the Nile. Take this rose——" plucking one from the plant—"and display it at the Eozbekeeyeh Square, where one of my negro attendants will accost you and lead you to my presence."

The next day a young man, with a *distingué* appearance, delicate form and appearance, and elegant toilet, was seen perambulating through Eozbekeeyeh, flourishing a red rose in his button-hole.

It was not long before one of those ominous-looking sable guardians of the harems accosted him, and with a respectful *selam*, signed to him to follow,

They neared the Nile. On the bank stood the palace, looking more like a fort than a residence. Its ponderous gate was opened with a prodigious key, and locked again after they had entered. They walked through narrow and winding passages and between massive walls. At last they reached a large hall on the ground-floor. Here our hero was left alone by the sable eunuch. In surveying the apartment he discerned the object of his adventure majestically reclined on a downy couch, resplendent with golden embroidery.

At last the hour of parting had arrived; for, with a farewell kiss and the clapping of her hands—summoning the sable attendant, she consigned him to his charge.

They now proceeded again through long, narrow, winding and mysterious passages; but evidently no longer the same that led to the outer gate.

Finally they arrive before a gate; the weird guide opens it with a solemn clank of the bolt. They enter and proceed as before, silent and sullen, till they reach another gate. It also is opened, presenting to view the milky stream of the Nile. The young man is thrust out, and the gate closed upon him. At the threshold he is seized by two ruffianly-looking individuals, who endeavor to garrote him. Then ensues a death-struggle.

The young man, who had wisely provided himself with a dagger, instinctively resorted to it, and drawing it forth, defended himself as best he could. He succeeded in disposing of one of his assailants; but the other, enraged at the temerity and prowess of the youth, grappled with him and leaped into the stream, as the crocodiles do with their prey, evidently to render him helpless, and gain an advantage over him—for the *fellahin* are noted for their amphibious nature—but he found himself mistaken, for the young man proved to be as clever as himself in the water, and as undaunted in his situation as ever.

They kicked and splashed, dove, and came to the surface again. The struggle for the mastery was great; but it ended in the final triumph of the rash young man, who, with a dexterous blow of the weapon in his hand, which he had never let go, caused the ruffian to relax his hold and sink. The young man, now left free, swam ashore.

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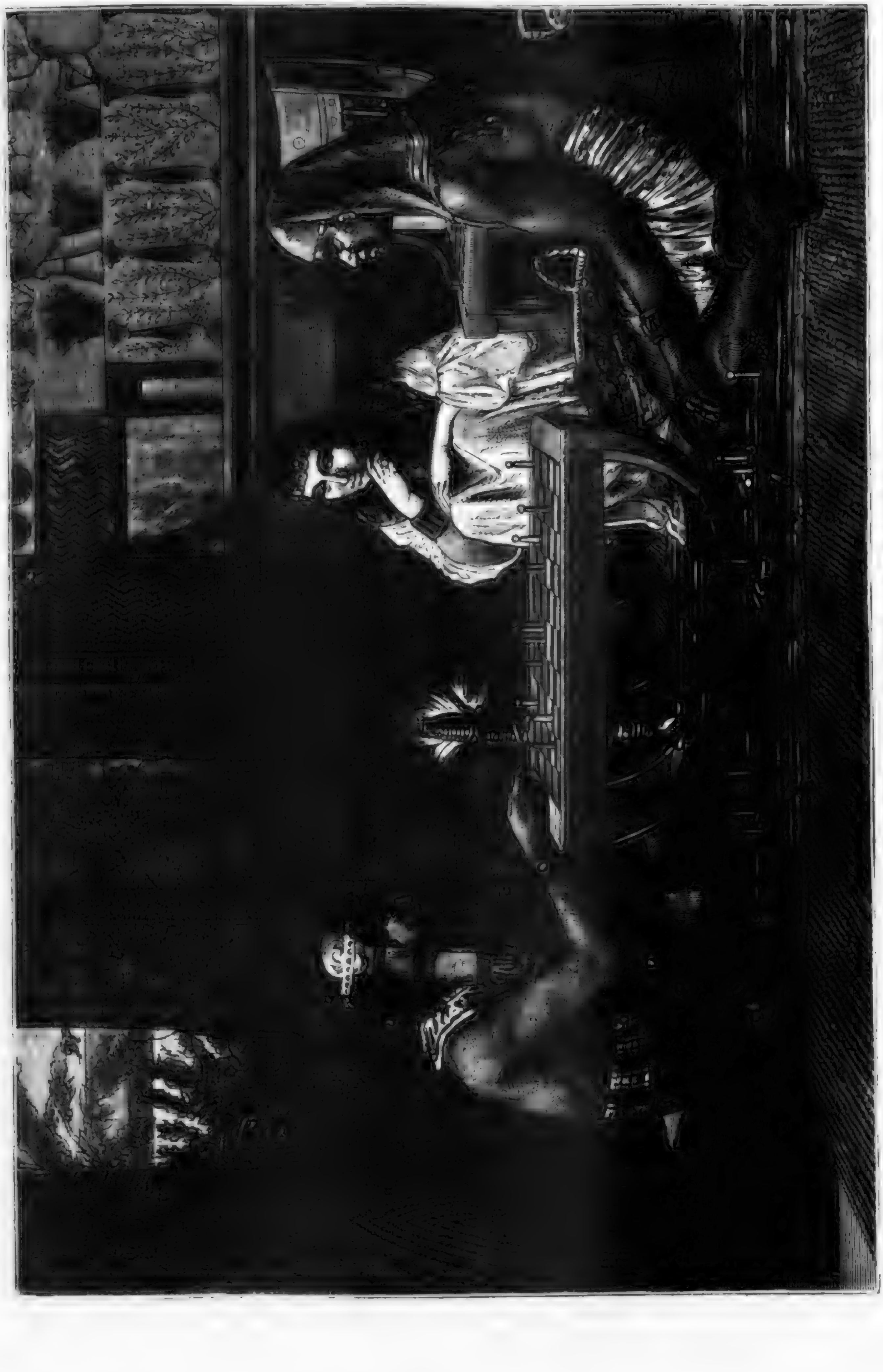
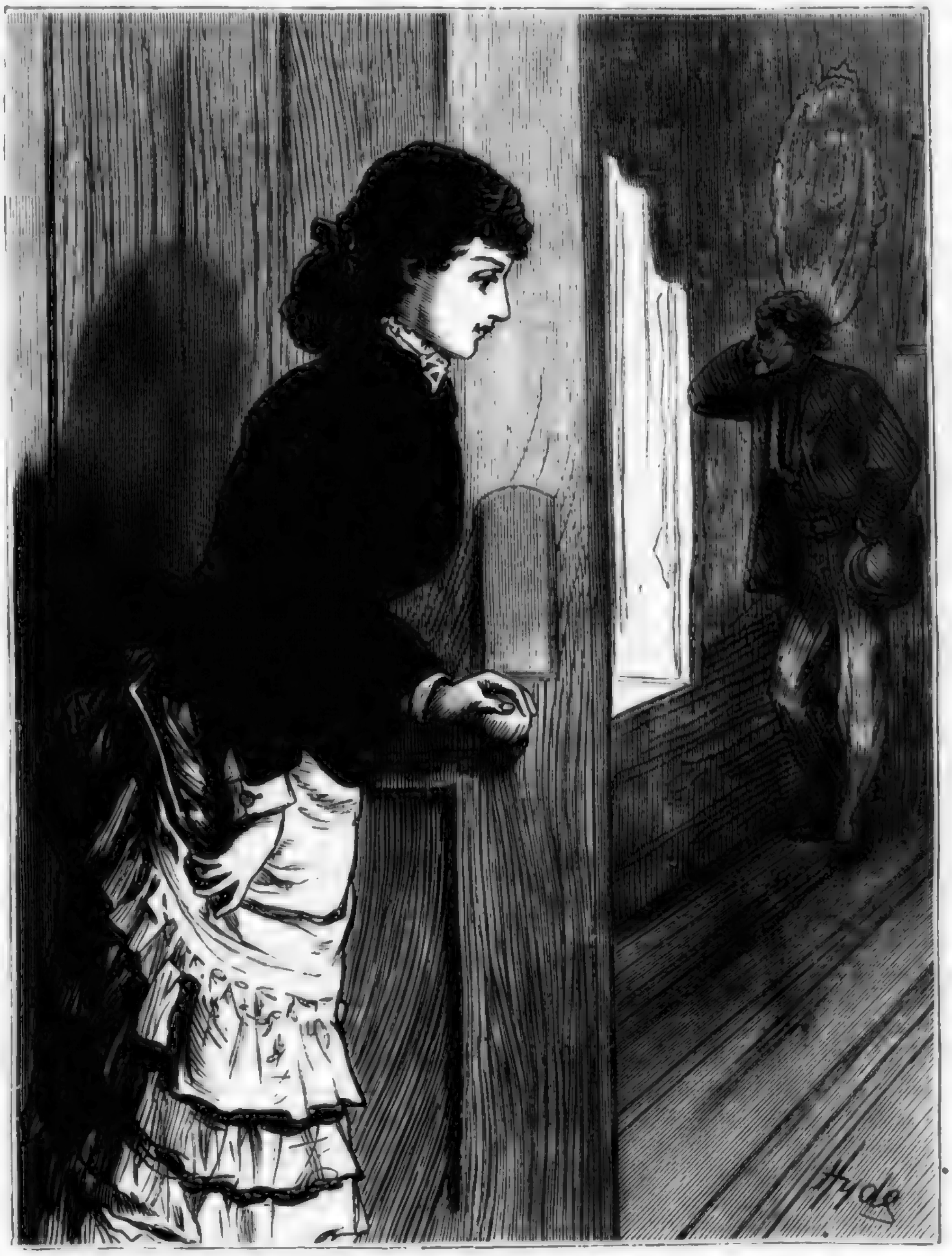


AN EGYPTIAN LADY PLAYING CHESS WITH HER NUBIAN SLAVE.

GERTRUDE'S TEMPTATION.

AUNT HULDA always did hate me. In the first place, my mother committed the dire offense of marrying the man she loved, instead of the one Aunt Hulda selected for her. Then I had the audacity to present myself to the world with my father's black hair and eyes, and tall figure, instead of perpetuating the *petite* blonde loveliness of the Croftons, and Aunt Hulda's own style of beauty.

I was altogether amazed when I was left an orphan at eighteen, that Aunt Hulda sent for me to come to Crofton Place, but I soon found I was to have no life of easy indolence in that luxurious home.



GERTRUDE'S TEMPTATION.—"MY COUSIN STOOD LOOKING FROM THE WINDOW. I SAW THAT HE WAS A NOBLE-LOOKING MAN RATHER THAN A HANDSOME ONE."

"I will give you five hundred dollars a year," my great-aunt said to me, "to teach Ellie anything you know, and to wait upon me. I don't want a maid, for I have one; but somebody to write my letters, read to me, and sit by me when I am sick."

I was all alone in the world, deprived suddenly of loving parents and a pleasant home, and glad of any refuge, so I accepted Aunt Huldah's terms. In a very short time I felt so sorry for her that I would have loved her out of sheer pity, if she would have allowed me.

At eighty, sole mistress of a million, Aunt Hulda was the victim of an internal disease that entailed upon her the most excruciating agony.

She was very small, thin as a shadow, while I was tall, strong and young. Very soon we discovered that no one could lift or move her so easily as I could, no one could ease the pain by applications, rubbed on with the hand, so soon as myself; and it came to be a matter of course that I was to leave everything else to do duty in the invalid's room, whenever one of the paroxysms of pain came on. I moved her here or there, as the restless desire for change of position dictated; I rubbed her till my own hands were almost raw from the irritating applications; I administered the powerful opiates, and softly stroked her hair when she could sleep, till unconsciousness came.

But if I attempted a caress, moved by deepest pity, she would retort by asking me what legacy I was angling to obtain.

So, having some pride, I became in time a mere gentle machine, striving, out of the pity I was forbidden to express, to carry such relief as I could to the sufferer, and as cold and as impassive as I was requested to be. Not that I escaped sarcasm then, being called a stone, a statue, and asked if anything could move me.

In the intervals of my duties as nurse, when Aunt Hulda was able to be about the house, ruling all with a rod of iron, I was governess to Ellie Crofton, Aunt Hulda's great-niece too, and my second cousin. She was only two years younger than I was, but I had been educated for a teacher, and she had never been systematically educated at all. Aunt Hulda, who was favored with numerous orphans to protect, had taken Ellie when she was a baby. Sometimes she had a governess, who stayed till Aunt Hulda's tyranny became unendurable. Oftener she was left entirely to her own devices.

She reminded me of a white mouse. She was small, with features of extreme delicacy; a little mouth with pearly teeth; blue eyes, large, but with a baby innocence of expression; a profusion of hair of the palest yellow; tiny hands and feet, and the most timid manner.

She had been "snubbed" (no other word expresses it) till she was afraid to stir, or speak, without permission. Her voice was so low, it just escaped a whisper; her step was like a cat's; her fingers touched the piano as if the

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keys were of spun glass, and she was terrified to pallor if she dropped her thimble or scissors.

I tried to stir up a little spirit in her, but finding it a vain effort, took to petting her.

For a whole year I devoted myself to the child, coaxing her out of doors, teaching her to the best of my ability, making the most of her beauty, by trying my taste in making her dresses for her, and arranging her flaxen tresses. And she clung to me, and loved me.

We were complete hermits on account of Aunt Hulda's health, but she required the same dress as if we had a house full of company.

The second year was a month old when Wilfred Crofton came home from Europe. I have said that Aunt Huldah was rich in orphan relatives, and Wilfred was one of these —another great-nephew, but not dependent upon Aunt Huldah. He had inherited a moderate income, and increased it by the profession he selected—that of an artist.

In vain Aunt Huldah stormed. Wilfred was the only relative who would not submit to her exactions, except so far as his own judgment indorsed them, and he quietly studied, and finally went to Italy for five years.

He had never known any home but Crofton Place, and was coming there, a man nearly thirty, and already well known in the art-world. I was holding Aunt Huldah in my arms while she writhed in pain, when the servant announced, "Mr. Wilfred, ma'am!"

"Go down, Gertrude," Aunt Huldah gasped, "Ellie is out. Go tell him he is welcome. His old room is ready, and I will see him to-morrow. Come back as quickly as you can, for—for——" and pain held her mute, till, finding I had not started, she gasped out, "Go!" like the crack of a rifle.

I went then. I saw my cousin long before he saw me, for I crossed the long drawing-room, softly shod, on a thick velvet carpet, and he stood looking from the window at the leaves tossing in the November wind.

I crossed the room to his side, and said:

"Miss Crofton has sent me to say that you are very welcome, that your old room is ready, and that she will see you to-morrow. To-day she is ill."

He looked at me in unfeigned surprise.

"You are not Ellie?" he said.

I burst out laughing. The idea of the wee white mouse ever growing to such an Indian squaw as I was!

"I am Gertrude Hemming."

"My cousin still, then," he said, extending his hand. "I did not know you were here."

"No! I noticed in the long letters Aunt Huldah dictated to me, for you, that I was too insignificant to mention. Yet, as you say, we are cousins, and I am glad to welcome you home again."

"Will you not sit down and chat awhile?" he asked.

"I can't. I am head nurse, and needed in the sick-room. But Ellie will be home soon, and in the meantime the open grate in your room looked very inviting as I passed the door."

"Well, since I must—I must!" he said; "but I hope you are not always so closely occupied!"

We sauntered slowly across the hall, chatting all the way, till he turned in at the door of his room, and I quickened my steps back to Aunt Hulda.

She gave me a savage glance, muttering that she thought I meant to stay all day.

A month later she sent for me one morning.

"Miss Hemming," she said, icily, "when I took you here, a pauper, you will recollect, I defined your duties very clearly. I do not remember that making love to my nephew was one of them."

My face burned, and I cried, hotly:

"Wilfred is my cousin, and he gives me the same cousinly regard he gives Ellie."

"But he is to marry Ellie!" she fairly screamed. "He must marry her! I won't leave him a cent if he does not. Remember that! He is to marry Ellie!"

Would he marry Ellie? I wondered, when I escaped. He was very kind to her, and Ellie was never very strong in cold weather, and fond of petting. Wilfred treated her like a child still. Whenever he went to the city he brought her *bon-bons*.

But to me he brought books, music, and sometimes flowers, and gave them to me with words more precious than the gifts. He did seek me, as Aunt Huldah said. He did sketch my face, again and again. He did praise my voice. Ah, let me write it! He did love me—he did love me!

I had a craving to walk down by the seashore once more, to hear the waves, as Ellie and I had often heard them during the past Summer, before Wilfred came to make the happiness and the misery of our lives. It was a long walk, nearly two miles, but I had a fancy to say farewell to our favorite haunt—a cave in a rock, that was only accessible at low tide.

I walked slowly now, often hidden from the sea by the great rocks, till I saw the rock, and—great Heaven! Ellie sitting in the cave, her hands folded before her, her eyes looking far, far forward, her lips smiling in happy reverie —all unconscious of the waves rising, rising till they would soon sweep into the hollow where she sat. Already they covered the whole base of the rock. Already she was in danger, for the water would cover her shoulders, and she could not swim.

Involuntarily I hastened toward the nearest point where I could obtain a boat. Two or three lay upon the shore, turned over to dry—little row-boats, such as Ellie and I had often taken for an hour's pleasuring, for my father had taught me the use of oars in my happy home-days. My hands were already upon the nearest boat, when I suddenly sank upon the stones, utterly prostrated by a hideous possibility that rose phantom-like before me.

If I turned back now, and went home, no one need ever know I had been there. Not a human being was in sight. Ellie would die, and Wilfred inherit all the vast estate, and be free to marry whomever he would.

I lay face down on the stones while the hurrying thoughts crowded upon my brain, too stunned by the awful temptation tearing my heart, to rise and carry out my scheme I must go home. I said it over and over till the words conveyed their meaning, and I struggled to my feet.

As I stood erect, my brain reeling, the waters dancing before my dazed eyes, a piercing scream rang out upon the air—another followed, and another. It was Ellie's voice —Ellie, awake now to the full danger of her situation; Ellie, drowning within a few yards of where I stood.

I waited still. No one came. In a little while the death-agony would be over, and Wilfred free! And I! what would I be? Wilfred's wife, with the conscience of a murderer! How he would hate me if he ever knew the truth! Perhaps I should go mad, and tell him. Again those agonizing screams so near me, so far from all other human help.

I stooped and turned over the boat, dragged it to the water, took my place, lifted the oars, and then, by a superhuman effort, raised my voice:

"Courage, Ellie! I am coming!"

The screams ceased instantly. I struck out with all my strength, and rounded the great rock safely.

Ellie was standing in the hollow, clinging desperately to the rock, the water nearly to her waist.

As the boat grated against the rock, Ellie dropped like a dead woman, and I caught her dress as she floated past the boat. Strong as I was, it was a terrible strain to lift her. Twice she slipped back—once carrying me almost over the side of the boat. For one flashing second, the temptation seized me to sink with her, and so end the struggle.

But I made one desperate effort, and this time succeeded in lifting the insensible figure into safety. It was but a few vigorous strokes, and we were on the shore, Ellie in my arms, dragged out of the reach of the hungry waves.

She gave no sign of life, though I rubbed her temples, and tried to revive her. I was afraid she had died of sheer terror, when she shivered, and opened her eyes.

"Well, well," I said, choking back the desire to scream hysterically, "have you concluded to wake up? A pretty scrape you have got into—half-drowned, two miles from home."

"Oh, Gertrude!" and then she clung to me, sobbing.

"Don't cry!" I said, crossly; "there is quite a sufficiency of water here."

Just at that moment I heard a merry whistle, and looking in the direction from which it came, spied a ragged boy strolling leisurely along, tossing pebbles into the water. I called to him, and with the promise of a dollar for speed, sent him over to the hotel, half a mile off, on the beach for a carriage.

He earned his money. Before I thought he could have reached the hotel, he was back with the vehicle, into which I lifted Ellie, shivering as if with ague.

The driver understood the emergency.

Ellie, blue and cold, was carried to her room, and I worked busily till she was rubbed, warmed, dosed with hot drinks and asleep. Then I astonished Mrs. Crofton and the relatives waiting for the midnight train, by fainting, for the very first time in my life.

They put me to bed then, after pouring something hot down my throat, and I never wakened till morning. Fanny Greyson had left me a kind note, telling me to come to her as soon as I was able, and I rose and dressed hastily to obey the summons. But before I had completed my toilet duties, the room floor seemed to rise and strike me in the face, and I could see the ocean dashing with a great roar in at the window.

Worn out by long nursing and the excitement of saving my cousin, was the doctor's verdict, as I tossed in delirium. For Ellie had told her story, though she said I seemed to rise out of the grave to rescue her. She was well the next day, but I lay at death's door for many long days, coming back to life slowly, and oh, so reluctantly! What did life offer me? Ashes!

Yet, in those days of convalescence, I wondered at the change in Ellie. Wilfred, having accepted the sacrifice required of him, would not embitter her gentle heart by a knowledge of its magnitude. He altered nothing of the kind, brotherly affection he had given his little cousin, and she required no more for perfect content. The old look of fear was gone from her soft, blue eyes, and the tenderest blush, like the petal of a wild-rose, bloomed upon her cheek. Her step became more buoyant, her voice gained a clear, sweet melody.

In the days when I lay, too weak to rise, but once again conscious, Ellie was my companion, whenever Wilfred was out. She would nestle her face close to mine upon the pillow, and talk to me softly of her lover, of his goodness to her, of her happiness—blind to the misery I succeeded in hiding.

I wonder now that I escaped raving insanity in those days; but I recovered slowly, till I could venture to write to Fanny Greyson, and prepare for my journey to New York. I had kept my room until the last day. Then Ellie insisted upon my coming down to dinner. I was to leave on an early morning train, though the young heiress begged me to stay, at least till after the quiet wedding, drawing very near. But I was obstinate.

The dinner was a very quiet one. Wilfred gave me a grave, tender greeting, evidently requiring all his self-control to keep calm; and I thanked him for his kind congratulation upon my restored health.

But as I went to my room, he offered me his arm. For one moment we were alone in the hall. He bent over me then, and his voice trembled as he said:

"Farewell, Gertrude! The last few hours prove to me that we may not meet soon. May God bless you, wherever you may be!"

"May He send you every happiness," I said, steadily. "It will be my constant prayer, Wilfred, that you may forget me, and learn to love Ellie as she loves you."

That was our parting, fifteen years ago. It was ten years before I looked again on Wilfred Crofton's face. I was Fanny Greyson's governess for five years, most kindly treated. Then my father's brother left me a moderate fortune, and I ceased to drive grammar into juvenile heads. Fanny Greyson will never let me speak of leaving her.

Five years ago I visited Crofton Place, at Ellie's urgent request. Wilfred, a portly gentleman, gave me cordial welcome, and I soon saw that my conscience-exacted prayer was granted. The sweet-faced little matron who welcomed me had developed in the sunlight of happiness to a perfect womanhood, and had won the heart of her husband. Three beautiful children gave a holy strength to the tie, and I could weep softly and be glad at the home-love never to be mine.

Since then I spend a Summer month every year at Crofton Place—old maid auntie to the babies, as they claim my love, true friend to Wilfred and Ellie, glad to my heart's core that I do not reign there with a murderer's conscience to sap away all happiness.

ALPINE FLOWERS.

In the Polar World, and its regions of eternal Winter, and on the tops of snow-clad mountains, where snow and ice, and dark, drear waters, huge glacier and colossal berg, combine to form an awful and impressive picture, the traveler is thankful for the abundance of the humble and primitive forms, which communicate the freshness and variety of life to the otherwise painful and death-like uniformity of the frost-bound Nature. It is true that here,

"Above, around, below,
  On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant nor flower,"

may be found in the lands beyond the line of perpetual snow; it is true that

"All is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone;
As if were here denied
  The Summer's sun, the Spring's sweet dew,
  That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain-side;"

but vegetation is not absolutely wanting, and the lichens are so largely developed and so widely distributed as to impart quite a peculiar and distinctive character to the scenery.

A lichen which is discovered in almost every zone of altitude and latitude, which ranges from the wild shores of Melville Island in the Arctic to those of Deception Island

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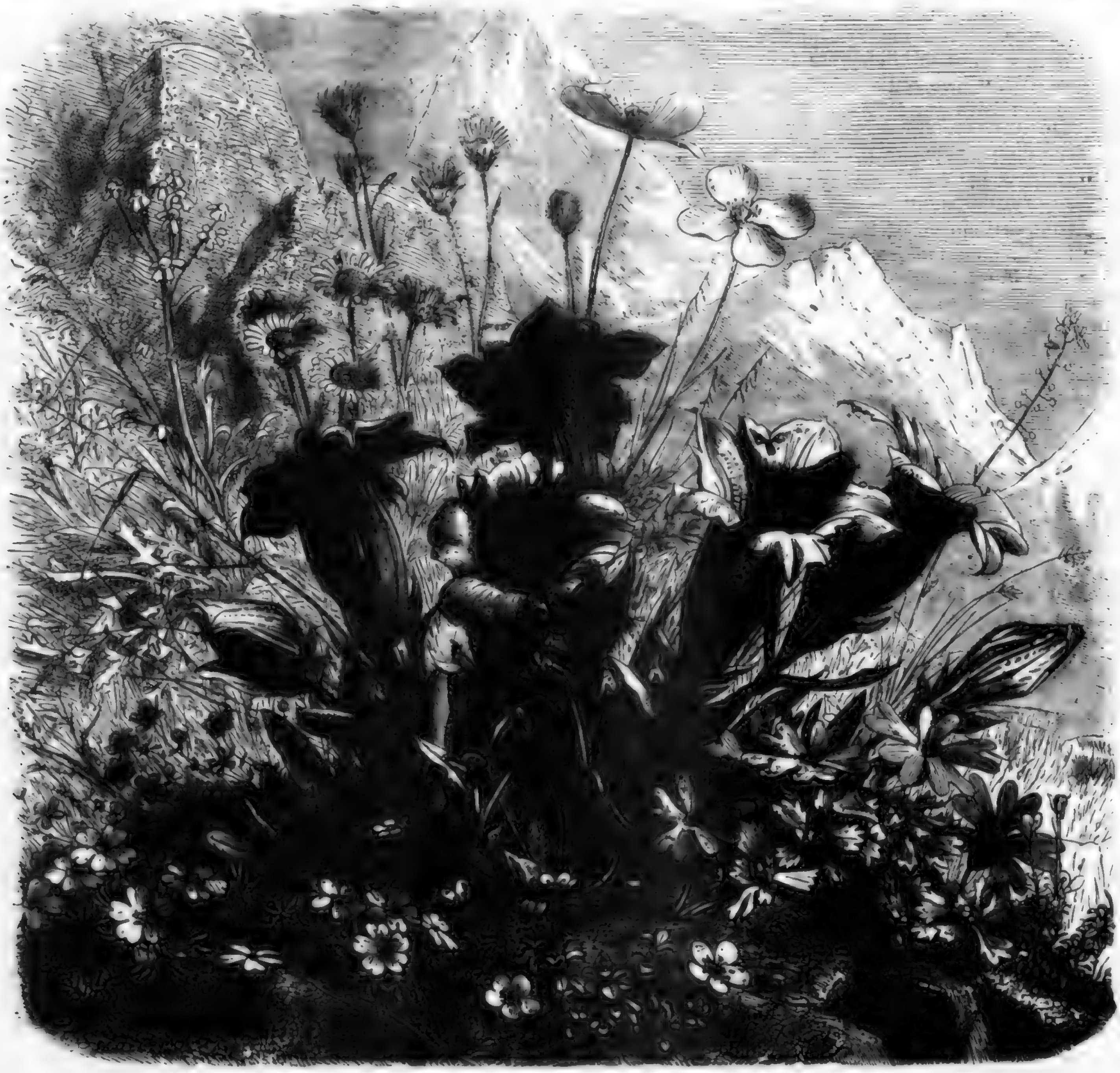
in the Antarctic Circle—which blooms on the crests of the Himalayas, on the lofty peak of Chimborazo, and was found by Agassiz near the top of Mont Blanc—is the *Lecidea geographica*, a beautiful bright-green lichen, whose clusters assume almost a kaleidoscopic appearance.

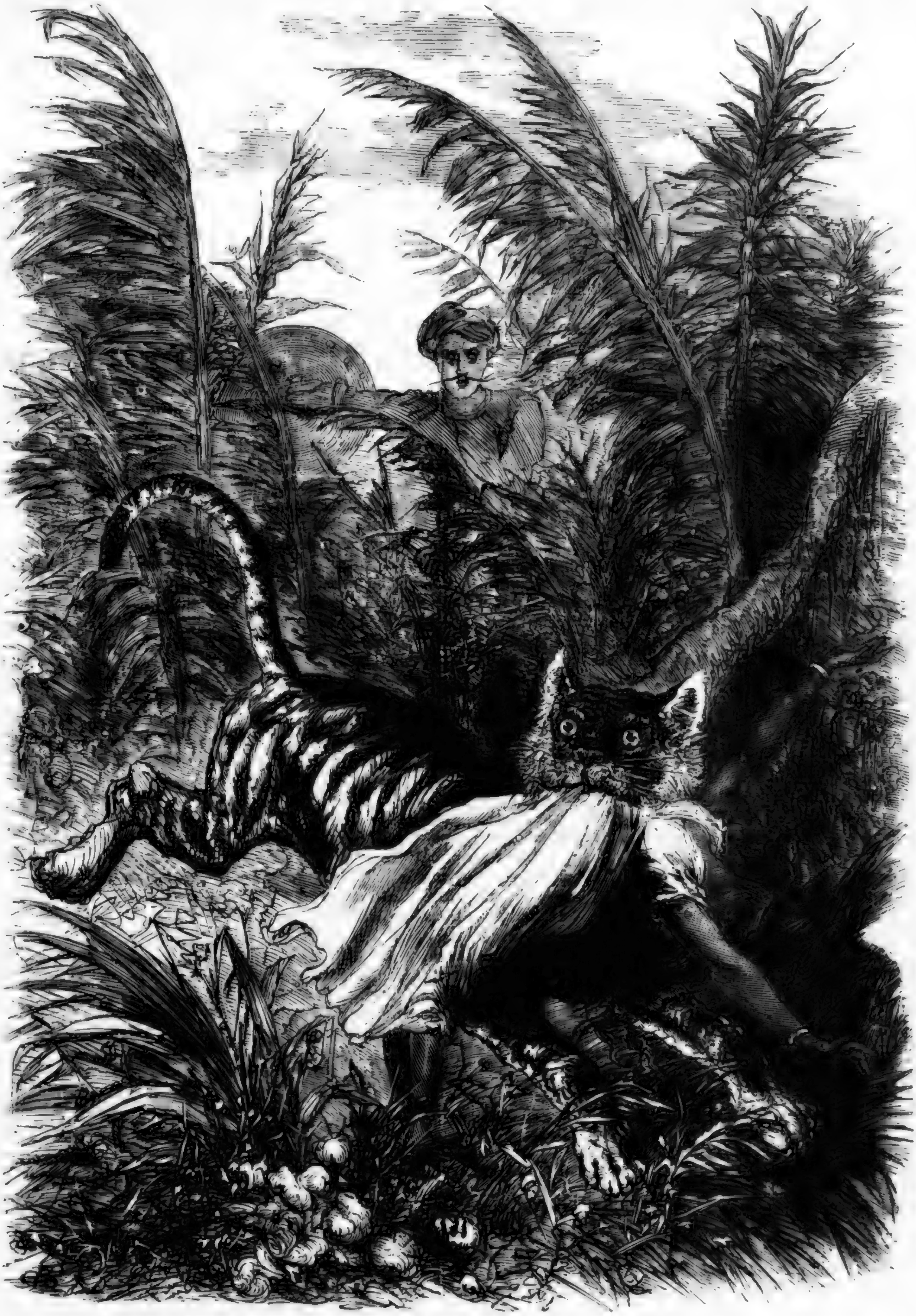
In Novaia Zemlaia and other northern regions the vegetation is so stunted that it barely covers the ground, but a much greater variety of minute plants of considerable beauty are aggregated there in a limited space than in the Alpine climes of Europe, where the same genera occur. This is due to the feebleness of the vegetation; for in the Swiss Alps the same plant frequently usurps a large area, and drives out every other—as the dark-blue gentian, the violet-tinted pansy, and the yellow and pink stone-crops. But in the far north, where vitality is weak and the seeds do not ripen, thirty different species, it has been observed, may be seen "crowded together in a brilliant mass," no one being powerful enough to overcome its companions.

In these frozen climates plants may be said to live between the air and the earth, for they scarcely raise their heads above the soil; and their roots, unable to penetrate it, creep along the surface. All the woody plants—as the *Betula nana*, the reticulated willow, *Andromeda tetragona*, with a few bacciferous shrubs—trail upon the ground, and never rise more than an inch or two above it. The *Salix lanata*, the giant of the Arctic forests, is about five inches in height; while its stem, ten or twelve feet long, lies hidden among the moss, and owes shelter, almost life, to its humble neighbor.

In Spitzbergen the flora contains about ninety-three species of flowering or phænogamous plants, which, like those already mentioned, generally grow in tufts or patches, as if for the sake of mutual protection. The delicate mosses which clothe the moist lowlands, and the hardy lichens which incrust the rocks up to the remotest limits of vegetation, are very numerous. Some of the Spitzbergen plants are found on the Alps, at elevations varying from 9,000 to 10,000 feet above the sea-level; such as the *Arenaria biflora*, the *Cerastium alpinum*, and the *Ranunculus glacialis*. The only esculent plant is the *Cochlearia fenestrata*, which here loses its bitter principles, so much complained of by our Arctic explorers, and may be eaten as a salad. Iceland moss and several grasses afford sustenance for the reindeer.



ALPINE FLOWERS.—SEE PAGE 403.



HUNTING SCENES IN INDIA.—A TIGER CARRYING OFF A HINDOO GIRL.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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HUNTING SCENES IN INDIA.

By Thomas W. Knox.

Some of the commentators upon the Bible have contended that the Scriptural Garden of Eden, or Paradise, was located in India. They cite many reasons in support of their theory; without stopping to examine them we may safely assert that India is a modern Paradise—the Paradise of sportsmen. Hunting in Africa has many claims to superiority; but in that country the hunter must bury himself in the wilderness, and depend entirely upon what he carries with him, or upon what he procures by his own skill and exertions. In India the case is different, as there is the curious anomaly of a region having the advantages of a dense population, and being at the same time abundantly stocked with game.

Ever since the English obtained a foothold in India, that land has been a famous resort for the hunter, and will so continue for a long time to come. The resident or visitor who has a fondness for sport finds little difficulty in gratifying it, and not a few have had more of it than they wanted.

During my stay in India, I was several times invited to participate in the noble sport of that country. At the head of the list of Indian sports, we have the chase of the tiger; the old residents prefer it to any other, on account of the excitement it affords, and the fact that the element of danger is by no means small.

"What is the glory," said an official, who had been twenty years in the valley of the Ganges—"what is the glory of killing a deer or an antelope, who has no power of resistance, and whose only defense is in running away? No true sportsman will ever indulge in it, and it is only fit for weak-hearted milksops who are unwilling to risk a scratch. You might as well have the animal tied to a post, and then walk up and hold the muzzle of your gun to his ear."

I listened in silence, and when he had finished, I gave an evasive response, for the reason that I was just in receipt of an invitation to join in an antelope-hunt under the guidance of another official. Under such circumstances there is an awkwardness in discussing a question like the foregoing, and I was fain to avoid it. And as proof of the danger attending a tiger-hunt the questioner showed his arm, which had been chewed from wrist to shoulder by one of the lordly beasts, and revealed a perfect patchwork of scars. And he added the remark that has become proverbial throughout India, and also in other lands: "Hunting the tiger is very pleasant as long as the tiger is hunted, but when he turns and hunts you it isn't half so funny."

I asked the veteran to give me the story of that wound, as I was sure it would be interesting. He nodded assent, and called his servant to bring another "peg." Among the English residents of India, a "peg" means a glass of brandy-and-soda, and is probably an equivalent for what the New Yorker sometimes denominates "a nail." The "peg" was brought, and partly swallowed, and then the major settled into a comfortable position on his reclining chair, lighted a fresh cigar, and told me his story.

"We were having a great hunt," said he, "up in the Terai district, which is a famous one for tigers. The Terai tigers are among the largest in India, and they are as savage as they can be made. Generally speaking, the tiger is a coward; that is, he will never come face to face with you if he can avoid an encounter. He will sneak off if he can, and it is only when he finds himself surrounded, or has been wounded, that he turns and fights. Then he is dangerous, and full of courage. He is tenacious of life, and will fight bravely to the last; and it is a proud moment when you have laid him low, and can apply your measuring line to make a record of his length. Our rule of measuring tigers is to apply the end of the line to the nose, and have a man hold it there firmly; then we slowly extend it backward to the tip of his tail, following all the curves of his head, neck and backbone. The body of the animal is first laid straight upon the ground, and we have all agreed that when it is thus laid straight the measurement I have indicated is the fairest possible.

"We don't get tigers so large now as we used to twenty-five or thirty years ago. The country has been cleared and settled, roads have been opened, more people have firearms, and more men have joined in the sport than we used to have. Nowadays it is not often that we shoot a tiger more than ten feet long; while in the old times we used occasionally to get tigers of eleven or twelve feet. I have heard of tigers thirteen, and even fourteen, feet long; but they were always shot in some distant part of the country, and, though lots of people had heard of them, nobody could be found who had ever seen the tiger or the skin, or seen anybody who had measured it.

"I have shot," continued the major, "forty-seven tigers, and the average length of them is nine feet seven inches and a quarter. I have kept a careful record of every one, and always made the measurements myself. In every case where an Englishman was present, I have had him go over the measurement after me, and have taken every precaution to have the record absolutely correct. Here is my tiger-book, with the date and place of every hunt I have been in, the measurement of every tiger I have killed, and the names of the witnesses. I wouldn't take a fortune for that book; and when I give up hunting I shall send it to England and have it retained as a family treasure.

"The longest tiger I ever shot measured eleven feet and seven inches; and the longest I ever *knew* anybody to shoot measured twelve feet and six inches. I have heard on good authority of several tigers over twelve feet long, and two of exactly twelve feet; but I have grave doubts about thirteen-foot tigers, and still graver ones about fourteen-footers.

"But I am forgetting the hunt where my arm was hurt. It was a regular hunt in the jungle, and we had about forty elephants in line to beat the brute out of his hiding-place. The way we do these hunts is this: We make up a party including any number of gentlemen, from two or three to a dozen, and sometimes more. Each gentleman has an elephant, with a howdah, or seat. The howdah is a sort of box, in which you sit as you would in a small carriage; and behind you there is a seat for your bearer, or attendant. Your guns are slung in racks, ready to your hand, while directly in front of you there are pouches containing your cartridges. When you are supposed to be in the vicinity of a tiger you have your rifle ready in your hand, as there are times when quick work is necessary, and the question of a second or two makes the difference between shooting a tiger or losing him altogether.

"The oldest and most experienced sportsman is chosen captain of the hunt, and his orders must be implicitly obeyed. Then there is a hunter at each end of the line, the captain being in the centre; and the other hunters, if there be any, are scattered along at regular intervals. The mahout, or driver, of each elephant sits on the animal's neck, and directs his motions by means of a goad, or pointed rod of iron, having a hook near the point. There are as many howdah elephants as there are hunters, and between every two howdahs there are from two to five pad elephants. The use of the pad elephants is to keep the line well closed. They carry no hunters, but we generally have a lot of natives perched on the pad to assist in making the noise which is intended to frighten the tiger out of his lair and compel him to show himself.

"I have been in a hunt where we had sixteen howdahs and sixty-six pad elephants—eighty-two in all. When the long line was drawn up, and those stately beasts marched forward, the sight was a magnificent one. But the number was too great, and we only bagged one tiger. Next day the party separated, and two of my friends and myself, with thirteen elephants, beat the same jungle, and were so fortunate as to get two tigers—one of them a fine male nine feet and eight inches long. We frequently have from twenty to forty elephants and from five to eight howdahs in a hunt; but even these are too many. I like best a hunt with ten elephants, three howdahs and seven pads, with a captain in the centre and two experienced sportsmen at the ends. Then you have a line that can be easily controlled, as it can be turned suddenly, doubled, hurried, or slowed down. You can follow the tiger's movements, and keep closely upon him until the favorable moment comes; and if he tries to escape across country, you can pursue him. But with a larger number than this, your line gets unwieldy, and, though you find a large party very pleasant in a social way, it is unfavorable for sport.

"The time that I speak of we had, as I said, about forty elephants—forty-one was the exact number—and there were seven of us in the hunt. We always take along plenty of provisions, and one of the party is appointed to look after the commissary department, while another attends to the forage for the elephants, and their general management; a third is paymaster and general accountant; and all these are under control of the captain, who decides upon the plan of operations, assigns the place for each man and each elephant, and is, in fact, as high in authority as the general on a battle-field. For the time being, nobody can appeal from his decision, and sometimes he is obliged to be very autocratic. The most frequent exercise of his authority is in deciding the ownership of a tiger, as it frequently happens that two or more men may shoot at him at the same time, and hit him, too. In such cases the captain acts as judge, hears the story of each claimant, looks at the ground and the fallen beast, and decides accordingly.

"I once had a very awkward case to settle. We were out in the Terai with seventeen elephants and five howdahs, and I had been chosen captain. The scouts had reported a tiger in a small jungle. He had carried off a bullock from a neighboring village, and several of the natives had seen him. They were sure he was a large one, as he had killed the bullock with one blow of his paw, and then borne him off as easily as a cat runs away with a rat. He carried his prey more than a mile, and the natives said that in doing so he jumped a small brook as easily as though he had had no load.

"We examined the ground, and found that what they said was true. There were the marks on the soft earth where the bullock had been dragged along, and at the water-course it was evident that he had made a clear jump of at least six feet, carrying the bullock with him. The bottom of the sluggish stream was full of dead leaves and sticks, and they were not disturbed in the least; while the soft ground on both sides showed the prints of the tiger's feet, and there was a deep indentation on the bank where he landed with his prize.

"We formed the line at the edge of the jungle, and then beat slowly through it; the elephants treading down the tall grass, and reeds, and small bushes, as though they were the merest trifles. There was a little clump of bushes somewhat thicker than the rest, and it was here that the tiger lay concealed, as we found when we approached it. He gave a loud roar, and sprang out into an open space just beyond.

"The line had been curved around a little at each end, so that two of the hunters, Captain S—— and Dr. B——, saw him at the same instant. They fired so closely together that the reports of their rifles sounded like one. The tiger gave a convulsive leap into the air, and then fell dead.

"We gathered around him, and dismounted from our elephants. He measured ten feet and two inches, and was a magnificent specimen. The doctor and the captain both claimed him, and appealed to me to determine the question of ownership.

"'I aimed at his heart,' said the doctor.

"'You'll find my bullet in his head,' said the captain.

"And, sure enough, there was a hole just behind his fore-shoulder, and another under his ear. I postponed the decision until we reached camp.

"We always put our dead game on the pad elephants, and one of them was brought forward to receive the prize. The tiger is very heavy in proportion to his size, as he is all muscles and sinews and solid bones. There is no dropsy, and no superfluous fat about him; every ounce of a tiger is intended for use; and his body, when stripped of its skin, is one of the finest anatomical specimens you ever saw. Dissect a healthy, full-grown tiger side by side with the most powerful bull, and the bull will seem, when compared with the tiger, as devoid of muscles as a jelly fish. The sinews of a tiger are so hard that they will turn the edge of the sharpest knife; and to attempt to cut through them is like trying to cut through a piece of sole leather that has been hammered full of iron-filings.

"One of the pad elephants was brought forward and made to kneel. The *mahouts* and attendants attempted to lift the tiger on the elephant's back; but he was so heavy that enough of them to lift him could not get around his body. So we did what we always do in such cases—we made an incline of bamboo poles, with one end on the elephant's back and the other resting on the ground at the tiger's side. On this we slid the carcass as you might slide a block of stone or a box of goods; and very soon we had it properly lashed down and secured.

"It is very necessary that the lashing should be well done, as an elephant is easily frightened at anything slipping from his back to the ground. He has great fear of a tiger, and I have known an elephant to become uncontrollable when an improperly fastened tiger slipped off. It hung to the pad by a rope around its neck; the elephant ran away over the rough country, and before he could be stopped, the skin of the tiger was completely ruined. And, besides, the elephant was never of any use in hunting after that, as he could not be kept in line, and would run away at the very first smell of the jungle where the tiger was concealed.

"When we dissected the tiger, I found that one bullet was lodged in the heart, and another had penetrated the brain. Either shot would have been fatal; and the best I could do was to award the skin to one and the skull to the other, and let the doctor and the captain toss up for choice. The doctor won and chose the skin, so that the captain had the skull. Each entered the tiger in his hunting record, and credited the other with assisting in the slaughter.

"In the hunt where my arm was injured——" (I began to think we should never get to it, but I felt no disposition to interfere with the major's garrulity, as every word was interesting)—"in that hunt Colonel M—— was captain, and we had a couple of gentlemen up from Calcutta, who

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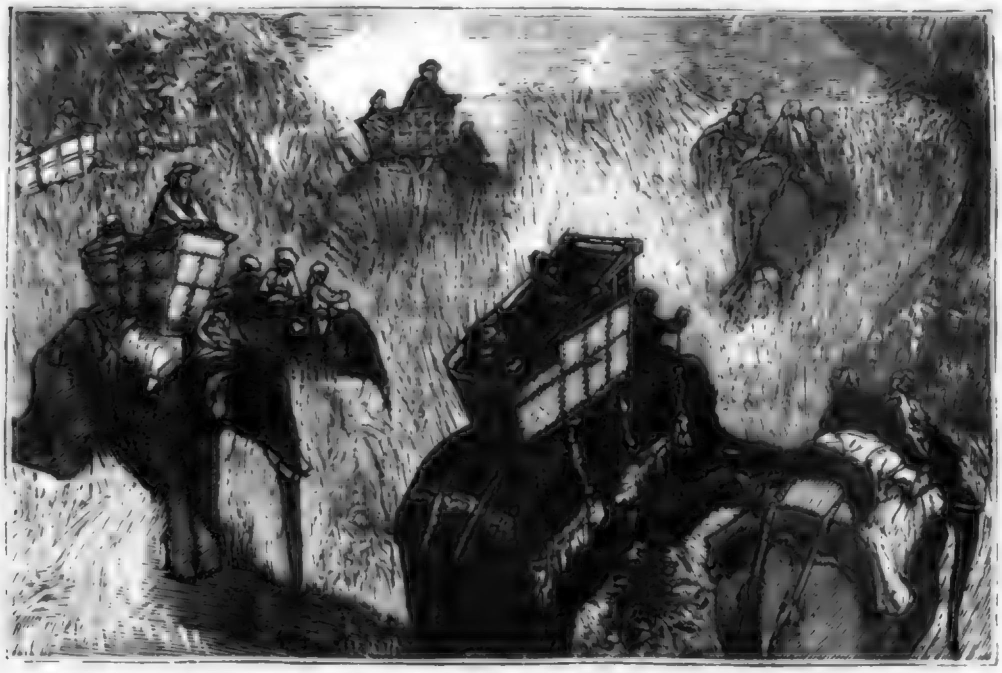
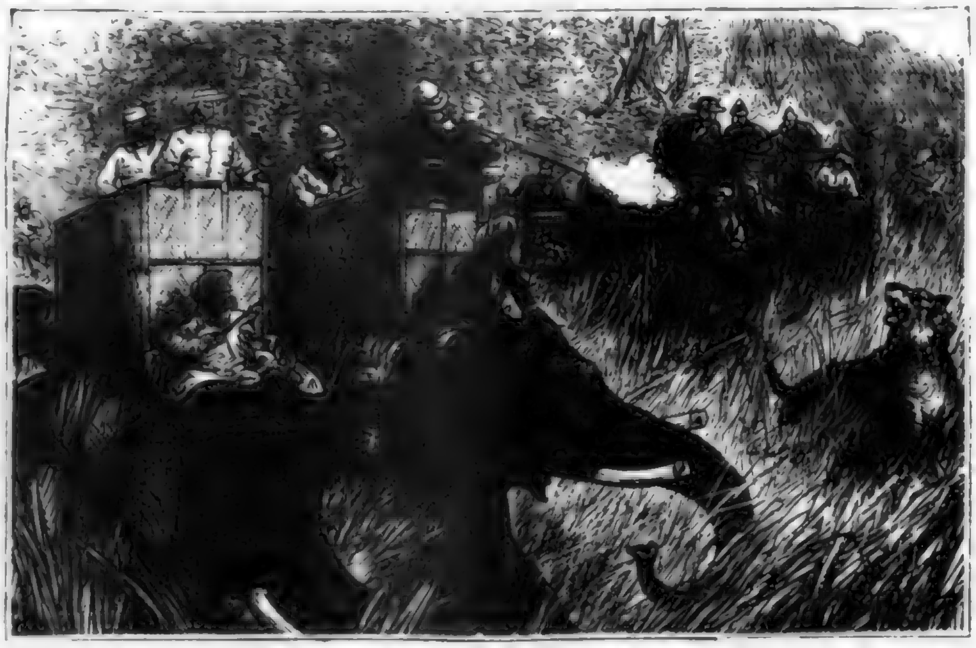


ELEPHANTS CROSSING A NULLAH IN THE JUNGLE.

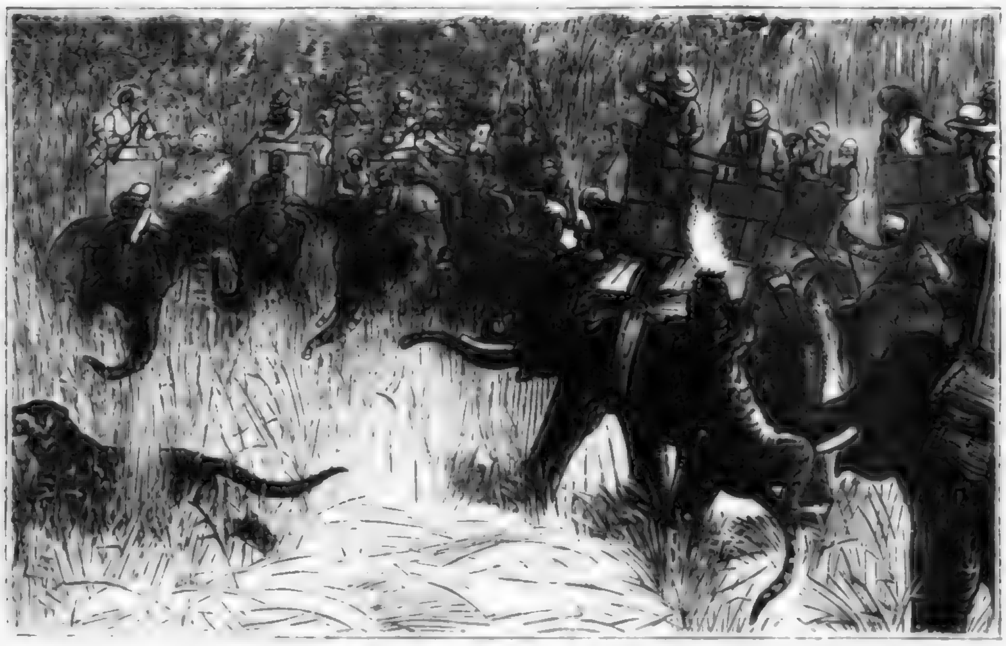


AN EXCITING MOMENT IN A TIGER HUNT.

were our guests. Two tigers had been reported close by a village near Pulopatam, where there was a very dense jungle that afforded a good hiding-place. We beat slowly and stirred up the tigers, but the grass was so thick, and they sneaked off so stealthily, that we were unable to get a sight of them.

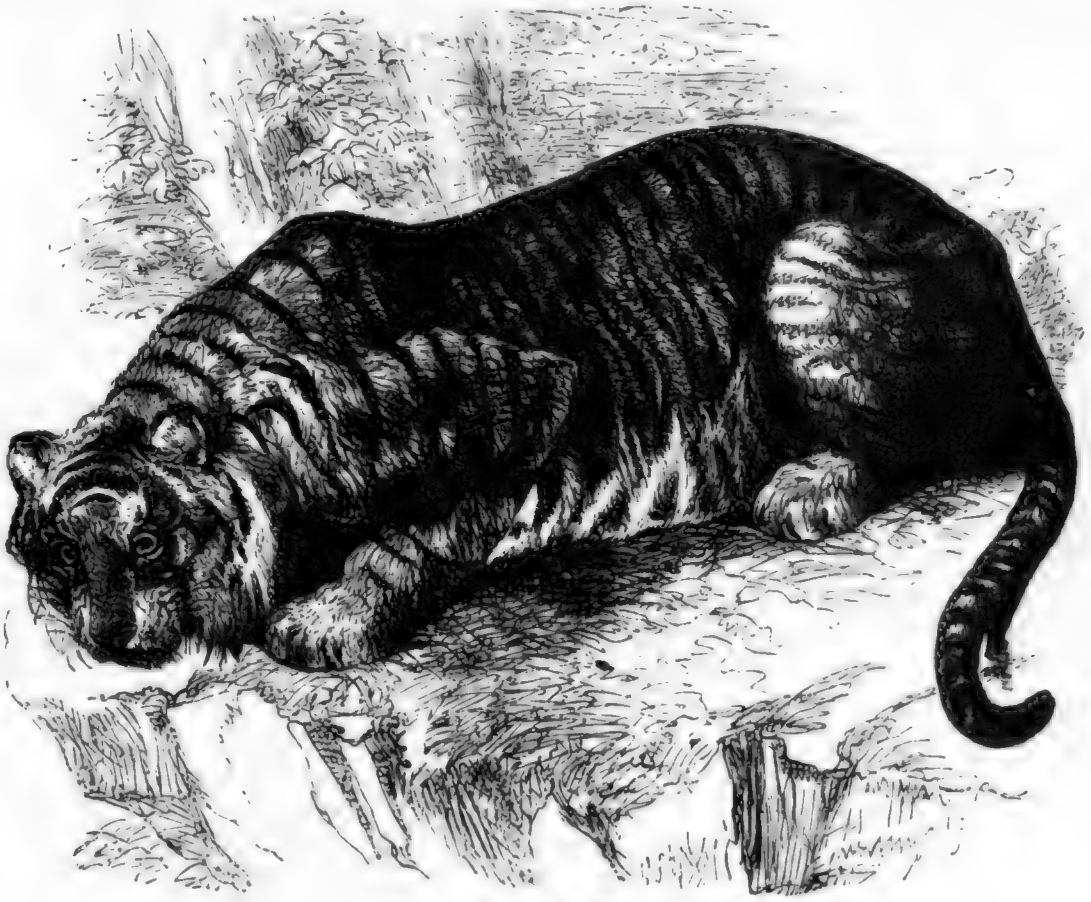
"We were at it for several hours, and as it was time for *tiffin*, or lunch, we determined to halt and finish our sport in the afternoon. The lunch boxes were spread under a large tree, and we found a good deal of refreshment in the food and drink that the servants set before us. One of the best things in a jungle-hunt is a glass of Bass's ale; and it is interesting to observe how the eyes of a hunting party turn toward an ale-bottle while the cork is being drawn. One of those brown bottles with the triangular spot of red on its label, and in the hands of a native servant armed with a corkscrew, is a most welcome sight when you are thirsty.

"We finished our lunch and then returned to work. Just before we started, the scouts came in and reported that the tigers had gone to a separate patch of jungle about a mile away, where the beating would be very easy. The line was formed, and we went at it in earnest, and it wasn't long before our game was stirred up. There was some thick jungle grass, so that it was not possible to see the tiger, but we knew by the waving of the grass that he was making off and trying to escape. The captain gave the signal for full chase, and away we went.



A TIGER ATTACKING AN ELEPHANT.

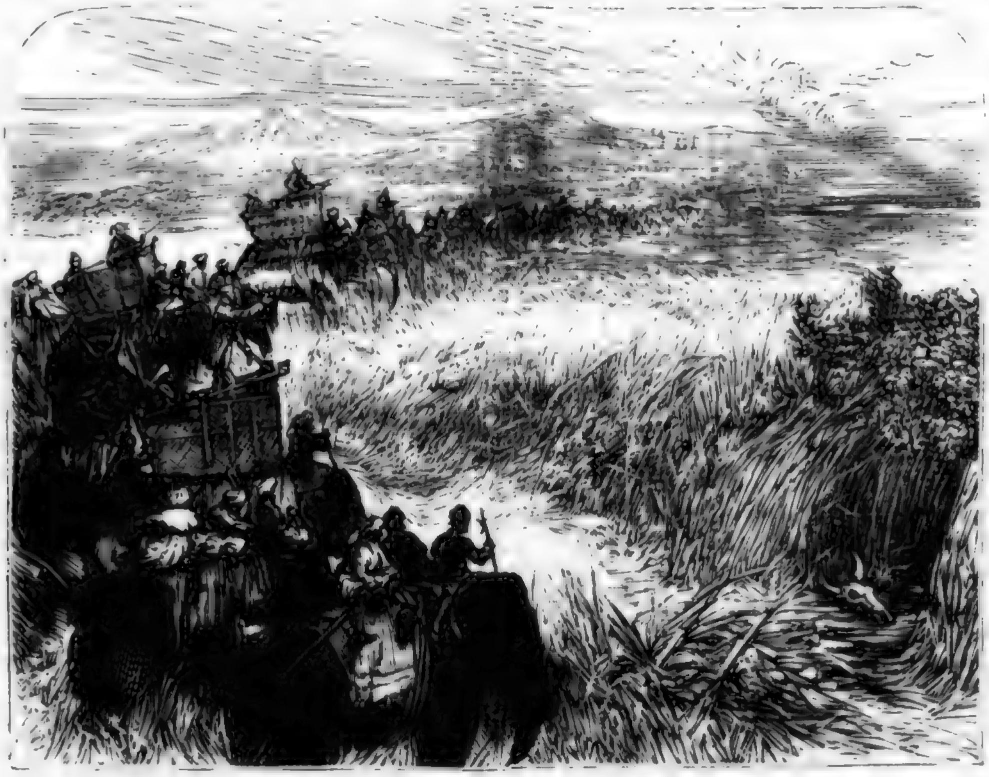
"This is the exciting time in a tiger-hunt. The *mahout* urges the elephant to his best speed by prodding him with the iron and pounding his heels on the animal's ears. Every man stands up in his *howdah*, with his gun in hand, and ready to blaze away at the first sight of the yellow brute. Your attendant behind you tries to keep cool, but he is as excited as you are, and swings from side to side, looking first one way and then another, in hopes of sighting the game and calling your attention to it. The line is kept well closed up, for unless it is so, the tiger may watch his chance and break through. I have known this to happen several times, and once a tiger remained crouched in the grass till the elephants were fairly over him. Then he gave a spring and went off to the rear between two elephants that were not more than ten feet apart. Before we could bring a gun on him he was out of sight, but we turned the line and doubled on him inside of a minute. We followed him up and finally shot him, just as he was climbing the bank of a dry *nullah*, or watercourse.



AN INDIAN TIGER.

"Well, we followed our tiger in the tall grass until we got near the bank of a stream. It is a mistake to suppose that a tiger is like a cat in dreading water; true, he does not often take a bath voluntarily, but in hot weather he will enter a stream and lie there for an hour or more to cool himself.

"And this reminds me of a strange scene I once witnessed—a fight between a tiger and a crocodile. I was out one afternoon along the Koosee, looking for antelope, and had stalked one successfully. I came to the bank of the river, and sat down to rest under a tree for a few minutes, not dreaming that there was any game about. The river abounds in crocodiles, and on looking at a sand-bar close to the opposite shore, I could see the snouts of two of the reptiles just sticking out of the water. While I was deliberating whether to take a shot at one of the snouts, by way of practice, there was a slight crackling in the dry reeds and grass, and a splendid tiger showed himself just at the edge of the water, and within ten yards of one of the crocodiles. Now, I thought, there will be some fun.



A TIGER-HUNT WITH ELEPHANTS—BEATING THE JUNGLE.

"The tiger was thirsty and hot, and as he lapped the water he settled nearly half his body into it. Instantly one of those dark snouts moved toward him, but so gently that it did not make a ripple, and I am sure there was not the least noise in the movement.

"Within three feet of the tiger the black snout disappeared under the water. In an instant it rose again like lightning, the great jaws were opened, and in the same instant the tiger's head was inclosed between them.

"Then there was a terrible struggle. The tiger was powerful, and so was the crocodile. It was the tiger's fight for life, while for the crocodile the affair was not a small one.

"The tiger's head is so strong that even the jaws of a crocodile, powerful as they are, cannot readily break it. In this case the tiger's head was not crushed or

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he would have been instantly killed, and the fight brought to an end at once.

"They lashed the shallow water near the sand-bar into a mass of foam. Twice the tiger got his feet planted in the bottom, and fairly drew his adversary out of the water. They rolled over and over, the crocodile steadily maintaining his hold, which the tiger tried in vain to break. At last they rolled off into deep water, and as the tiger had no hold for his feet, he was carried under. The commotion was kept up even after they went below the surface; other crocodiles came and added to the disturbance by lashing about with their powerful tails. The crocodile had the best of it, and disappeared with his prey.

"I think the fight must have lasted not less than a quarter of an hour; at any rate it seemed so, though it may have been less, and certainly it was a very lively fight while it lasted. I might have shot one, or perhaps both, of the fighters while they were rolling about on the sand-bank, but it would have done me no good, and, besides, I wanted to see fair play.

"But this isn't telling you how my arm was hurt. When we got near the stream that day, we were all excitement, as I told you. The grass was lower close to the stream, and as I was looking anxiously ahead, I saw it moving in one place, and knew that the tiger must be there. I fired at the spot, and then there was a frightful roar that said my shot had taken effect.

"The tiger raised his head and tail, so that I had a full view of him. Another rifle was ready, and I blazed away as he faced about. I aimed at his mouth, and sent the ball crashing down his throat. Others of the party saw him at the same time, but they were a second or more behind me, and before they could fire he had tumbled into the grass.

"Then we gathered around him and dismounted to put the prize on one of the pad elephants to carry home. And, by the way, let me tell you that you should never approach a dead tiger, or one you suppose to be dead, except with the greatest caution. It is wonderful the tenacity of life that they show, both in resisting the effect of a shot, and in suddenly recovering from it and making a final effort. Once I shot a tiger, and he ran at least three hundred yards before he fell; when we cut him up I found the bullet lodged right in the middle of his heart. Once Major B—— and I were out together, and we flushed a fine old tiger which the major brought down. He lay there apparently quite dead, and we got down to look at the prize and take his measure.

"The major had lain his line on the tiger's nose, and carefully extended it backward along the curves of the head, neck and spine. I think he was somewhere along the middle of the back, when the tiger sprang up with a roar, and struck out heavily with his fore-paw. Luckily for the major, the blow just grazed his leg; he went spinning backward as the tiger gave a spring and jumped completely over him. The tiger then made for one of the elephants, and fell dead at his feet. This time we approached him more cautiously, and had the servants prod him with sticks, while we stood ready with our rifles. But he was really dead this time, and no mistake; and he measured nine feet four and a half inches. The major sent the skin to England as a present to a friend, and kept the skull as a trophy.

"Never be in a hurry to approach a fallen tiger, and never descend from your elephant without a revolver in your hand, and ready for instant use.

"Another time I knew a tiger, supposed to be dead, that made sad havoc in a hunting-party. We had descended to measure and secure him, when he suddenly sprang up and charged upon one of the gentlemen, rolling him over in the grass and injuring him so severely that he died a few days later. The poor fellow's leg was bitten and crushed to a jelly from hip to ankle, and the bone was broken in three places. The shock was very great, and, taken in conjunction with the wound, produced a fatal result. Poor Somers! he was only a short time among us, but he had made many friends, and his death was a sad blow to all in the district.

"Well, the time that I speak of, we got our first tiger all right, and then started in for the other. We had beaten up to a partially bare spot, where the grass was trodden down, and one end of the line was swinging around so as to change the direction a little and sweep a bit of jungle beyond the open spot. Suddenly two tigers got up almost under the feet of one of the elephants, that had been pushed a little in advance of the rest. One of them tried to make off, and presented a chance for one of the gentlemen near the end of the line. I was at the extreme end, and stood with my gun ready; but my neighbor got the first sight, and, as he was very quick on the trigger, he got the first shot too.

"The other tiger was shot at but only slightly wounded, and he immediately faced about and charged upon the elephant who had disturbed him. The elephant had turned slightly and exposed his flank, and the tiger charged directly upon it. At one spring he landed fairly upon the elephant, and he had one foot on the pad close to where the *howdah* ropes are attached. Major S—— was in the *howdah*, and he is one of the coolest of hunters in all India. He sent a bullet into the tiger's skull; and, as he could bring the muzzle close to the brute's head, there was no occasion for elevating the sights. The tiger fell off, and after a few kicks he was dead.

"The other one was lying not twenty yards away, so we had two of them at once. I was helping take the measure of the first one—the fellow that tried to sneak off, when he suddenly sprang up and seized my arm in his teeth. He gave only a single bite, but as he did so he twisted his head with a tearing motion, so that he lacerated my arm the whole length. My friend whom I was helping, drew his revolver and sent a bullet through the tiger's neck, making an end of him.

"And that's the way my arm was torn, and you may be sure I had no more taste for tiger-hunting that day. Luckily the hunt was over, so that I had no disappointment at having been left out in the sport. It was three months before I was well again and ready to take my place in the *howdah*."

Here the servant was summoned to bring another "peg," which he did with such promptness as to indicate that he had been standing ready with it. The narrator's throat was dry from his long talk, but the irrigation speedily set it right, and he continued upon his favorite theme.

"There are other ways," he said, "of hunting tigers, as you are doubtless aware; and everybody cannot get elephants to beat the jungle with. In the northwest of India, and in other districts, the hunting is done by means of *mychans.*"

"And what is a *mychan?*"

"It is a stand where you take your place, behind the shelter of a wall or a bank of earth. Beaters are sent out through the forest, and they endeavor to drive the game in your direction. If they are successful you get a convenient shot, and have a comfortable rest for your rifle. It is a poor marksman who cannot hit a tiger under such circumstances.

"Shooting from a *mychan* is not popular among the best tiger-hunters, as it is far less exciting than a chase with elephants. You may have to sit still for hours with absolutely nothing to interest you, and all the time you must keep a sharp lookout for the tiger. He may not come near you at all, or he may show himself too far away for a shot. But in beating with elephants, every moment is interesting, and when you are in the vicinity of the tiger the interest changes to intense excitement. I do not know of any sport in the world that can equal it. And besides, you have society and companionship, which you cannot have in the still mode of hunting.

"When the Prince of Wales made his tour through India he had several tiger-hunts. The most of them were with elephants, and were on a magnificent scale, especially those in the Nepaul district. But his first tiger was shot from a *mychan* at Jeypoor, under the personal direction of the Rajah of the district. A comfortable *mychan* had been erected for the occasion. The Prince took his position in the corner, while the Rajah stood by with his rifle and watched for the game. They waited an hour or more before the sharp eyes of the Rajah saw the tiger approaching. Almost at the same instant His Royal Highness espied the animal. He dropped on one knee, rested his rifle over the parapet, and fired. The shot took effect in the tiger's neck, and bowled him over. He struggled a good deal, and a second shot was needed to finish him.

"Generally the *mychan* is so constructed that a tiger cannot spring into it; but such is not always the case. I have known a tiger, hit and slightly wounded, to jump into a *mychan* and clear it of its occupants. On one occasion, near Jubbulpore, an Englishman was almost torn in pieces by a beast he had wounded. He was accompanied by only one servant, who escaped and brought the news of the accident. When the party went to the *mychan* they found the dead and lacerated body of the Englishman lying there. The tiger was gone, and was not again seen.

"Another way of hunting the tiger is practiced by the natives, but very rarely by foreigners, as it does not require much courage, and gives even less excitement than the mode I have just described."

"What is that?" I asked.

"We call it 'baiting,'" was the reply. "They take the carcass of a bullock and drag it into the jungle, or they find one that has been killed and partially eaten by a tiger. In the latter case they are certain that the tiger will return to its prey, and in the former there is a good chance that the bait will be scented and will bring something worth shooting. It is not true, as many people suppose, that the tiger will eat nothing that he has not killed himself, and then only in a fresh state. He prefers to kill his own food, and when he has done so he drags it to a place of concealment, and makes a meal of it. The next day, or two or three days later, he returns for a second feed, and it makes no difference to him if the meat has become tainted in the meantime. And if he comes across an animal that has died a natural death, or one in whose slaughter he has had no share, he is not fastidious on the subject, but sits down and helps himself. I have known so many instances of this that I can positively assert that the tiger will eat carrion when he is hard pressed for food, and it makes no difference whether the meal is of his own killing or not.

"There are always plenty of jackals about, and they snarl and fight over the unsavory feast. They keep up a perpetual row, but they serve very well as sentinels to the pot-hunter, in his perch up in the tree-top. As long as the jackals continue their noise he may be sure there is no tiger about. When the tiger comes they shut up and run away, and this is the signal for him to be on the alert. The tiger sneaks along through the grass and bushes, taking a careful observation of the surroundings. He does not observe the man in the tree-top, and very often he comes so near that the hunter has a point-blank shot at not more than twenty feet of distance. If the first shot fails to kill, the tiger stretches himself up and looks for his concealed assailant, and thus affords a chance for a second shot. Anyway, the hunter is pretty safe, as the tiger cannot get at him; and this is the reason why the true sportsman disdains this mode of tiger-killing. In the howdah of an elephant a tiger may have a chance at you, but when you are in a tree-top he has no show at all.

"Tigers have been known to spring clear from the ground into the howdah, but such instances are rare. Generally he does not appear to distinguish between the elephant and the persons on his back, and his attack seems to be aimed at the beast more than at his riders. Elephants are very fearful of tigers, and always show more or less alarm when in their vicinity. I have known many an elephant to turn tail and run away when near the tiger's lair, and sometimes all the efforts of the mahout failed to check them. Not unfrequently they run under the limbs of trees in their flight, and the howdah and its occupants are brushed off. Major R——, of Lucknow, was killed in this way during a tiger-hunt in the Purneah district. A tiger charged his elephant, and the latter ran away. As it passed under a tree the howdah was swept off, and the major and his servant were both killed by the fall.

"When in the neighborhood of a tiger the elephant generally holds his trunk high in the air, as it is his most vulnerable point, and he is anxious to protect it from injury. In a fight with a tiger the elephant uses his trunk very little, through fear of injury, but endeavors to trample his enemy under foot or pierce him with his tusks. Once let an elephant get his heavy foot fairly on a tiger, and the fight is soon over; it is all up with the yellow-coated thief—or, rather, it is all down with him. But in the majority of fights between them, the tiger generally gets the best of it, or would do so, if man did not come to the elephant's aid. In one of our hunts in the northeast we had one elephant killed by a tiger—or, rather, he was so badly hurt that he died the next day—and another very severely wounded. Even the elephant's thick hide cannot resist the tiger's claws; and as for his teeth, they have been known to make an impression on a plate of iron.

"Speaking of *mychans*, there is one in the Lucknow district, in the top of a large tree, or, rather, just above the fork of its trunk. The last time I was there a large party of us had been out on a hunt, and came around to this tree for tiffin, or lunch. The servants opened the tiffin-boxes on the ground, and while they were getting things ready we climbed up, and wondered how it would seem to sit there three, four, or five hours and wait for a tiger to come along. We all voted it a bore, and by the time we had come to that conclusion tiffin was ready, and we came down.

"One of our fellows was a capital artist, and he made a sketch of the rest of us when we were up the tree. Here it is. You would think it no easy matter for a man to go into that *mychan* in a hurry, and it wasn't; but they say that a wounded tiger once went up there, and actually got his paws on the cross-plank before he was finished by a shot from a revolver."

I was anxious to hear something about the man-eating tigers that infest certain parts of India, and so I asked about them.

"I had quite forgotten them," was the reply. "I'll tell you about them. Boy, bring another "peg"; this hot weather makes one thirsty.

"A man-eater is an accidental sort of tiger, and, happily, does not prevail often. As you are well aware, all wild animals, whether noxious or otherwise, shun the society of man. All the noxious animals dread his presence, and I

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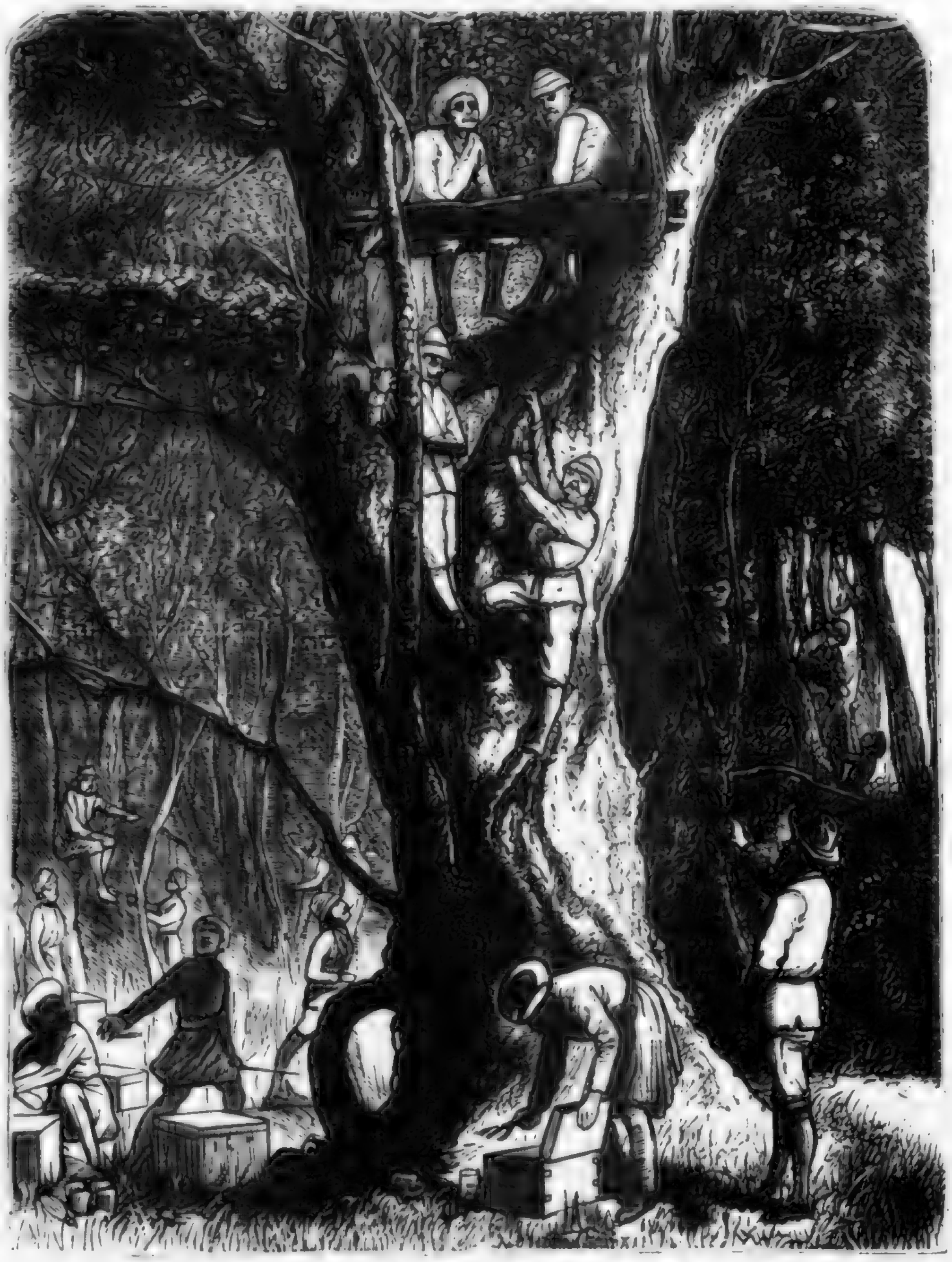
think we may safely say there is not a single animal that will attack man, except in return for provocation, or to escape from danger.

"The tiger is no exception to the rule, and when you let him alone, you may be pretty certain he will let you alone. When searching for his prey he will run away at sight of a man, though he is ready to attack a bullock much larger than a man. He catches sheep, goats, pigs, and cows, in preference to man; and he has been known to run past a native, or a group of natives, to attack a cow beyond them. But sometimes, while lurking in the forest close to a path, he sees a native walking along. Perhaps he mistakes the man for a lower animal, or perhaps his hunger overcomes his timidity at the human presence. Who can tell? He crouches exactly as you have seen a cat crouch before a mouse; he lashes his tail from side to side, and with glistening eyes springs without warning upon his victim. The unfortunate being is killed, dragged into the jungle, and eaten.



TIFFIN PARTY AT A MYCHAN IN LUCKNOW.

"The tiger has learned something new. He has found that man is an easy prey—far easier than a bullock; that his flesh is edible, and that the supply is abundant. He has only to watch by the path and secure his food any time he wants it. Henceforth that tiger is a man-slayer, and will capture no other game.

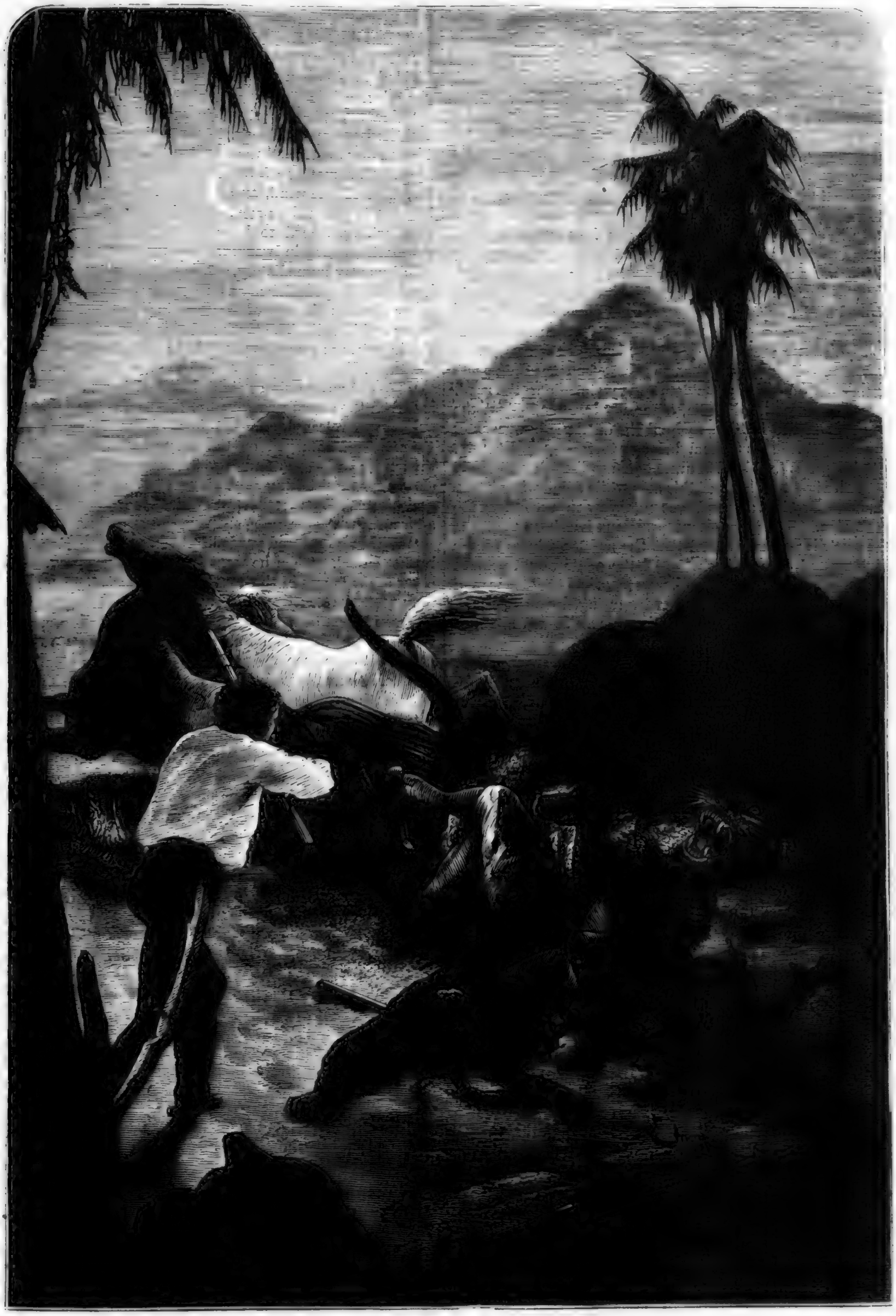
"A man-eating tiger spreads terror through the district wherever he appears, and I have known whole villages to be abandoned when it was known that one of these pests was in the neighborhood. Two or three persons a week have beeen carried away by a single tiger; and sometimes he becomes so bold as to come into a field where men are at work, pounce upon a victim, and rush away with him to the jungle.

"When the presence of a man-eater is known, the local government offers a large reward for his destruction. A veteran hunter comes, and sometimes days and weeks elapse before the brute is killed. Usually he must be hunted on foot or baited, and great patience and watchfulness are required for his capture. The tiger is very cunning, and the man who hunts him finds that he needs to exercise no ordinary strategy and skill to secure a triumph.

"The natives are justly very much afraid of the tiger; their first impulse on seeing one is to run away, and they lose no time in obeying it. And they do not stop to consider in what peril they may leave any one else by their sudden departure; their motto seems to be like that of the donkey that danced among the chickens—'let everybody look out for his own legs!'

"They once left me in a very uncomfortable lurch. I was traveling in the Agra district by *palkee*, or *palankeen*. The *palkee* is a box seven feet long, four wide, and about four in height, and has sliding doors on each side. You lie in it at full length, and it is not an uncomfortable mode of travel. At each end there is a pole braced by iron rods, and this pole rests on the shoulders of the bearers, of whom there are generally four, with as many more to relieve them at regular intervals. Then you have lantern or torch-bearers to light the way at night, and your private servant generally walks in advance to see that the way is clear.

"We were ascending a slope about a mile from one of the stations along the great road, and had just crossed a bridge over a small stream. It was a little after daybreak, and I was meditating upon the possibility of obtaining something good for breakfast, when suddenly I felt the *palkee* drop to the ground. Then followed the sound of retreating footsteps, and I heard a shout of '*Bagh! bagh!*' (Tiger! tiger!).



PERILS OF TIGER-HUNTING A SURPRISE.

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"I looked out, and saw my men running over the slope as fast as their legs could carry them. About twenty yards away, at one side of the road, stood a large tiger, calmly surveying the scene.

"I was younger then than now, and did a very foolish thing, though luckily it had no bad result. I opened the door of the *palkee*, aimed my revolver at him, and fired.

"The bullet passed over him, or at any rate did not hit him. Then I thought I had best let him alone, and did not repeat the shot.

"He took two or three steps in my direction, as if intending to attack me, and he showed his great white teeth to indicate his intention. Then he stood still for at least a minute, uncertain what to do.

"It was a moment of intense anxiety for me.

"Finally, to my great relief, he turned and slowly walked into the forest, looking around occasionally by way of farewell. It was half an hour before my men returned, and with them several of the attendants at the station. I was much relieved, you may be sure, when the *palkee* was again on the bearers' shoulders and moving along the road.

"In some parts of India, especially in Baroda and the north, it is the fashion to hunt the antelope by means of the cheetah. This animal belongs to the leopard family, and his thirst for blood is quite equal to that of the tiger. I was invited to a hunt of this sort while sojourning in the Bombay Presidency, and was not slow in accepting the invitation. But after all preparations had been made for the start, it was announced that the sudden illness of the high official who had charge of the affair would prevent the novel performance. So I was forced to content myself with the account of this mode of hunting, by a gentleman who had witnessed it the preceding year. It was about in this wise:

"At most of the native courts cheetahs are kept for hunting purposes. They are caught when about half-grown, and it is considered a nice point to capture them at exactly the right age. They should not be taken from a wild state when too young, as they are then likely to lose their hunting instinct; and if too old at the time they go into captivity, they cannot be rendered sufficiently docile. They are kept in cages, and fed upon raw meat, while occasionally they are treated to a quart or so of fresh blood, in order that they may not lose their taste for it. Once in a while they are permitted to slaughter a goat, so as to keep them in practice, and the greatest care is taken to secure the most complete docility in combination with the instinct for the chase.

"These hunts are generally given in honor of visitors of distinction, and the occasion is one of great importance. I had an invitation to attend one, and found when I arrived that there was a large party of native officials and high dignitaries generally. We went from Baroda by rail to the station of Etola, where the royal preserves were situated, and found everything in readiness. There was a fine array of saddle-horses, there were numerous gayly dressed attendants, and there were a couple of *palankeens* standing at one side, with four bearers to each.

"'Surely,' I thought, '*palankeens* are not the proper things for a hunting excursion! Their occupants will be left far behind by the horsemen, and they certainly can see very little when shut up in those boxes.'

"The mystery was soon explained by the master of the hunt, who observed my surprise. He led the way to the *palankeens*, and then I found that they each contained a beautiful cheetah. Each animal was fastened by a small chain, and had a hood over his eyes. They lay perfectly quiet, and paid no attention to the bustle and excitement going on around them. When the *palankeens* were hoisted to the men's shoulders the beasts did not even stir, but lay perfectly still, as though enjoying their ride.

"'But do you let off two leopards at once?' I asked.

"'Not by any means,' was the reply. 'The hunt is divided into two parties, and one leopard goes with each party.'

"The two parties set off in opposite directions, each with its leopard. Ours went two or three miles before we sighted any game, and then we found a large herd of antelopes. The master of the hunt had carefully noted the direction of the wind, and we had to make a long *detour* in order to reach the proper position. It is necessary in approaching a herd to keep always to leeward. If you approach on the windward, the antelopes scent the cheetah and run away immediately. They are not at all afraid of horsemen or pedestrians, as they see them daily, and are never shot at; the use of firearms in these royal preserves being forbidden. The tactics of this form of hunting consist in getting as near as possible to a herd without alarming them.

"We got within six or eight hundred yards of the herd, and then the signal was given to loosen the cheetah. The animal was released, and the hood taken from his eyes. He remained crouched on the ground for an instant, and then raised his eyes and saw the game. Then he crept slowly forward, taking advantage of some bushes to conceal himself. His motions were exactly like those of a cat after a mouse.

"Within a hundred yards of the herd the shelter of the bushes ended. Then he went forward at full speed, and in a few seconds was in the middle of the herd. Of course they took alarm, and ran away. He singled out the finest buck, and soon overtook him. It is a curious circumstance that the cheetah does not attack the female or young antelopes, but only the full-grown bucks. If there is only one in a herd, he will single him out from all the rest, and pay no attention to the others.

"We followed at a gallop, so as to be in at the death. The leopard had the deer upon the ground, and was holding him down with his claws. His teeth were buried in the neck of his victim, from which he was sucking the blood. The attendants came up and threw the hood over the creature's eyes. Then they replaced his chain, and pulled him away from his feast. They had considerable difficulty to make him release his hold, but they succeeded, and then gave him a gourd full of blood to drink, as a reward for his services. Then he was returned to his *palankeen*, and the party moved on.

"In a little while we sighted another herd, and made another capture. The movements were almost identical with those of the first, so I need not repeat them. We took six antelopes, all splendid bucks, and then the cheetah gave signs of fatigue. We launched him at a seventh herd, and he dashed at a fine buck and threw him down; but before he could secure a hold the antelope was up again, and struggling with his adversary, whom he hit very savagely with his fore feet. Then he ran after his rapidly retreating companions, and as the cheetah showed no disposition to follow, he was secured, and the hunt was declared to be over. We returned to the station, and five minutes after our arrival the other party appeared. They had only taken four antelopes, to our six, and so we had the laugh upon them."

The spotted leopard abounds in the northwest of India, and in some other portions of the peninsula. He never attacks man, and does not, in fact, do much damage, as he rarely approaches human habitations, and is content to live upon deer, antelope, and other wild game. He even condescends to eat rabbits and hares, and such small animals, and his depredations among the natives are confined to an occasional kid or sheep. He sticks to the forest, and it is only when pursued that he takes to the open country.

The leopard is hunted by the native princes, and sometimes by foreigners, though not very often. The mode of pursuing him is by means of dogs, and sometimes a pack of forty or more will be turned loose upon him. The object is to worry the leopard, and hold him at bay till the hunters can come up and dispatch him. The dogs are large, powerful hounds, but they are no match for the leopard's claws and teeth, and frequently fall victims to their temerity in rushing upon him. The old dogs that are familiar with the sport are inclined to hold aloof, and do their work by barking and making pretenses of attacking, while the young ones rush in bravely, and frequently get the worst of it.

A leopard-chase, with the pack in full pursuit, is a fine sight. The panting animal glares upon his pursuers, and shows his glistening teeth; the dogs follow, barking furiously, and occasionally two or three of them rush up together and endeavor to puncture his mottled hide. Now and then one is thrown down, and rolls over and over with the momentum he has attained, and sometimes half the pack will be tumbling about together. Down the slope of a hill the leopard has the advantage, but when he attempts to ascend a declivity the dogs move more rapidly than he can. Here they generally bring him to a halt, and form a noisy circle around him. The hunters hurry forward as rapidly as possible, and dispatch the game by a bullet through his head, or a spear-stab in his neck. After he has fallen, it is no easy matter to prevent the dogs tearing him to pieces, and thus ruining the beautiful skin, which is an important trophy of the chase in India.

A favorite sport of Englishmen in India is the chase of the wild boar, popularly known as "pig-sticking." Many persons prefer it to tiger-hunting, for the reason that it affords a fine opportunity for horseback exercise over the open country, and is not unattended with danger. Many a horse and many a man have come to grief on the tusks of an old boar, and there is not a hunter who cannot tell of numerous narrow escapes. Great skill is required in handling the spear, the horse must be well-trained and obedient, and the rider must have perfect confidence in his steed.

Eight or ten is the usual number for a hunting party, and each man is mounted on his favorite horse. The pigs are driven out of the jungle by a line of native beaters on foot, and when they emerge into the open country the hunters pursue them. No firearms are used, the only weapons being sharp-pointed spears with handles about eight feet long. Servants follow the party, and carry bundles of spears to replace those broken or lost; and in an exciting hunt, where pigs are abundant, each man will need several spears before his day's work is ended. A boar will run very rapidly when he has an open stretch of country before him and a crowd of hunters at his heels. The hunter must come up to him so as to pierce the fleeing animal with his spear, and it often requires a good many attacks to lay him low.

The boar often turns suddenly and charges upon his pursuers, inflicting terrible wounds with his tusks. He almost invariably turns upon receiving a prod of a spear, and it is in avoiding these charges that the horse and rider exercise their combined skill, and display their mutual confidence. The well-trained horse directs his course so as to bring the pig on his rider's right hand, and immediately after the blow is made he swerves away to the left. An experienced horse will guide himself, but a verdant one must be directed by the rein; and it takes a very experienced hunter to guide a horse properly and attend to pig-sticking at the same time.

There isn't a braver animal in the world than the wild boar of India. He will run away from danger if he can, but when he finds himself at close quarters, he faces about and charges over and over again at his assailants until he falls from loss of blood and dies. He will break through a line of horses, wounding several of them more or less severely, and he has been known to put elephants to flight. Instances are on record of fights between the tiger and wild boar, in which the tiger came off second best, and found that his claws and teeth were no match for the powerful tusks of the boar.

On one occasion a tiger and a boar, both of the largest size, were found dead near each other, and the ground in the vicinity gave evidence of a fearful struggle. There were great gashes in the sides and belly of the tiger where the tusks of his adversary had done their work; and the neck of the boar was bitten and torn by the tiger's teeth and claws. Each had fought in his own way and succeeded in killing the other.

The boar shows great cunning in getting any natural object, such as a stream, gully, or ridge of earth, between himself and his enemy. Then he wheels around and stands ready to attack at the moment when his pursuer is at a disadvantage. The old hunters know this trait, and either outflank the beast or wait until he turns around to resume his journey. And the pig has sometimes been known to pretend to go on and then suddenly turn and renew his fight. If the grass is long enough to conceal him, he is very apt to lie down, and suddenly spring up to deliver a blow that generally puts a horse out of the fight for the day, and not unfrequently lames him for life.

The tenacity and persistence of the wild boar are well illustrated by a fight that occurred a few years ago in one of the northeastern districts. The boar repeatedly drove the beaters out of the jungle where he was concealed, and finally walked coolly forth and made a charge at the line of horsemen. He ripped one horse severely, and then stood still to wait for another. Whenever he was approached he charged at his adversary, and though he was hit nearly every time, he did not flinch in the least. After wounding five horses, he went to a little hollow where there was some water, deliberately refreshed himself with a mud bath, and then returned to the fight. His hide was like leather and turned the points of the spears, but finally a lucky blow finished him. The party included some of the best pig-stickers in the district, and for nearly two hours this veteran resisted them.

The hyena abounds in India, and causes much destruction among chickens, kids and other small property of the farmer. He is trapped, shot, poisoned and otherwise disposed of, but in spite of the reductions in various ways, he continues to flourish.

Alone or in small numbers the hyena is timid, and will run rapidly from the presence of man. But in large numbers, and perhaps pressed by hunger, he becomes bold, and not unfrequently he will enter houses at night and carry away edible things that may be lying about. Droves of them have attacked men, and in this peculiarity they are not unlike the prairie wolf of the Far West. A gentleman who was traveling in India some years ago, had an unpleasant introduction to a drove of hyenas, but, happily, without any serious consequences.

"I was traveling," said he, "by *palkee dawk*, and early one morning reached a station where the bearers were to be changed. They set me down in front of the dawk

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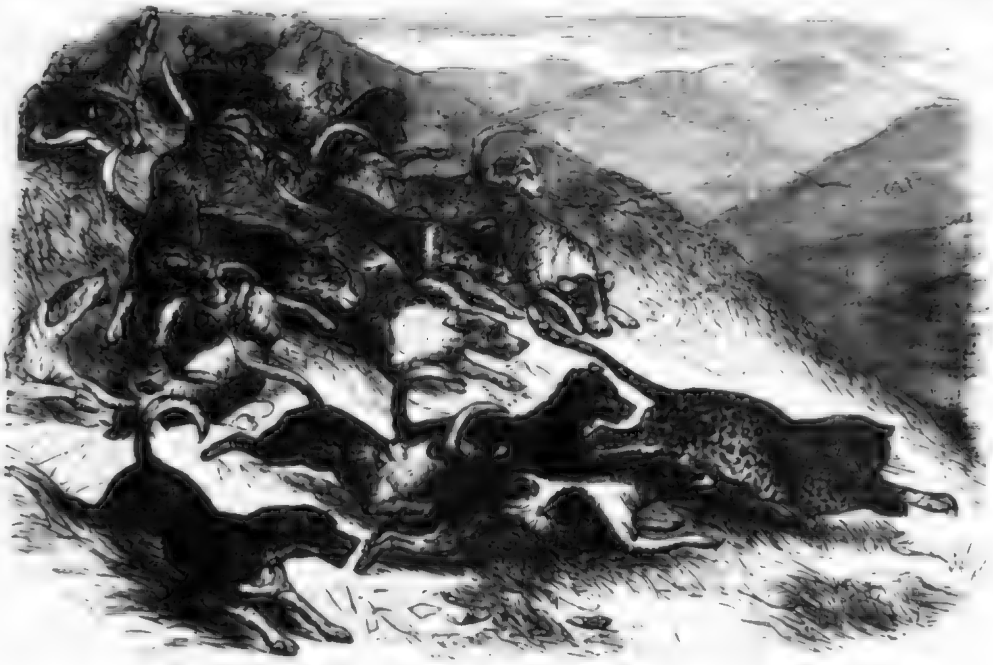
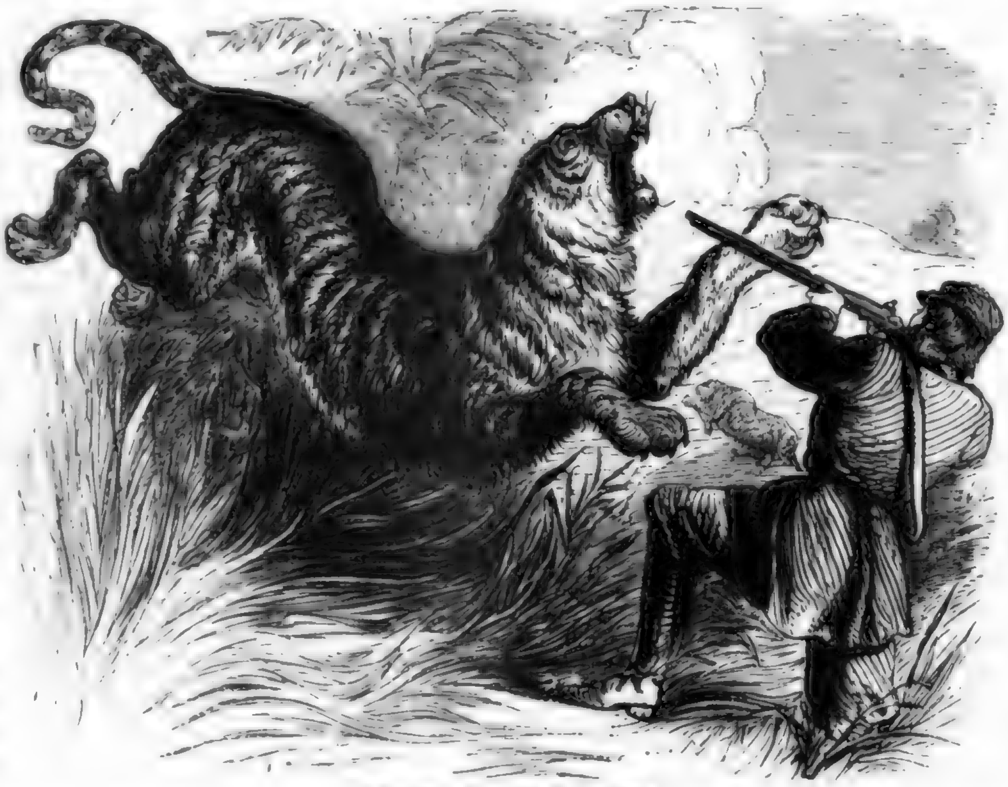


A LEOPARD CHASE WITH HOUNDS.



A TIGER AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

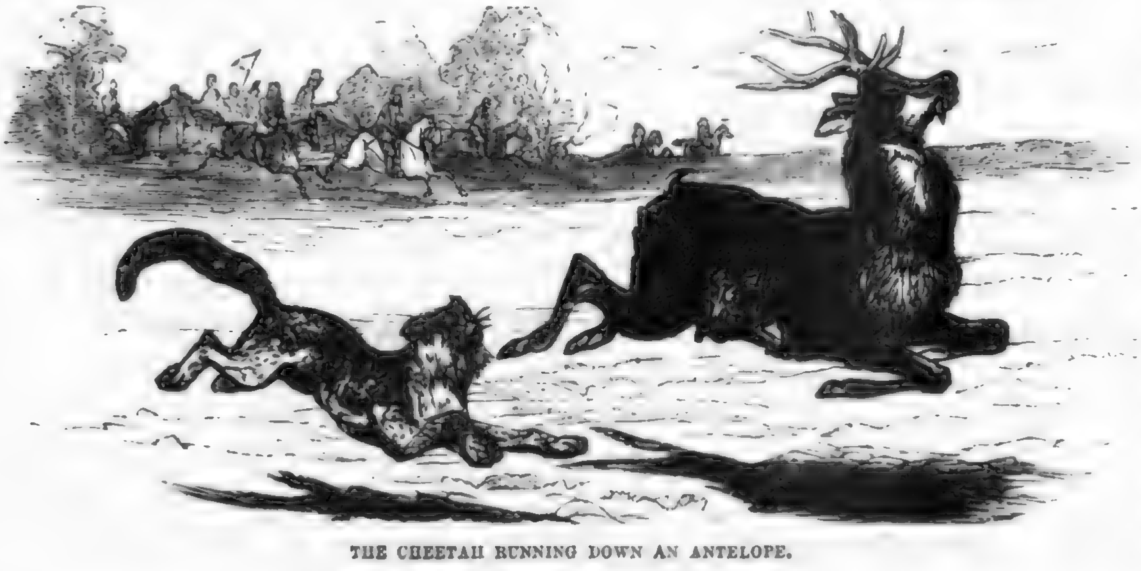
bungalow, or traveler's station, and then went away to rouse up the new bearers. I concluded I would not get out of the *palkee*, as I didn't want anything, and so I lay still and went to sleep again.

"Suddenly I was waked by a scratching and sniffing at the doors of the *palkee*. Raising myself on one elbow, I looked through the blinds and saw a number of gray forms moving around in the dim light of the dawn. There were a dozen or more of them, and I could distinctly hear their breathing as their noses were held against the sides of the *palkee*.

"I shouted to drive them away, but they were not inclined to go. They retreated a few steps, and then came back and began pawing and sniffing again. Then I rapped on the sides of the *palkee*, but to no purpose; they seemed determined to have me, and I was equally determined to stay in, and had no wish for their further acquaintance, as I had already had more than I desired.

"I was not more than ten feet away from the front of the bungalow, and hoped that my shouts would arouse somebody who might be sleeping there. But evidently the place was empty, as no one came out in response to my calls.

"Things were getting serious, as the next moment the brutes might have made an attack at the doors and windows of the *palkee*, and the thin material could not hold out long against them. If my revolver had been handy I would have settled some of them; but, unfortunately, it was in my box on the top of the *palkee*, and just then it wasn't easy to get at. I kept on shouting, and the hyenas kept on sniffing and scratching. My shouts finally brought the new lot of bearers, who were preceded by a couple of torches. At sight of the light the brutes ran away, and I saw no more of them."



THE CHEETAH RUNNING DOWN AN ANTELOPE.

A GREAT PERIL.

Mrs. Canterbury's English footman, Jeames, had a respect for his mistress, because, he said, she was so "'aughty." Mrs. Aminadab Podgers, with whom Mrs. Canterbury boarded some weeks, for the sake of country air and fresh milk, said she was all well enough, only she was "so stuck-up." Josephine, the French maid, praised her as having "*l'air du grande monde,*" and the Rev. Mr. Coverdale told her, with severity, that she must learn to bow her head as it had never yet been bowed before she could "enter in at the gate of the strait and narrow way."

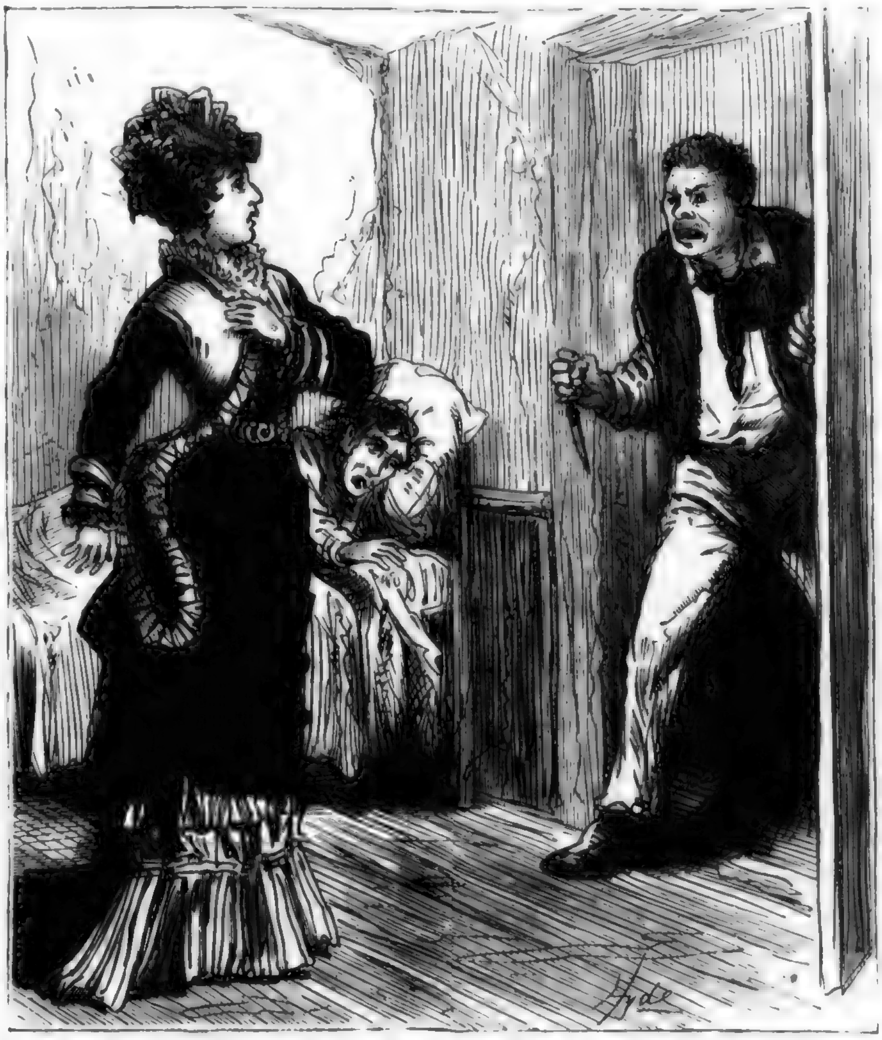
Mrs. Canterbury bowed and smiled with all the polished insolence of a fine lady, and laying a twenty-dollar bill upon the rector's table, said, sweetly:

"My contribution to the widows' fund, sir. I suppose it will do the poor creatures as much good as if it came from a worthier source, will it not?"

"It will not do you as much good as if it were given in another spirit, and a very small personal effort would be far more to your credit than a much larger share of the wealth intrusted to your care," said the parson, as sternly as though madame had not been one of the handsomest women he ever saw, and one of the most charming too.

Mrs. Canterbury smiled again, and then frowned a little, as she abruptly asked:

"Who is the young woman I met going out as I came in, Mr. Coverdale?"



A GREAT PERIL.—"A VIOLENT KICK BURST OPEN THE DOOR, AND MRS. CANTERBURY TURNED SHARPLY TO CONFRONT THE INTRUDER. IT WAS JIM BOWEN, A KNIFE IN HIS HAND AND A STRING OF OATHS UPON HIS LIPS."

The rector hesitated a moment, and a shade of something like confusion crossed his brow; but at length he replied, steadily enough:

"She is named Porter—Amelia Porter."

"Is she one of your parishioners, sir?"

"No, poor child! She is not settled enough in her resolves for amendment to become fitted for any connection with a church. I wish you would go and see her, and try to reclaim her, Mrs. Canterbury. Surely the charms of manner and the nameless attractiveness with which God has gifted you should be powerful instruments for His service. Why not use them upon this unfortunate girl?"

Mrs. Canterbury looked as nearly angry as was compatible with elegance and the respect due her clergyman.

"I don't think I have the talents for a city missionary," drawled she, smelling at her vinaigrette. "There is the Magdalen Hospital for such cases, isn't there?"

"Yes; and our Lord blessed and saved the Magdalen, while He said, 'Woe to you, rich men!' but sometimes the rich were allowed to escape their awful danger by helping him to rescue the Magdalen."

"How very nice! But really, Mr. Coverdale, I don't feel the danger so pressing just now, that I need resort to such heroic remedies. I'm not rich enough to be in any danger. So you won't join our little gathering this evening? No? So sorry! Good-morning, then, for really I have a thousand things to do. Good-morning!"

The door shut between the two, and a sudden change passed over each face; the clergyman buried his face in his hands for a moment, then raised it, pale and disturbed, murmuring, half aloud: "If I were what I should be, surely I could influence her more. If I did not fear to show how much she is, or might be, to me, I could speak so much more freely; but I am afraid, I am a coward!"

And she? The door once closed, the supercilious smile faded from her lips, and was replaced by a look of real and simple suffering, as she turned and silently fixed her eyes upon the barrier she had just closed between herself and him.

Then she walked very slowly down the long corridor leading to the street, and at the outer door paused, went as slowly back, until her hand was extended to touch the handle of the study door, then impetuously turned again and hurried, as if pursued, through the passage and out into the street, and along the pavement to where her carriage stood waiting.

"Home, Peter." But with her foot upon the step, Mrs. Canterbury stopped again; meditated again, and withdrew the foot, saying:

"You need not wait, Peter. I shall go home later by myself."

And then she walked rapidly away, leaving Peter to drive home discontentedly, muttering:

"Why couldn't she have knowed her own mind when she went into that blessed church, and let me go then? Women is all alike, high and low, rich and poor, I do believe."

"They were telling about such numbers of poor people in Rochester Street," said Mrs. Canterbury to herself; "I'll go and look up some of them, just for the joke, and see what sort of creatures they may be. How crushing to come down upon his next attempt at lecturing me with the information that I have pensioners in Rochester Street who take up all the time I have to devote to such pursuits!

"If he only knew how gladly I would do for love what it irritates me so to be ordered to do for duty's sake; if he only knew how much power he might gain if he chose; but no marble is colder, no painted saint more motionless, and yet——"

The yet, whatever it may have contained, was so engrossing that the lady's dainty feet trod, all unconsciously, a greater length and poorer quality of pavement than they had often known, and it was almost a surprise when, in raising her head to look about her, she found the name Rochester Street confronting her from the nearest lamppost.

"And how does one do it?" muttered she, turning into the *terra incognita* whither her caprice had so unexpectedly led her.

Walking along the broken and filthy pavement, among the groups of squalid children, mangy dogs and furtive cats darting from one to another cellar window, Mrs. Canterbury suddenly encountered a handsome young face, at sight of which her own reddened angrily, and was resolutely turned aside from the smile of recognition with which Amelia Porter sought to greet the lady she had an hour before met in the entrance to Mr. Coverdale's study.

Not at all disconcerted by the haughty manner, so successful generally, the young girl paused directly in front of the lady, asking, volubly:

"Oh, did the parson send you to see that woman? He said he would, and she's mortal bad already. I'll show you the way, shall I?"

"Let me pass, if you please," replied Mrs. Canterbury, icily, and barely glancing at the glowing face before her, its dark eyes already full of tears at thought of the suffering she had been to ask the clergyman to relieve. And, still undismayed, she asked again:

"Ain't you going to see Mrs. Johnson? Didn't the parson send you? He said he would send."

"What do you mean by this insolence, young woman? Stand aside and let me pass at once!" replied Mrs. Canterbury; and so peremptory was her tone that she was at once obeyed, Amelia stepping into the gutter and suffering her to pass.

A few steps further on, Mrs. Canterbury turned into an open door, and went swiftly up some stairs, until, upon the fourth story, she paused at an open door, and looking hesitatingly in, saw a woman lying upon a heap of rags in one corner of the room, while beside the broken stove crouched a younger and more attractive one, whose vacant eyes and nerveless mouth suggested a feeble intellect.

Mrs. Canterbury looked, hesitated, and went in.

Neither the sick woman nor the foolish girl moved, or showed any consciousness of her presence, and standing beside the former, she kindly asked:

"Are you ill, my poor woman?"

"Awful sick I be, ma'am."

"And needing help, perhaps?"

"I wish't I had some tea!"

"Well, can't this young woman make you some?"

"She could if she'd the tea, and coal and wood to make a fire, and a tea-kettle and tea-pot, sure enough," replied the sick woman, peevishly, and turning her head away, as if weary of such useless questioning.

But it was not among this class of our fellow-creatures that Mrs. Canterbury showed herself haughtily or easily offended. Her enormous pride taught her to feel so far above the grade of such humanity that nothing it might do or say was capable of affecting her in any manner. So she only smiled in notice of the peevish question, and said:

"All these things may be bought near here, I suppose, and I will give—— Is this your daughter, and what is her name?"

"Her name's Johanna, and she's my daughter, worse luck!" replied the woman, sullenly. "But it ain't no good to give her money. She's foolish, and, what's worse, she's bad! If you give her money she'd spend it at Jenks's round the corner, treating a lot of her pals to rum, and let me lie down and starve. That's the sort of girl *she* is."

Mrs. Canterbury turned pale.

Did mothers so speak, and did daughters so conduct, in this new world she had set herself to explore?

Then the real energy of the woman rose to the surface, hiding for the moment the fine-ladyism so unworthy of it.

"I will go and buy them and other matters, and you shall have your tea, or no—you shall have it soon," said she, resolutely, and leaving the roam, she went down two flights of stairs and knocked upon the door of a room whence, as she had noticed in going up, issued the odor and sound of cookery.

A dark, strong-looking man, in a laborer's stained clothes, opened and stood staring at the apparition before him.

"May I speak to your wife, my man?" asked Mrs. Canterbury, gently.

A broad grin crossed the coarse face of the laborer, and he answered, jocosely:

"I ain't got no wife, ma'am, but if this here young woman would answer—— Mill, come here!"

And, to the horror and astonishment of the lady, the handsome face of Amelia Porter appeared at the shoulder of her black-browed friend, and smiled recognition upon the visitor.

Mrs. Canterbury met the smile with a haughty stare, and turning away, swept out into the street without replying to Miss Porter's cordial invitation to "Walk right in and sit down."

"Them's manners, any way!" growled the man, with an oath. "Who's that woman, Mill, d'ye know?"

So Amelia told what little she did know of Mrs. Canterbury's belonging to the church in Gospel Street, and coming in a splendid carriage, and being always beautifully dressed, and being "awful rich," and also described her own attempts at making acquaintance with the fine lady, and the decided rebuffs she had received, the last of which he had witnessed.

Jim Bowen listened with a darkening face.

He was one of the few who hate the rich, and would always do them an ill turn rather than a good one. He was, in his own brutal manner, a proud and easily-offended man, and he was fond of poor Milly Porter, very much as a tiger is fond of his mate, and resented any slight to her much after the same fashion.

So he accompanied the narration with a rolling thunder of oaths and abuse, and at the end brought down his great, black fist upon the table with a horrible imprecation and a scurrilous epithet, to which he presently added the promise:

"But she shall pay for it, that she shall! If she dares show her stuck-up nose in this place again I'll give her such a piece of my mind as she shan't forget in a hurry; and if she says much, I'll cuff her ears for her, fine as she may be. More than that, Mill, she shall give you some of them gimcracks she's shining all over with. Them di'mond earrings will go first rate for you, and she shall make you a present of em, if she don't like the looks of my fist in her face!"

"Shaw, Jim!" replied the girl, soothingly. "You needn't go on like that. She don't hurt me none with airs, and I hadn't ought to have bothered her, I suppose, but I felt as if I'd like to get acquainted with some of the folks as goes to that church, 'cause I like the parson tip-top, and I didn't know, Jim, but what——"

"What are you trying to say, gal? Spit it out, can't you?"

"Well, I didn't know but what you'd take to going to church 'long o' me, Jim, and I wish't you'd go and let the parson talk to you, and tell you what we'd ought to do. I tell you it's real nice to hear about them sort o' things, Jim. Say, Jim! hadn't you just as lieves get married right off? You said we would as soon as you got stiddy work, and parson says as how it's mortal sin for us to be living this way."

"Parson be d——d!" interposed Jim, furiously. "And you too, for running after him! What's any parson got to do with you and me, I'd like to know? And so you're getting pious, my gal, and goes to see your clargy, and tries to hang on to the rich folks of the prayin' shop, does yer? See if I can't shake the nonsense out of you, somehow!"

And suiting the action to the word, the burly ruffian seized the girl by the shoulders, and shook her until her hair was tumbled all about her shoulders, and her face was livid.

"That's for you, and when I get hold of madam I'll give her a dose of the same!"

A noise upon the stairs arrested his attention, and opening the door a little, he saw the object of his threats ascending, followed by a boy, staggering beneath his load of fuel and provisions.

Jim Bowen drew back his head, nodding two or three times, while a savage grin overspread his face, and coming back to the table, he took up a knife, hid it in his pocket, and then seizing a black bottle from the open cupboard, he tilted a large quantity of the contents into his mouth.

"Jim!" gasped the poor girl, who, through tears and disheveled hair, watched these proceedings with a terrified gaze—"Jim, what are you going to do? What is the knife for? Oh, Jim, Jim! you shan't go till you promise me you'll do no harm! Promise?"

"I'll promise to give you a good licking if you don't hold your tongue, you squalling wretch! Let me alone, I say! I'm going to give madam a lesson, and what's more, to fetch you a present from your pal in the church, as you wanted to make her out. She'd ought to be glad to give something to such a pious gal as you, and one of her own parson's lambs, too."

He tore himself from her clutching fingers and went out.

Amelia rose from the floor, hastily twisted up her hair, wiped her tear-stained face, threw on a hat and shawl and went out also, leaving the starved cat to leap upon the table and finish the remains of the dinner.

Mrs. Canterbury, by dint of persuasion, bribes and some personal effort, had at last induced the foolish girl beside the stove to make a fire therein, and to fill and place over it the bright new tea-kettle she had provided, preparatory to making the cup of tea feverishly desired by the poor, sick woman, who, rousing from her apathy and sullen despair, was loading her benefactress with praise and thanks, to which the lady scarcely listened, so busy was she in her new occupation of household superintendence.

"It is rather amusing," thought she, with a smile of sarcasm at her own proceedings. "If Mr. Coverdale could see me now!"

A violent kick burst open the door, and Mrs. Canterbury turned sharply to confront the intruder.

It was Jim Bowen, his swarthy face inflamed by passion and alcohol, a knife in his hand, and a string of oaths and scurrility upon his lips.

"What do you want, man? What right have you here?" demanded the lady, whose fault was not one of timidity.

"Want! I want you!" retorted Jim, supporting by added violence the audacity, failing so fast before the cold, steady glance and queenly bearing of the woman before him. "I want you!" repeated he, working himself up to the necessary point of ferocity. "What right have you to insult my girl, I'd like to know? Ain't she as good as you be—you, or any of your fine birds, dressed up in feathers that's picked out of other folks' lives? Where'd you be if you'd got to earn your own living, I'd like to know? And what right have you got to look down on them as does—they or their pals either? What right have you got to come into our place, and then insult the folks that lives there, I'd like to know?"

"I have insulted nobody; I do not know what you mean! Leave the place at once, or I will call for the police to take you away!" said Mrs. Canterbury, undauntedly, although her lips had grown very white, and she was quietly noticing the position of doors and windows, and considering the possibility of darting through the former before she could be detained.

But with the cunning of drunkenness, Jim Bowen perceived the thought even before it had well shaped itself in the lady's mind, and replied to it by a brutal laugh, as he placed his back against the door by which he had entered, saying, at the same time:

"No, you don't, my lady; you don't get away so easy as all that. I've got some more to say to you about you and your kind, and another thing I want to know is, what right you, that don't never do a hand's turn for yourself nor no one else, has got to all them di'monds and fine clothes and fal-lals, while them's that maybe your betters can't scarcely get the clothes to cover their nakedness? What's the good of that deal? Come now, see if you can tell?"

"I have nothing to say to you on that or any other subject," replied Mrs. Canterbury, haughtily. "Let me pass, if you please!"

"Ay, but I don't please, nor I won't please, till we've made things a little more equal," replied Jim, truculently. "See now, how do you know but my girl 'ud like them di'mond earrings just as well as you do, and if she would, why shouldn't she have 'em, I'd like to know?"

"Because they are mine, and I shall not give them to her," replied Mrs. Canterbury, coolly; "nor would I give you or her a cent to keep you from starving, if it was demanded in this manner and with such threats! Let me pass, I say!"

"By ——, but I won't! And since you won't give me the earrings, I'll take 'em in spite of you! D'ye see this knife?"

And brandishing his weapon, the ruffian was actually advancing upon his prey, when hurried steps were heard upon the stairs, followed by more measured and heavier ones, and just as Mrs. Canterbury, reaching the wall, turned to look her assailant in the face in one last effort to subdue him by her glance, the door was thrown open and Mr. Coverdale rushed into the room, followed by a policeman with his billy in his hand.

"Oh, sir, I am so glad to see you!" gasped Mrs. Canterbury, in a voice very unlike her own, while the policeman, tapping a little sharply the hand still menacing with the knife, said, in a voice of grave remonstrance:

"Now, Jim! just up from the Island and fixing to go straight down again. I wouldn't if I was you. What, going to show fight! Why, then——"

A brief struggle ensued: but law and order triumphed, as they generally do, and Jim was led down-stairs, the

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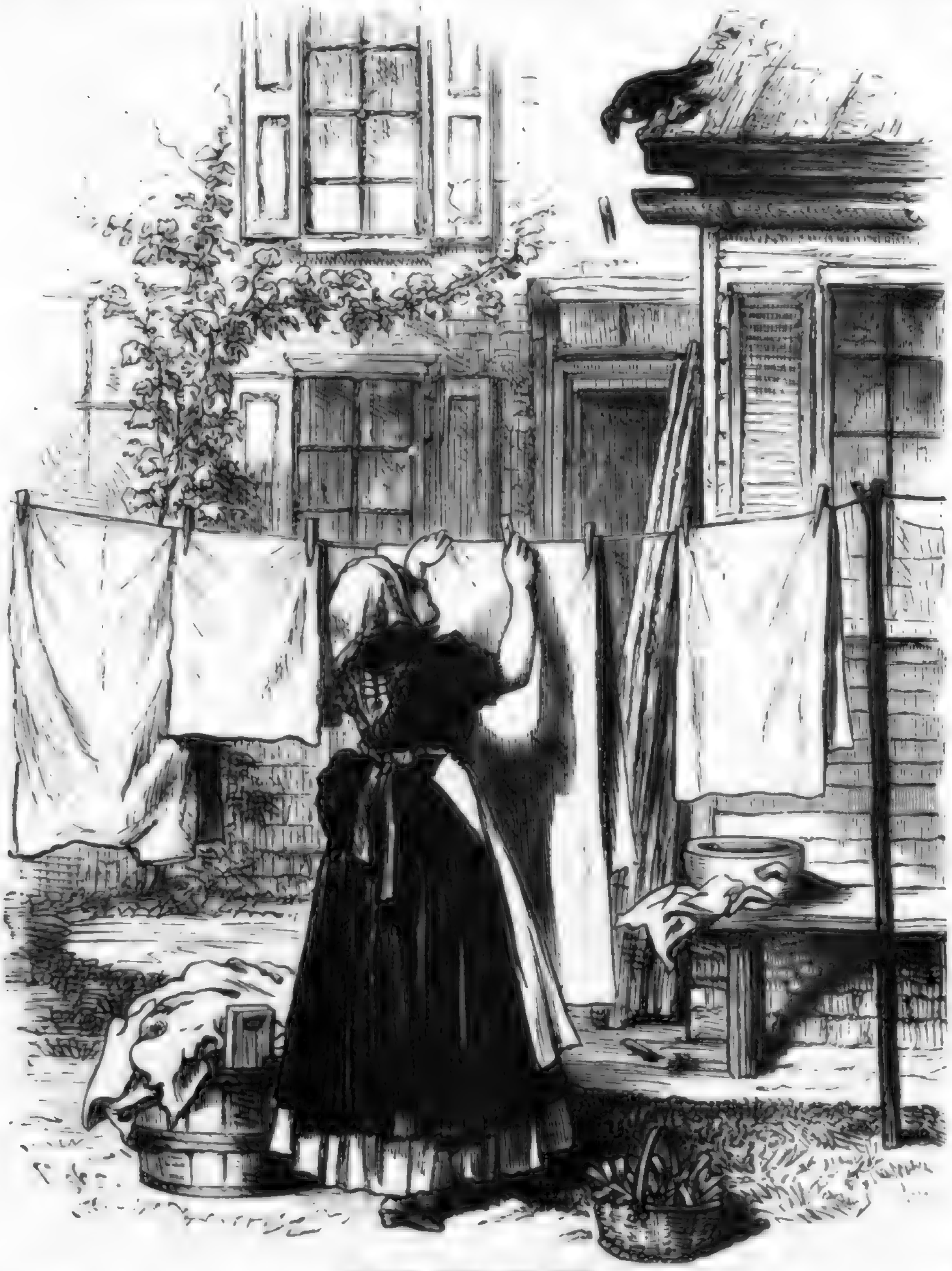


TALKING BIRDS—THE CROW.

richer by a pair of bracelets in place of the earrings he had coveted.

As he disappeared, Amelia Porter crept out of the dark corner of the passage where she had been concealed, and shrinking into the room, sank upon the floor at Mr. Coverdale's feet, sobbing:

"There! I've gone and sent Jim to jail, and now I wish't you'd take and kill me, for I don't care for nothing!"

"I will do better than kill you, my poor child!" replied the clergyman, tenderly; "I will teach you how to live."

"Did she summon you, Mr. Coverdale?" asked Mrs. Canterbury, eagerly.

"Yes. I do not know whether she was looking for me first, or for the policeman, but as I was speaking to him, asking the whereabouts of some of these poor people, she came running up, calling upon me to come and look after that rich woman that was with me this morning. I knew whom she meant in a moment, and not much time was wasted before I found you."

The voice and look of the last few words were in some way new to Mrs. Canterbury as coming from that source, and a faint tinge of color crept over her face, even to the smooth and haughty brow, but her eyes refused to meet those regarding her with all the tenderness in their depths that she had often longed to see there, and what she said was:

"Then this girl is a better Christian than I, and I must do something to help her, as she has helped me, who was her enemy."

"Will you help her?" asked Mr. Coverdale, eagerly. "I will tell you how, and arrange everything, and truly it shall be a charity blessed both to giver and receiver."

So Amelia Porter went far away from the city of her evil beginning, and in a peaceful country home learned to live for virtue and repentance, and Mrs. Canterbury furnished the means, and was consulted in every step of the life of her whom the rector always called "Your charge, Amelia," and found this beginning of good works so sweet under such guidance, that she earnestly sought for more and more; although, under direction, she learned to visit her poor so modestly clothed and so gently mannered as to run no risk of awakening the angry passions of even so irritable a gentleman as Jim Bowen, who at the end of his term of imprisonment was, through Mr. Coverdale's influence, persuaded to go with a company of stout fellows of his own sort to fill the demand for work upon a Western railroad, whence he never returned.

But almost a year passed on before the words were spoken aloud which had taken shape that day in the heart of the young clergyman, and then he only said:

"I have thought that a priest of God should remain unmarried, that he might devote himself to God with as little thought of himself as might be, but I have so learned to love and honor one of God's works, that I cannot content myself without asking that it should become mine for ever. Shall it be so, Caroline?"

And she said, softly:

"Yes! since the work is already yours as well as God's!"

TALKING BIRDS.

By Ella Rodman Church.

While gazing into the deep, expressive eyes of a favorite dog, and marveling at his almost human intelligence, we often wonder that the power of speech has been withheld from so devoted and sympathizing a friend of man; and the wonder grows as the harsh, discordant voice of some parrot or corvida screeches out the vocal sounds that form the currency of communication in the speaking world.

There is something uncanny in the speech of a bird—

the first sound of the unnatural voice coming, as it were, from out of space, is apt to send a chill through the spinal marrow, it savors so unpleasantly of fairy tales and hobgoblins. A larger physical development seems necessary to make the gift of speech harmonious, and to hear words uttered distinctly by an infant would be an unpleasant surprise; but that a creature with such insignificant brain-power as a bird possesses should remark upon the weather, or address us disrespectfully as an "old fool," is a sort of mental shower-bath.

A round oath is not unfrequently appended if the speaker be a parrot, and this tribe of feathered talkers are supposed to have a particular leaning toward profanity. But the plea is urged that the profanity originates with the sailors on the ship that brings Polly over—she but tells the tale as it was told to her. It must be admitted, though, that she takes very evident pleasure therein.

Parrots are the best of the feathered talkers; and this is to be attributed both to their powers of mimicry and to the peculiar formation of the tongue and beak. The tongue is large, broad, and fleshy at the end; and the beak is hollow. By this combination, the consonants are formed and the resonance of human sound produced.

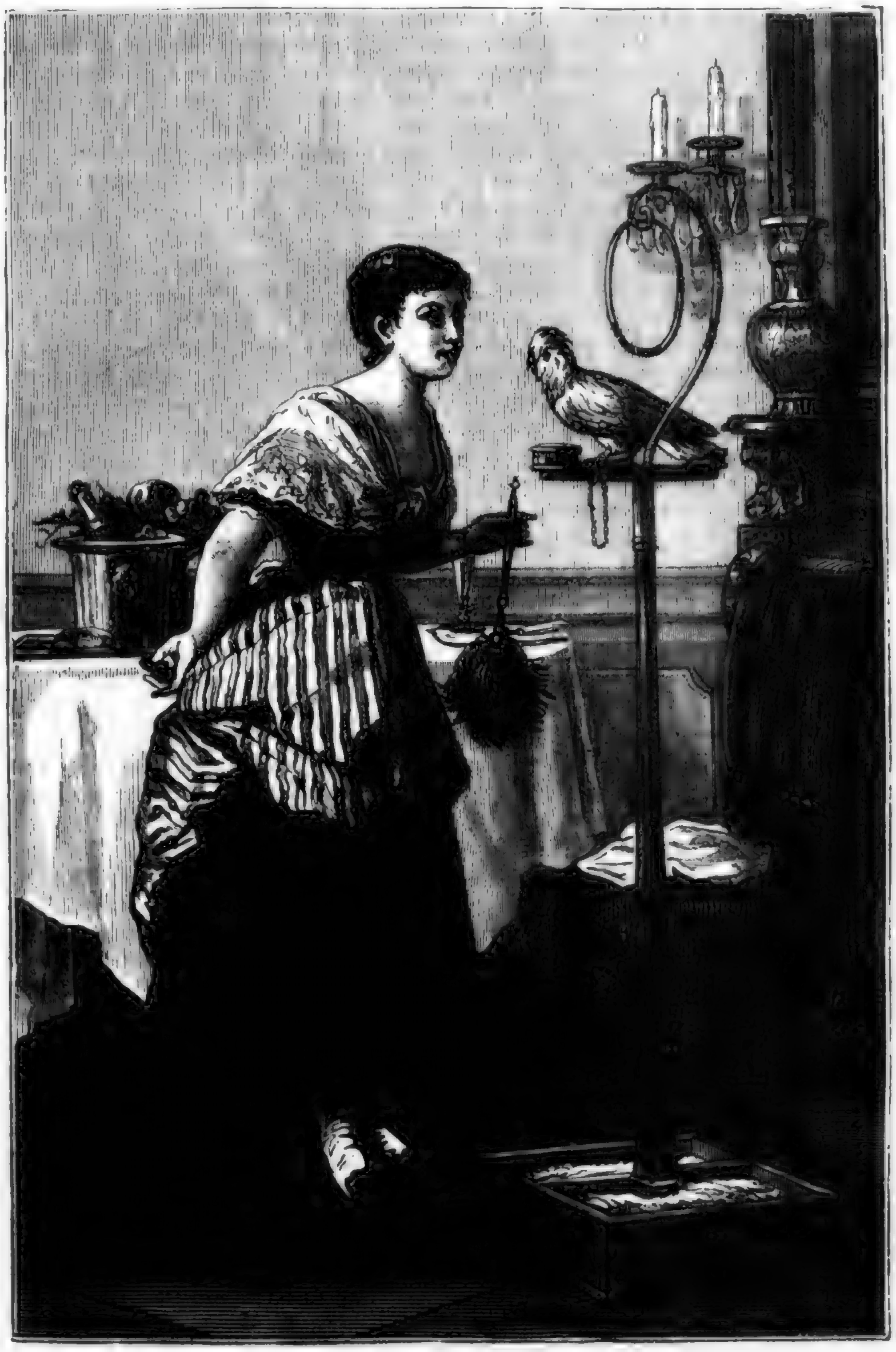
But the speech of a bird is as much an acquired art as that of singing with the human family; in their native forests, the utterances of the parrot tribe consist of shrill and piercing screams repeated with wearisome monotony, and the power of imitating the human voice varies in different species. The short-tailed parrots — and starlings and blackbirds as well — from a peculiar formation of the larynx, pronounce words most distinctly; and next to them come the ravens, jackdaws, and jays.

That a parrot who had enjoyed the advantages of travel and culture should, on escaping to his native haunts, take upon himself the office of instructor to his less-favored friends and relatives, is an additional proof of the monkey nature inherent in the species; and an amusing account of a parrot who so conducted himself is given by an Amazon voyager. He and his companions had stopped their boat near a place, from whence issued the most incomprehensible sounds of chattering and swearing; and on reconnoitring the tree which appeared to be the centre of the tumult, they saw a large green parrot seated on the topmost branch, while on the adjacent branches were perched a host of his companions, to whom he was giving lessons in talking.

The professor spoke Portuguese; and from his eminence he would give out a short sentence in that language, which was imitated to the best of their ability by the crowd below. He would then vary the performance by dancing, rolling his head and laughing; and his pupils faithfully copied his gestures.

Unfortunately for the interested spectators, they were soon discovered by one of the students, who warned the assembly that their privacy was intruded upon; and off they flew, with their green professor in their midst, to seek more classical and retired shades.

Parrots are the gorgeous tropical flowers among birds; and the brilliant coloring of the red and blue macaw is perfectly dazzling. They delight in a warm atmosphere, and affect the regions of perpetual Summer, where the supply of fruits and seeds, on which they subsist, is unfailing.



THE PARROT'S BREAKFAST.

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The dim labyrinths of South American forests are lighted up by the gorgeous macaws; elegantly shaped varieties of the parrot and the scarlet-robed lories are to be found in the woods of India and its islands; while, in place of singing birds, the forests of Australia resound with the harsh voices of the cockatoos and the shriller screams of the broad-tailed parakeet. These most unmusical birds are particularly graceful in their motions and attitudes, and groups of them are to be seen climbing about in every direction with the aid of their hooked beaks, and suspending themselves by the same from the branches.

The gray parrot of Africa is a well-known species, and stands at the head of the list in its powers of imitation and speech; it is also very tame, affectionate to those whom it fancies, and full of mischief. It is about as large as a small pigeon—the prevailing color is ashen-gray, relieved by a crimson tail. This parrot, like most of the family, is very long-lived, individuals having been known to reach nearly a century.

Most parrots delight in practical jokes—all of which are not so innocent as that of the Polly who amused herself by imitating the note of a chaffinch, which she did so perfectly that it was impossible to detect any difference. In the Summer time, she was often placed in a tree, where she enjoyed herself in climbing about the branches. This was her favorite time for playing chaffinch, and hearing the familiar notes, birds would gather from all directions and perch upon the tree; while the parrot and the chaffinches would call back and forth to each other.

After a while, apparently, Poll would forget her *rôle* in her delight at seeing so many feathered creatures around her, and suddenly call out, "Pretty Poll!" which startled the chaffinches into sudden flight—it was so terribly human a sound. Then Poll would look woe-begone and astonished at this sudden desertion, until he felt like playing chaffinch again, when the whole farce was repeated. It was a piece of mischief from beginning to end.

Another parrot was very fond of playing tricks on strangers—watching, when his cage hung outside, until some one came near it, and then he would begin to talk with the greatest animation. The passer-by would stop and begin to talk to the bird, when Polly retired at once into the dignity of silence, and nothing more could be got out of her. After repeated failures the stranger would go his way, and then the parrot would always burst into a loud laugh.

These birds are very capricious in their attachments, usually bestowing them upon the most unlikely or unworthy objects; and sometimes showing a very nice discrimination in the way of self-interest. They have been known to lavish caresses and apparent devotion on a person who had charge of the larder, and to treat her successor in precisely the same way.

They are decidedly destructive creatures, nibbling and pecking at objects with their peculiarly formed beak, the upper mandible of which is capable of an extended upward movement; and unsightly scratches on the legs of tables and chairs, usually mark their progress around a room. What with their beaks and their cunning, results are not always agreeable—their beaks being often used as the miner uses his pick-axe, by driving the point of it into a hard substance and prizing out what is wanted. Polly disposes of nuts in this manner, although it takes some time.

Numerous are the stories of the parrot's intelligence and conversational powers, and most exaggerated ideas of his gifts have prevailed. It has undoubtedly a larger and more perfect brain than that of any other bird—but this is not saying much for it, after all. Its sentences are learned by rote, and often fit into a conversation with amazing aptness. But there is no instance on record of a parrot's being able to continue a conversation in a creditable way. It says its say and then it stops, because the machinery has run down—it was only wound to go for a certain time, and to make an unvarying round.

A parrot never utters a sentence that it has not heard—nor even puts familiar words together in a sentence for itself—and although it learns to use the sentences it has mastered in a very *apropos* way, calling for food, or for some favorite person, it does not, on the whole, show the intelligence of the dog, to whom this speech by rote has been denied.

An unusually interesting member of the parrot family was a certain "Ben," described as "a funny, good-natured fellow, with a dash of vanity in his composition, which manifested itself in a love of dress. You could not please him more than by attiring him in a doll's hat and cloak; and, when so arrayed, he would strut about the room in the most dignified manner, evidently admiring his exceedingly comical appearance.

He would also enter thoroughly into the game of make-believe; for, if told to go to sleep, he would instantly shut his eyes and appear perfectly unconscious, even when called by name. But if we maintained an unusual degree of silence, he would slyly peep about to see if he were being observed; and if he found us watching him, he would again close his eyes and become oblivious. But if he saw that we were engaged, he would turn his attention to botanical researches among the flowers, or some other equally destructive occupation.

The same bird would also simulate death when ordered; and would permit himself to be pulled about by the feathers, as he lay on the floor without any signs of life. But he would not permit a stranger's hand to approach him; and being aware of the presence of the strange fingers by some internal instinct, greeted them with a sharp snap. And so fond was he of the hat and cloak aforesaid, that when the doll was dressed in her own property, he was accustomed to untie the strings with his beak, and rob poor Dolly.

In our own country, the Carolina parrot is a very pretty bird, with plumage of light yellow and green; and it is easily tamed for a pet. But it is a noisy creature at best, and a very unsatisfactory talker.

Among the corvidæ, that especially English bird, the magpie, is the most accomplished linguist. His thievish propensities are as prominent as his cleverness; and his various qualities form a combination that is decidedly unique.

He has never had a reputation for beauty—owing, doubtless, to the impression produced by the dreary specimens in cages; but he is, nevertheless, a handsome bird. Nor is his plumage black and white, according to the generally received tradition; but with fresh air and good conditions, his dark feathers are of the deepest green, shot with an equally rich purple, and varying beautifully with the shifting light. The spots are of pure white; and wings and tail are elegantly shaped. So that, in a quiet way, the well-cared-for magpie has beauty of a high order.

This bird's cunning is something wonderful—it approaches so closely to human reason. Its concealed treasures are as closely watched as those of a miser; and like the miser, his one object in life seems to be to add to his store. His collection is as miscellaneous as the contents of a boy's pocket, and occasionally brightened by the addition of jewelry and silver spoons; and hatred deep and abiding awaits the disturber of his storehouse.

A certain magpie grew indignant because of the alterations in house and garden which interfered with his favorite haunts, and which buried his treasures a second time beneath stones and gravel. He would neither talk nor eat, but sulked in his cage. When the gardener who had made all this disturbance sat down in the kitchen to a banquet of bread and meat, Mag's wrath rose to the highest possible pitch; and watching his opportunity, as the man raised a tankard to his lips, he darted his beak through the bars of the cage, seized the gardener's ear, gave it a twist, and then looked as if nothing had happened.

He hung about the place where the work was going on, and improved the shining hours by every act of mischief that occurred to his fertile brain; and the workmen were obliged to keep a watchful eye upon him, or his swift and unexpected movements would interfere materially with their progress. He stole the nuts from their screws, as these were the most easily carried off; and it was only by chasing and cornering the thief that the property could be recovered.

There is no doubt that a magpie fully understands and appreciates the mischief he accomplishes, as he not only steals, but destroys or injures, when he can, whatever seems to be particularly valued. Although equally mischievous, there is a difference in the style of operating between a magpie and a monkey. The latter has, at least, the grace to look conscious of wrong-doing and expectant of punishment; but your magpie adds to the injury the insult of perfect self-satisfaction.

He goes about his piece of mischief as gravely and deliberately as if it were a duty instead of a pleasure; and his avoidance of observation seems merely the result of not wishing to be disturbed in an important task. When he has accomplished his object, his expression is one of pride in his work, or of airy unconcern, as though he had no part in it.

Our magpie of the garden went visiting one morning, and found the owner of the place working in his grounds. The man heard a voice behind him ask:

"What's o'clock?".

"Half-past ten," he replied, taking out his watch.

Presently the same voice asked again:

"What's o'clock?"

"Half-past ten—I told you just now."

"What's o'clock?" repeated the voice.

On turning around to inquire whether his tormentor would not take an answer, or whether he was deaf and could not hear him, he saw his neighbor's magpie gravely watching him from the adjoining hedge.

Magpies, ravens, jackdaws, and jays, all manifest a decided propensity for unprotected ankles, and are the especial terror of female servants and small boys in frocks. A magpie has been known to hide himself under a chair for the express purpose of pecking the ankles of the person about to occupy it—keeping himself well out of view when the attacked party jumps up and looks around for the offender. Repeated pecks and jumps generally ensue before he is discovered and driven away.

The trouble taken by magpies to make themselves disagreeable is something wonderful. One of them who was accustomed to attend his master in his gardening operations, watched with much interest the arrival of some delicate seeds, and the preparation of a part of the garden for their reception. The proprietor and the magpie were busy sifting the earth, and laying the stones on one side; and the former was so much occupied with his task that he forgot his companion entirely. Happening, at length, to look around, he found him as hard at work as if he were employed at so much a day—and this work was that of replacing the stones which had been so carefully sifted out. He did it all with his beak, and did it scientifically. One scoop to the right, another to the left, made a hole; a stone was then picked up and dropped in, the earth scratched over it, and the work was done. This seemed like pure malice.

In ancient times the magpie was regarded with great superstition; and it has been said that "one set of the ignorant spare the magpies and their nests for the same reason that another class never mention the name of the devil, except in an undertone and with much respect, lest they should come by some heavy or bodily harm."

Some of the popular superstitions ran thus: "And the magpie filches away money and other little matters, and when they are again found, they have much of the peril of witches' money. Nay, more; the magpies actually take counsel together, conspire, and club their wits, for weal or for woe, as it may turn out. If there is an even number, and all are cheerily met, then happy times to the matrons, high hopes to the maids, and health and long life to all the family—or the parish, if the place of meeting be in or near the churchyard. But woe be to that house before which there is an assembly with an odd magpie sitting sulkily apart; and tenfold woe if that sight crosses a lover on his path, or a party on their way to the altar!

"A black pig crossing the door of a fisherman's hut, or even a dead hare detected in his boat when at sea, is not more perilous, nor half as much so; for neither lord of the manor, parson of the parish, nor, where these are effectual, bell, book, and candle, can cast out the spirit of the odd magpie."

"Your raven has a reputation in the world for a bird of omen, and a kind of small prophet," but he is not always a talking bird. In ancient times his voice was never supposed to indicate anything pleasant; and by reason of his bad reputation he figures in the prose and poetry of every nation that has a literature. His "points" are especially brought out in fable and mythology; and his inky hue makes him a favorite appendage to the spirits of evil. When he was the favorite bird of Apollo, he is said to have been of snowy whiteness, and one of the most beautiful of feathered creatures, with a voice surpassing the nightingale's in melody.

When the raven does talk, he talks well, and usually to the purpose; but he does not chatter like a parrot or a magpie. He has, however, all the latter's propensity for mischief, and seems to have an especial spite against flower-beds, selecting always the plants that appear to be the most valued. He has been known to watch the gardener at work, and when a fine plant has been carefully attended to, and the man had moved off to something else, he would take a round-about way to the plant, tear it up with a sudden jerk, and fling it on the ground.

Practical jokes, too, do not come amiss to this "thing of evil." One who had the range of a large park attracted about him quite an assembly of rooks, crows, and daws; and when his audience seemed large enough to make it exciting, the raven would suddenly scream out, "Halloa!" Away the startled birds would go in every direction, while the raven would chuckle over their discomfiture.

He appears in a more amiable light when ministering to a wounded fellow-creature; and one is known to have taken faithful care of a dog with a broken leg, bringing him provisions and comforting him as well as he could during his solitary confinement in a stable. But one night the door was closed, so that the raven could not get access to his invalid friend; and, by morning, he was found to have pecked his way almost through the wood in his eagerness to make his usual visit.

It was fully believed in old times that the first sight of

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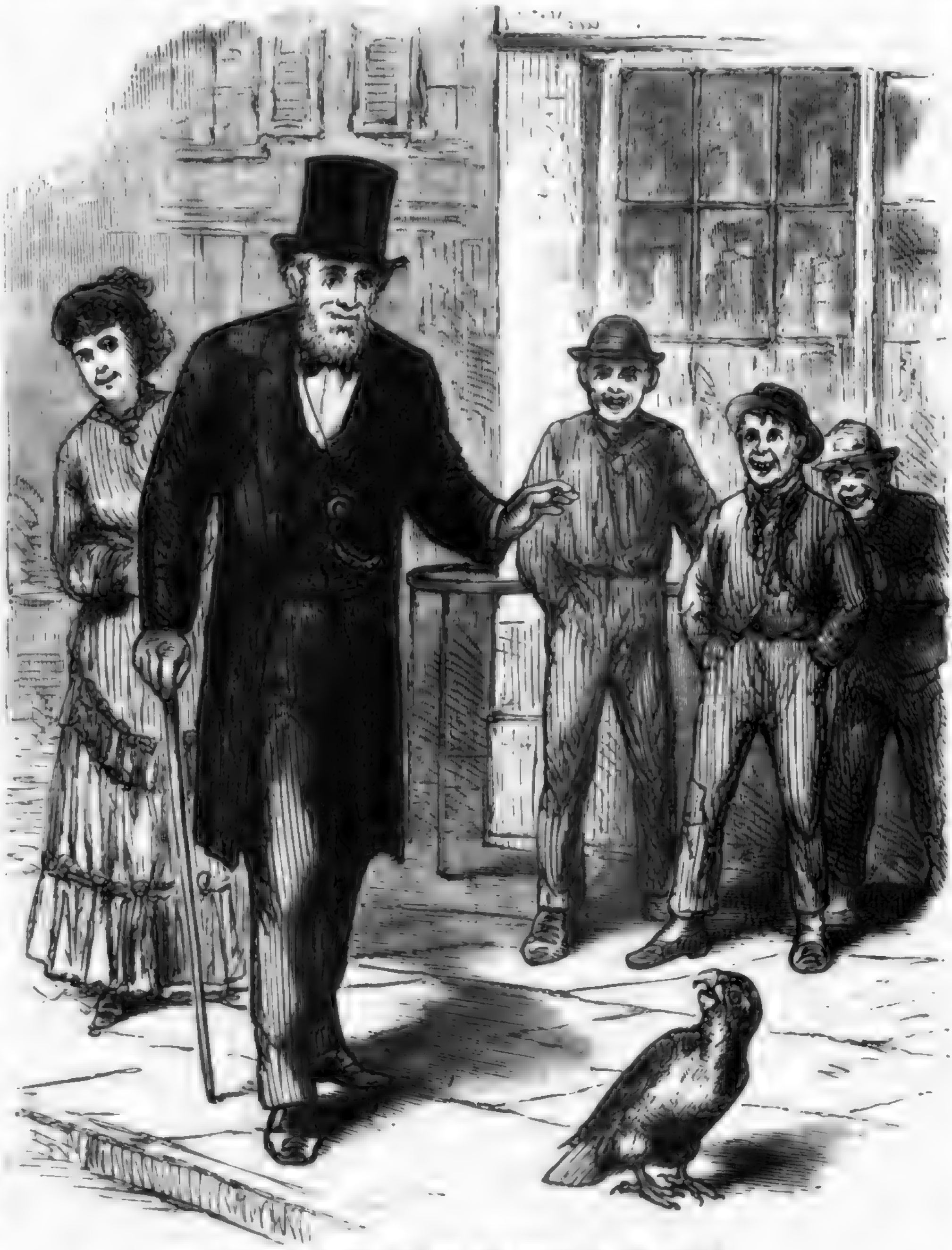
the young when nearly hatched, and covered over with down instead of feathers, so disgusted the old bird that it forsook the nest at once, and did not return until dark plumage had replaced the scanty down. However this may be, the young ravens are certainly pushed out of the nest as soon as they are able to shift for themselves; for the raven is a solitary bird, and seldom more than a pair are ever seen together.

The young are easily tamed, and when domesticated are the most amusing of birds. But they are so full of cunning and mischief that, like the magpie, they need constant watching They, too, have their secret hiding-places; and any glittering object is sure to be appropriated by them and carried off to some unknown corner. One was discovered to have a morbid appetite for silver spoons—after the whereabout of a dozen or so missing ones had been sought in vain—by being caught in the act of walking quietly off with one in his mouth, and on following him to his hiding-place, the remainder of the lost property was discovered. Stories of their thieving propensities are numberless.



TALKING BIRDS.—"I AM JUST GOING TO THE CLUB."

The hoarse croak of the raven is heard in every part of the globe—a peculiarly deep and disagreeable sound, that has for centuries impressed the superstitious with a belief in its unearthly nature, and a firm conviction that

> "——Ravens give the note of death
> As through mid-air they wing their way."

The Icelanders endow them with the gift of prophecy, and have a high opinion of them as soothsayers; while among the Indian tribes their priests wore, as a distinguishing ornament, two or three raven-skins attached to the back of the girdle in such a way that the tail-feathers stand out horizontally. A split raven-skin on the head is arranged in such a way that the beak projects over the forehead—the raven's reputation for being leagued with the works of darkness procuring him this honor.

It is doubtless owing to their fondness for carrion that ravens have been regarded as possessing prophetic power respecting battles and bloodshed—as they are drawn to fields of slaughter by the bodies of the slain.

> "Ill-omen'd bird! as legions say,
> Thou hast the wondrous power to know,
> While health fills high the throbbing veins,
> The fated hour when blood must flow."

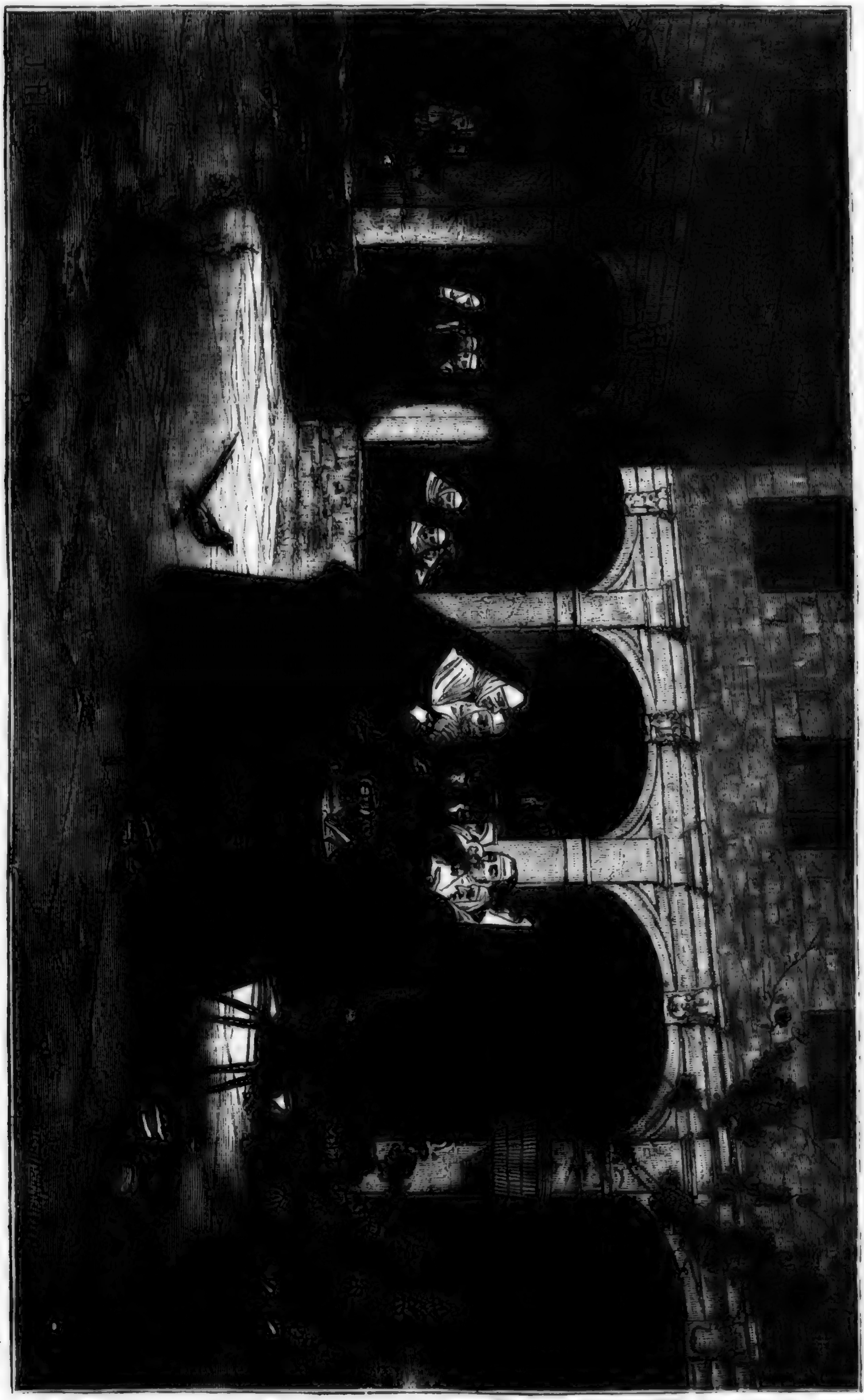
The crow is as easily tamed as the raven, and is not unlike him in mischievous propensities, though a more commonplace and less interesting bird. The jackdaw in most of his traits is own brother to the magpie, and the starling has many of the same characteristics.

For conversational powers the parrot certainly stands at the head of the list; and as he is handsomer and, on the whole, honest, he is, perhaps, a more desirable investment in the way of a talking bird than any of the others.

But he should not be led into bad habits, as was the case with a gentleman whose visits to his club were more frequent than altogether necessary. When he would say: "I am just going to the club," it excited a laugh, the phrase being perfectly understood.

One day, however, on sallying forth, he found his parrot on the street ahead of him, and as he very naturally expressed his astonishment, the parrot coolly turned his head and said: "I am just going to the club."

MAN regrets in after life the follies of early youth; and drinks at leisure the cup of bitterness, filled in haste when young.



TALKING BIRDS.—THE PETS OF THE CONVENT.

A LIFE'S MISTAKE.

"AND you won't come, Randolph?"

"Thanks, Gordon—you are very kind; but I really cannot."

"Cannot! Confound 'cannots'! They either mean something or nothing—and this, I suspect, means nothing. Why can't you?"

"I can't come, because I am too busy," he answered. "I have declined all invitations for a month past, and I don't think I shall go into society again this Winter."

"You will really work yourself to death."

"Scarcely, I think."

"Don't you remember the story about—about—what was the name of the fellow?—and the bow? You had better give yourself some relaxation."

"I don't stand in need of it—much obliged."

"And I'm to tell the *madre* that you simply won't come?"

"Tell her I'll look in some evening when she isn't at home to five hundred friends, and make my apologies in person."

There was silence for a few minutes after this. Gordon Leigh looked at his friend with some little irritation, while the friend in question leaned back in his chair and smiled at him provokingly.

"Why do you want me to come, Gordon?" he asked, at last. "You have some special reason, or you wouldn't hammer away like this."

"I have a special reason," the other returned, while something like a flush came over his face. Then, after a pause: "You surely must have heard of Miss Vaughn?"

Randolph nodded, and hid a significant smile.

"To be sure, I've heard of Miss Vaughn. What about her?"

"Well, only this: that I was anxious for you to see her, Randolph, and I think you'd like her."

"I accept your verdict," said Randolph, lazily. "You have very good taste."

"Nevertheless, I should like for you to see her, and tell me frankly what you think of her," said the other, a little impatiently. "Hang it! Randolph, I never took an important step in my life without your advice, and I don't feel inclined to begin now."

"An important step!" Randolph opened his eyes quite widely. "I really had no idea! Well," with a suppressed smile, "I really can't go with you to-night, for a case comes off in court to-morrow, for which I am not entirely prepared; but I can give you any amount of advice. Is Miss Vaughn all that she should be in the way of family and position, and the like?"

"She is irreproachable on all these points. Her father was General Vaughn, who——"

"Lived, died, and was buried, in a satisfactory manner—that's all right. As for herself, she certainly is handsome, and looks clever."

"She is perfectly beautiful!" cried Gordon, enthusiastically; "and as for clever—she's the cleverest woman you ever knew. She's a good deal too clever for me," said the young fellow, "but *you* would come in with her exactly."

"What a modest fellow you are, Hal!" he said—this being the name which he had long since bestowed on his friend. "It isn't at this late day that I need to wish you God-speed in wooing or marrying, or anything else upon which you set your heart."

"No, by Jove!" responded the other, heartily; and, little given to demonstration as Anglo-Saxon men usually are, the two right hands of these men somehow found each other out. "It *would* be rather late in the day for that, Randolph, when you have been the best friend I ever had since I can remember. And so"—changing the subject abruptly—"notwithstanding Miss Vaughn, you are obstinately bent upon not coming?"

"I can't, my dear fellow, or else I would. You ought to know me well enough to be sure of that."

So Gordon reluctantly yielded the point, and took his departure.

Helen Vaughn, as the evening wore on, sat alone in the library with Gordon Leigh, and heard him ask her to marry him. She was framed in a deep armchair before him, and he never forgot the exquisite picture she made, nor the look on her face when she turned it toward him, after his passionate declaration of love, saying calmly in her sweet, low, even voice:

"But, my friend, you know me very little, to be willing to put your life into my hands like this."

The young man was standing before her, leaning one arm on the carved mantel.

"I believe I know you as well as any one ever will know you—perhaps even a little better than you know yourself; but if I did not know you at all, I should still love you, and, loving you, I should still think this poor life of mine—which, God knows, has been a very worthless life heretofore—only valuable as far as you may take it into your hands."

She smiled, a little sadly.

"A little better than I know myself!" she repeated. "Ah, how very little that is! Nobody in the world could know anything less than I know myself."

"But at least you know whether you do—whether you will—whether you *can*—love me?"

"You are mistaken," she said, slowly. "I don't know that."

"But you *will* know it. Helen,"—he took both of the cold, slender hands into his eager grasp—"don't you know that you are everything to me? Is it nothing to be raised to such a height as this—to be as necessary even to one life as you are to mine?"

"Yes," she answered, gently, and she made no motion to withdraw her hands, "it is a great deal."

"And, therefore, I think that after a while you might learn to love me. I should not think so if you loved any one else; but—but I am sure you do not."

"No," she answered, with the same unmoved gravity; "I do not."

"And, since your heart is free, I think—ah, surely I should have strength for such an effort as this!—I think that I could win it. Helen, may I try?"

"It is so hopeless—it seems so useless," said Helen, in her evenly modulated voice—voice that had never thrilled with an accent of passion. "My friend, I love you well enough to wish you the best fate in the world—that of forgetting me."

"But why?"

"Because I am a restless, dissatisfied woman, who could never make you happy. Oh, how tired I am of it all!" she said, with a ring of infinite weariness in her voice; "and how tired I am even of myself—myself, who seem to have neither heart nor soul worthy of the name; only an infinite power of being disgusted!"

"With me, Helen?"

"No!" cried she, with a sudden revulsion—a sudden tone of tenderness. "When I doubt everything, I look at you, and learn to believe a little. You are so true, so frank, so worthy of all love, that Heaven only knows why

I don't love you. I wonder, sometimes, if I have no heart like other women," she ended, with a short, quick sigh.

"You have a heart, but it has never been wakened," said he. "Give me leave to try and see if I cannot break the spell you have laid upon it—for, after all, I believe that your own obstinate will is the only spell. You have been determined not to love like other women."

"You are wrong," she answered. "My life, for years, has been so lonely, that I would have given anything to love and be loved, like many women I see around me; but I could not. You say the fault was in myself, and it may be so. But I am not like other women; I have no capability for making an idol, and then worshiping it. I am too clear-sighted—I see too much. There is none of the happy, unquestioning blindness of passion for me. Perhaps I am too old for it. Such a thing should come when one is very young, or else it will never come at all. With me, I do not think it will ever come."

"Yes, it will come," said he, resolutely. "I am sure of that. As for you being too old, that is absurd."

"I am twenty-four in years, and forty-eight in experience. You know what my life has been?"

"Yes, I know. But trust me, Helen, only trust me, and all this weariness shall be at an end."

But Helen only shook her head, and smiled.

"No," she said, in answer, "it would not be at an end. I know myself better than you know me, better than you ever will know me. Now, at least, I am passively content; but if I accepted you, I should not be so. No, no; everything is best as it is."

But, naturally enough, Gordon, being very much in love, did not accept such an answer as final. This was in March. By the end of May everybody was congratulating him upon his engagement to Miss Vaughn.

Among the most sincere of the congratulators was Arnold Randolph.

"Everybody can't be wrong, my dear fellow," he said, "and everybody says you have found a pearl beyond price. Of course I need not say how glad I am to hear such a good account of you. By-the-by, somebody says you are going to Europe—is it so?"

"Yes," answered Gordon, with something of a grimace. "My sister is in dreadful health, and since her husband cannot take her abroad, I must; for abroad all the doctors declare that she must go. We sail the first of June."

"And does Miss Vaughn sail with you?"

"Helen? Oh, no. She goes to spend the Summer with some of her relations in Virginia—and, by-the-by, Arnold, if you make your usual Summer rustication in the mountains, don't neglect to see her. She will spend a month at the White Sulphur."

"I think I shall cut that, too," said Arnold, upon whom the working fever was at that time very strong indeed.

He did not cut it, however. And so it was that the first week of August found him at the far-famed "Greenbrier White Sulphur."

He had entirely forgotten Gordon's having said that Miss Vaughn might probably be there, until the fact was recalled to his mind on the morning following his arrival. Sauntering into the parlor after breakfast, and having been welcomed by a dozen or more people, he came to anchor at last by the side of a pretty married lady, who had been a belle of the preceding season.

"And now," said he, after all due congratulations and compliments had been paid, "tell me something of the 'stars.' Who is making a success, and who a failure?"

"There are two or three new planets, or comets, or whatever else you may choose to call them, of uncommon lustre"—she ran over several names, ending with—"and one who might be a greater belle than any of them, if she chose to take the trouble—I mean Miss Vaughn."

"Miss Vaughn!" said he, with a start. "What! is she here? Oh, yes—I remember." Then, eagerly: "Can you point her out to me? Where is she?"

"Dear me, what interest!" said his companion, laughing. "Certainly I can point her out to you. Let me see. An eyeglass was adjusted on a very pretty nose, and a critical survey of the room taken. "Yonder she is, Mr. Randolph—look! The slender girl in black, standing by the door, drawing on her gloves, and talking to the man with a nose in the air."

Mr. Randolph looked at the person indicated. His first thought was one of surprise. He had fancied Gordon's choice some fair, dainty girl, not a pale, stately woman like this.

"Do you think her handsome?" asked Mrs. Travis, as her companion remained silent.

"Handsome!" he repeated; "yes, singularly handsome and distinguished-looking. I should also think, very attractive."

"Very attractive," said the lady, "but too proud—too cold."

That evening she was discovered with a group on the piazza, sitting a little apart from the others, talking to a gentleman, who rose when Randolph was presented, and obligingly drifted away. Randolph took the vacant seat, and, in the second's pause which ensued, could not help feeling a little uncertain what to say. In truth, Miss Vaughn's manner was rather discouraging to conversational effort. She was leaning back, waiting for him to speak, and did not even lift her eyes. Her face was absolutely immobile, her manner absolutely indifferent.

Arnold Randolph, a little amused and a little puzzled, wondered for a moment what form of address would be most likely to rouse her. Surprised by his silence, Miss Vaughn at last looked up; and, even in the shadowy darkness, he felt a sort of thrill from those wonderful eyes of hers.

"I think I have heard your name before, Mr. Randolph," she said, breaking the silence. "Are you not a friend—a very particular friend—of Gordon Leigh's?"

"I was just asking myself if I might venture to advance that claim upon your regard," answered he. "I am glad you have anticipated me. Gordon and myself have always been very intimate friends, and I always rejoice at his good fortune as if it were my own."

"May I venture to take that as a personal compliment?" asked she, smiling. "May I hope that you regard *me* in the light of a good fortune to Mr. Leigh?"

"Who could regard you otherwise?" said he, with very evident sincerity. "I congratulated Gordon when I saw him last," he went on; "won't you let me congratulate you now? I have known him so long and so well, that I feel as if no one had a better right to tell you what a true-hearted gentleman you have won."

"Thank you," said she, gratefully. "It is kind of you to speak so warmly; and, of course, I am very happy to hear it. Now that Gordon is away, I think I appreciate him better than when he was with me," she added.

"Doesn't absence always have that effect?" asked Randolph, smiling, yet wondering what manner of woman this was, who spoke of her lover as if he had been her brother or her pet dog, without the least shade of hesitation.

"Does it?" asked Helen. "I don't know, for, really, my experience is very limited. I never parted from any one I cared for before. I feared, however, that absence might make me forget, or, at least, alter me somewhat. I

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am glad to find that it does not—that I care as much for Gordon—perhaps, indeed, a little more—than when he was with me."

The conversation that followed served to break the ice between these two. But when they met, next morning, it was with the feeling and bearing of old friends. In fact, Gordon Leigh was a strong link between them—he had talked so often of Helen to Randolph, and of Randolph to Helen, that they could not feel strange or new to each other.

Soon, however, they began to find how much more than this, how much more than Gordon's love and friendship they owned in common. Thoughts, feelings, sympathies, tastes—was it only the glamour of imagination, or did they, during those golden Summer days, find that they owned all these, and more besides?

Circumstance seemed to take pleasure in throwing them together.

Miss Vaughn seldom danced, and Randolph, like most sensible and not very young men, disliked the amusement; so there were the long evenings for conversation, which ranged over every imaginable topic, and in which each felt that entire absence of restraint, that entire sense of congeniality, which is the greatest pleasure that earth—not rich in pleasures—can afford.

All through those August days, neither Helen nor Randolph indulged much in self-analysis. It was enough for them that everything breathed an aroma of enchantment—that earth, air and sky were lapsed into a golden charm in which they walked.

Helen's rash desire had been granted, the fruit of the tree of knowledge was hers, the ignorance that had been in a measure passive bliss was for ever dissipated, and the day was not far distant when, like Eve, she would stand face to face with the flaming sword which would warn her for ever from the Eden where she had lingered.

THE YOUNG NURSE.— FROM A PAINTING BY GREUZE.

The awakening was near at hand, however, and before long it came—rudely enough, as most awakenings do come.

One day a party was formed to ascend a certain famous mountain near the Springs, and of this party Miss Vaughn was one. Naturally, Randolph was her companion, and naturally, also, they lingered somewhat behind the others, when the descent began.

The majority of the party had been hurried from the summit sooner than they intended, by the impatience of one or two ladies with regard to their evening toilets.

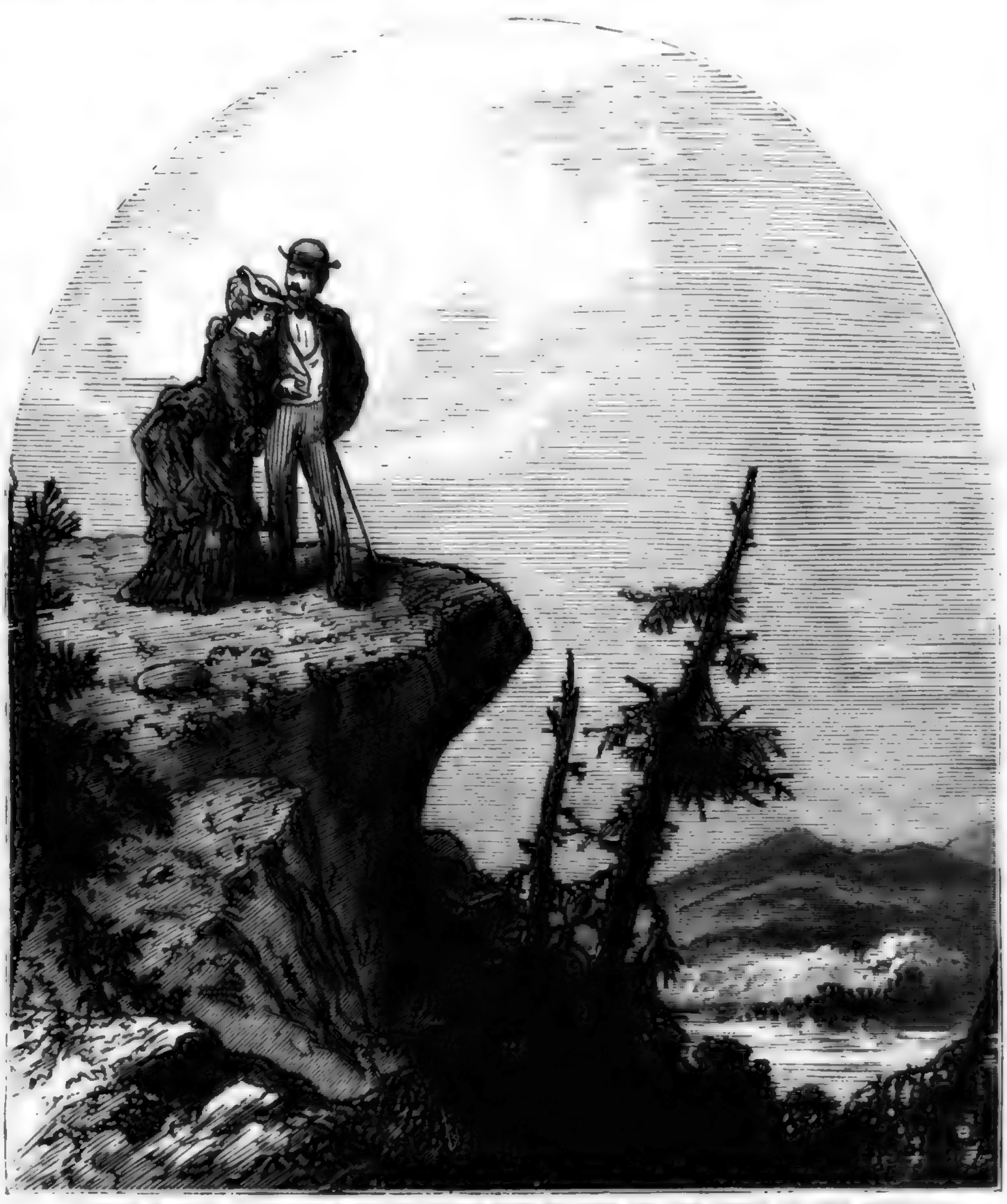
"We shall have no time to dress for the ball, if we do not go back," they said; and to such unanswerable logic there was no reply.

The people who came to see the sunset went back without witnessing that phenomenon, and only Helen and Randolph remained.

"*You* don't care for the ball," he said. "Let us stay. It was scarcely worth while to have made the ascent, if we are to go back now."

"No, I don't care for the ball," she answered. "Let us stay, by all means."

So they staid. After they had agreed to remain, neither Helen nor Randolph spoke for some time. They were standing side by side on the verge of the mountain, and so watched in silence the panorama before them—the green valleys far below, the mountain range stretching away on either side, until the more distant peaks were wrapped in blue haze, the sun sinking to his rest in a bed of glory, the whole majestic grandeur of a scene in which man had not left one trace of his invading presence! At last Randolph spoke, quite abruptly.



A LIFE'S MISTAKE.—"THEY WERE STANDING SIDE BY SIDE ON THE VERGE OF THE MOUNTAIN, AND SO WATCHED IN SILENCE THE PANORAMA BEFORE THEM."

"Do you remember a poem of Owen Meredith's, called 'A Quiet Moment'? I am not partial to poetry in general, nor to that poet in particular; but somehow those lines lingered in my memory, and were recalled to me by this"—his hand indicated the boundless wealth of beauty spread beneath them—"and still more by your attitude as you stand there now."

"I don't remember the poem," she answered, without removing her eyes from the glowing western sky. "I never shared the general fancy for Owen Meredith—perhaps because he is so very sentimental—but these lines must be good, if *you* remember them. Can't you repeat a verse or two?"

"I can try."

And so he began the poem.

He did not know how much passion had filled his voice as he uttered the words—words of another, yet, for the moment, as much his own as if no other had ever spoken them—until he saw that Helen had grown very pale, and that the hand which held a light scarf around her was trembling visibly. He knew the worst that could be known; but not so Helen. A strange, new fear—a strange, wild instinct was knocking at her heart, and he saw plainly that he had startled her too soon. So he tried, with a moderate degree of success, to speak lightly.

"That scene was painted for Switzerland," he said. "Is it not strange how appropriate it is to this? No single touch is out of harmony, save, perhaps, the 'village spires upthrust' from a plain which I do not think would be improved by their introduction."

Partly his manner, partly the pride which is ever a woman's best ally, quieted her. He almost thought he had been mistaken—that he had fancied an agitation which did not exist, when she turned her face from the sunset, and looked at him with her usual sweet smile.

"Yes, it is very appropriate," she said. "Thank you for having repeated it so well—I did not know you were such a good elocutionist. Switzerland!" she repeated, half musingly; "that is where Gordon is now—when I heard from him last, he was in a fever of excitement about the ascent of Mont Blanc. Will it repay him as much as our more moderate ascent has repaid us, do you think?"

"Why need you mention *him?*" he cried, bitterly. "Why could you not let me enjoy one hour in happy forgetfulness of his existence?" Then, wistfully, "We are so much alone—the world seems so distant. Can you not forgive me for saying what I must forget to-morrow—that I love you—love you as, God knows, I never thought to love any woman, or, having loved so, to feel that it is in vain?"

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Sheer amazement first, then a wild, sudden rapture—a rapture that thought nothing, asked nothing, cared nothing for the future—came over Helen's soul. Yet she was trained in self-control. She drew one deep breath, and quivered from head to foot, but that was all. Randolph, watching her, saw no other sign of emotion, and, after waiting for some time, he spoke, almost humbly:

"Won't you give me one word, Miss Vaughn? Have I offended you so very deeply? Ah, if you only knew what a fight it has been before this fit of utter madness overtook me, I think—I almost think you might forgive me."

"No," said Helen; and, although she kept her face steadily turned from him, he heard the passionate quiver running through her voice—"no, I will never forgive you! It was unworthy of you to keep me here to hear this! It is unworthy of Gordon's friend to forget Gordon's claim upon me! You are not what I thought you!" said she, suddenly facing round upon him with flooding eyes; "and for this last bitter disappointment in human nature, I—I will *never* forgive you!"

Randolph made one quick step to her side, and seized, almost roughly, the hand she extended to keep him back.

"You know I did not keep you here to listen to the story of my folly," he said. "You know, or you ought to know, that I never meant for you to hear it as long as we two lived; for how could I venture to hope that it would interest Gordon Leigh's future wife? But flesh and blood are weak, and for once mine escaped control. Do I need to tell you that it shall never do so again? Do I need to tell you that your disappointment in me can matter nothing either to you or me, since, after to-night, I shall never see your face again? But oh, Helen—" his voice all in a moment changed from anger to tenderness—"the man whom you are to marry will never love you as I do, and the bitterness with me lies in thinking that, if I had met you a little earlier, you might have been mine instead of his."

"You have no right to say so," she answered, haughtily, drawing her hand from his grasp.

But as he released it, something seemed to rise in her throat and choke her—a wild torrent of love and longing rushed over her.

Once again it must be said that human nature is only human nature, and that saints and heroines — common enough in novels—are sadly uncommon in real life. Unconsciously she uttered a cry, a yearning, pitiful cry, and held out her hands imploringly.

"Arnold!" she said, with a gasp, "I cannot bear this! Have pity on me—help me against myself!"

His answer was to take the slight, swaying form in his arms. For a minute, nothing was said. The world was not only distant, but forgotten. In that one moment they seemed to take up the whole of life, and live it; the whole of love, and utter it—albeit without words. One such moment is enough to transfigure a lifetime! One such moment is enough to make us grateful for the very burden of life itself!

The next morning Helen did not appear at breakfast, and to the anxious inquiries of various friends, her chaperon replied that she was suffering from a severe headache, but would probably make her appearance during the course of the day.

Randolph received this information in common with others; but, sharing in that rooted distrust of women's headaches which Mr. Charles Reade declares to be a masculine peculiarity, he did not rest content with it. On the contrary, he sent quite a formidable letter to Miss Vaughn, receiving in reply a note of three lines.

In consequence of these three lines, he soon took his way to the cottage of the young lady. She must have been looking for him, for when he ascended the steps she issued, ready equipped for walking, from the door. Only a few words were exchanged, and then they took their way toward the woods. Avoiding the regulation walks, where such a thing as privacy is impossible, they crossed a hill, and, before long, found themselves in a sufficiently lonely and very beautiful dell. Here Helen paused.

"I think I will sit down," she said. "I do not feel very strong, and what I have to say might as well be said at once."

With the aid of a shawl which he carried, Randolph arranged a seat for her, and then looked with wistful tenderness into the pale face from which she threw back the vail.

"You have suffered—you *are* suffering," he said. "Oh, my love, why cannot you trust everything to me, and rest content that I will do the best for you?"

"How can you ask me?" she answered, sadly. "It is like a man to do so; and yet, what would even you think of me if I suffered nothing in considering what I have done—what I must do? Oh, Arnold—" her voice had a ring of absolute anguish in it—"I never thought to act such a pitiful part—I never thought to sink low enough to play fast-and-loose with my own honor and a man's honest love, like this! I have spent the night in trying to see what I should do," she went on, wearily, "and I cannot see yet. Everything is dark to me."

"Everything dark to you?" he repeated, and his tone had something of astonished reproach in it. "You can say that, Helen, to me? Then, indeed, you must have mistaken your own heart—then, indeed, the love of which you spoke up there—" he glanced at the grand mountain, looking serenely down upon them—"must have been fancy, and not truth."

"I don't deserve this," said Helen, and her voice quivered a little despite herself. "You—you for whom I have broken faith—you are the last person in the world who should reproach me for feeling acutely what I have done."

"But this is folly!" said he, almost sternly. "You are making yourself wretched over a mere chimera of conscience. Lacking patience to wait, and strength to trust, do we not all make mistakes? But earth would be hell, indeed, if we were forced to abide by them."

She answered nothing. Her hands were tightly clasped together in her lap, her eyes gazed far away into the distance, and her delicate lips had a certain set look about them which Randolph did not quite understand.

"Tell me," he went on, more earnestly, "are you willing to wreck your own life and mine that Gordon may be made half-way happy? Remember, there could be no real happiness for him with a woman who did not love him; and in spite of your utmost efforts, the acted lie would be detected."

She heard him mutely, perfectly conscious that he spoke the truth, that she stood, indeed, between two alternatives, either of which was fatal to the proud sense of honor which she had cherished until it had grown into a passion.

"Why do you remind me of this?" she cried, after a while, with sudden vehemence. "I see it—I feel it! You don't know what a bitter thing it is to forfeit self-respect!" she went on, looking at him with a pathos which touched his heart. "Last night I was madly happy—until you left me! Then I began to think, and if you could imagine one-hundredth part of what I suffered, you would pity instead of blaming me."

"Blame you!" he said. "I have not blamed you—I could not, if I tried. But, after all, what have you done?" Only made a mistake, which men and women make every day, and from which they retreat without incurring a shade of that reproach which the world is quick enough to cast on a dishonorable action."

"But it was a mistake which scarcely merited the name," she said, with almost feverish impatience. "I knew I did not love Gordon as I had dreamed of loving, and one day hoped to love; but I was weary of waiting for what never came, and so—I took him. I told him that I could not promise him excessive affection, but that I *could* promise him—" no words can describe the passionate pain of her voice here—"a faith which should never fail, a constancy which should never falter. And now——"

"You have learned how rash it was to make such a promise to a man whom you did not love."

"But should I not abide by it—all the more because I did not even fancy myself in love with him? Arnold, decide for me—I cannot decide for myself. Remember, you are his friend, and try—try not to think, even of me. Look at the matter impartially, and tell me what I must do."

It did not cost Randolph many minutes of reflection to tell her. Holding her fragile hands in his eager grasp, he answered with firm yet passionate decision:

"You must come to me. And in saying this, I speak from no prompting of selfishness, but from insight which love has given me into your nature. Some women—many women—might bear the life to which you would sentence yourself, but you could not. I do not believe you could have borne it if you had never met me. I believe you over-rated your strength when you agreed to bear it. I put myself entirely aside when I say that you must come to me. I understand you thoroughly; I appreciate you as much as any man ever could appreciate you; I love you as no man ever did or ever will love you, and then —*you love me.* These arguments are unanswerable; and so I repeat—you must break a faith which could only be an acted falsehood."

She could not gainsay him—she could not refute a single word he had uttered, and so, although her head drooped forward with a burst of tears, he knew that the battle was fought and won.

Having surrendered judgment into Randolph's hands, Helen was not a woman to fight against the decision given; and for a day—one single day—she was thoroughly, yet feverishly, happy. Afterward, in looking back, it seemed to her as if it must have been a day of Paradise, although the sharp sting of conscience marred the perfection of its golden trance. And then, some instinct was upon her that it could not last. As children often say, and as children of an older growth often feel, it was "too good to be true"—it was far, far too bright not to end soon, and leave life darker than before. She felt this with a perversity which reason could not dissipate, and which events soon afterward justified.

It was the next morning that the blow fell. Having agreed to walk with Randolph, she was waiting for him in the parlor after breakfast, and as she waited, chanced in very idleness to take up a paper which lay on the table near her. Glancing absently down the crowded columns, the words "Mont Blanc" and "accident," coupled together, arrested her attention.

There was no one at hand to warn—no one to break the truth mercifully. In such a scene as this, and at such a moment, she read, with breathless and half-incredulous horror, an account of one of the annual accidents which occur on Mont Blanc. A rope had broken at the most perilous part of the perilous ascent, and several of the tourists, with one of the guides, had been dashed to death on the glaciers far below. The names of these tourists were given; three were from England and one from America. The name of the latter was Gordon Leigh.

When Helen looked up, speechless with horror, she saw Randolph approaching her; and one glance at his face was enough to ratify all that she had read. He, on his part, saw that he came too late—that the truth was already known—so he only stepped to her side, and drew her hand under his arm.

"Come," he said, gently, "I will take you to your cottage."

She asked no questions, but quietly went with him. Once in the open air, however, she paused.

"Is there no doubt of it?" she asked, in a voice which he could scarcely recognize as her own. "Is it certainly true?"

"I cannot give you false hope," he answered, sadly. "I fear it is true."

Not another word was uttered. Comfort her in this, as he would have comforted her in anything else, Randolph could not; and she, on her side, seemed to shrink from him. So, leaving her in the hands of the pitying friends, who had by this time heard the sad news, he turned from the cottage and went back to the hotel.

When he reached the office, he found a telegram awaiting him—a cable telegram, as a single glance assured him. With one wild throb of hope and anxiety, he tore it open, and this was what he read, dated Chamounix:

> "Reassure Helen with regard to my safety. Tell her I am alive, but break the news gently that I am crippled for life. Come for me, if you can. I am helpless. GORDON LEIGH."

When at last Randolph rose to seek Helen, Gordon himself was not saying farewell to the brightness of life more mournfully than he.

The interview which ensued was one that neither of them ever forgot to their dying day. As Randolph had feared, Helen took the decision of her life into her own hands, and said, with a firmness which he felt to be unalterable, that her duty was to him to whom she was betrothed.

"I might have nerved myself to tell him the truth when he was full of health and strength, with the world all before him," she said; "but I can never do it now. Would I ever know a happy moment again if I left him at such a time as this, to live my own life, and be free and happy with you?"

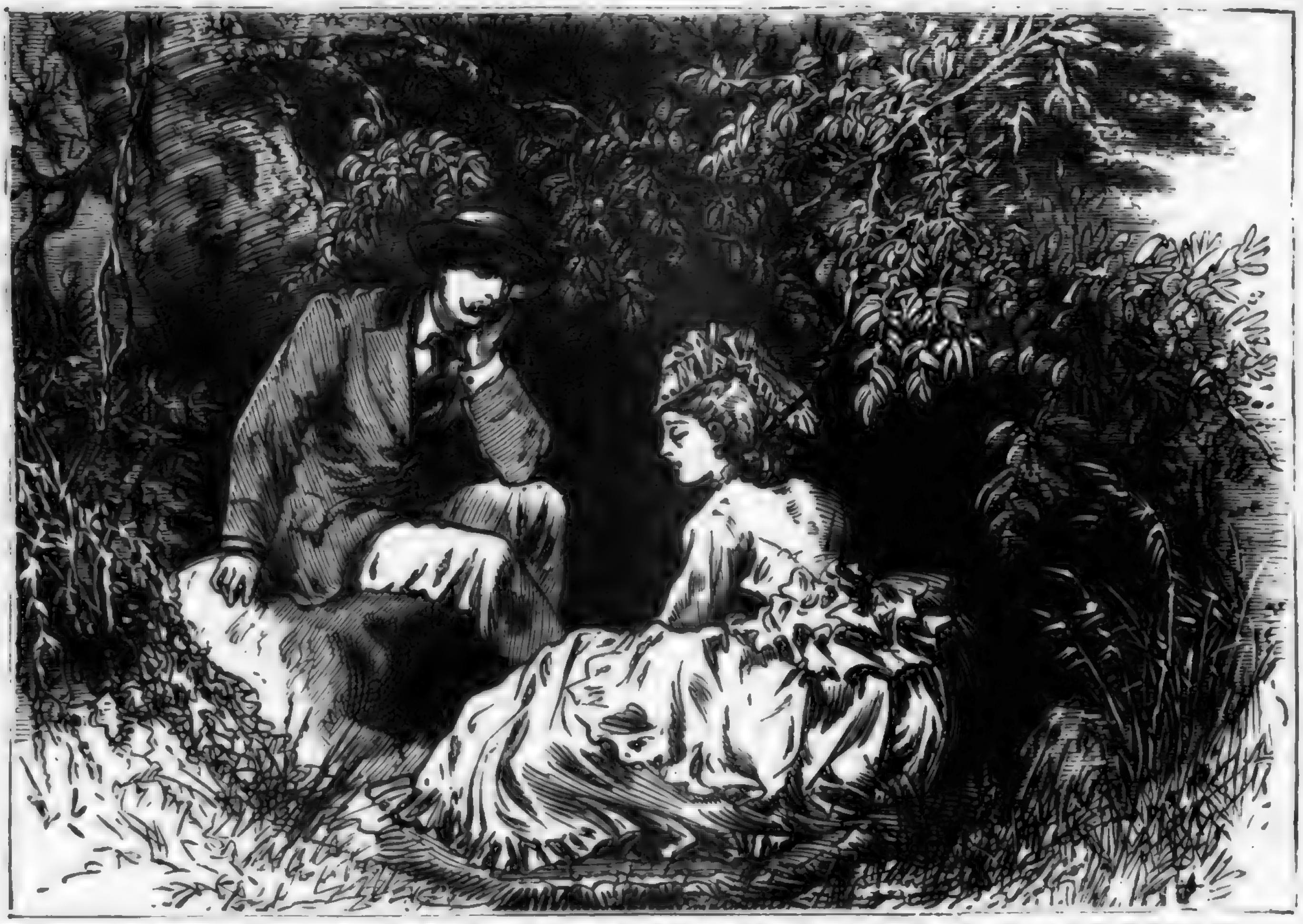
"I see you think nothing of me," said Randolph, bitterly. "Am I to be sacrificed to this folly? Is my life to be wrecked only that you may make yourself miserable with him?"

"Sacrifice you!" she repeated, with a quiver of unutterable sadness in her voice. "It seems to me that of the two my life will be the most dreary—that I shall be the least likely to forget what it will only be pain to remember. Do you think it costs me nothing to make this resolution? Do you know me so little as that? Oh, surely you feel that I am right! Surely even you would cease to love or respect a woman who could forsake in his hour of bitter extremity the man whose only fault was the fault of having loved her too deeply, and trusted her too well!"

"You are wrong—utterly and morbidly wrong!" was all that he could say—sure in his inmost heart that she was right, yet sore and wrathful, as a man cannot fail to be, over the loss of that which to him embodies the whole meaning of life. She shook her head.

"You do not think so," she said. "No, Arnold; the fever is over, and, thank God! my eyes are clear enough to see what must be done—thank God, I have strength enough to do it! I have made my mistake—a life's mistake—and I must abide by it. Yet oh, love—!" her hands were on his shoulder now, and her soft eyes raised to his—"I do not think it can wrong poor Gordon to tell you just once more

XUM



A LIFE'S MISTAKE.—"WITH THE AID OF A SHAWL WHICH HE CARRIED WTH HIM, RANDOLPH ARRANGED A SEAT FOR HER, AND THEN LOOKED WITH WISTFUL TENDERNESS INTO THE PALE FACE."

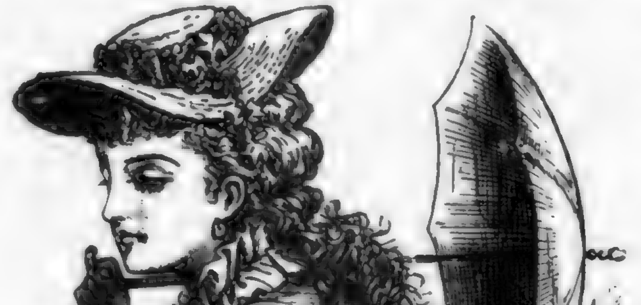
how dearly I love you, and how much—how very much—your love has been to me."

With a sort of dry sob, he caught her in his arms. There was so little of love's rapture in this last sorrowful embrace, that even Gordon, as she had said, was scarcely wronged by it — Gordon, far away among the Swiss mountains, uttering Helen's name, as if his voice could summon her.

Ah, it is all a fiction that hearts ever break! Who has not survived some parting that seemed to rend the very soul asunder, and to which, looking back, we smile sadly and think, "I can live through anything, since I lived through that?"

Fortune for once, however, was kind to Helen. Feeling her form grow heavy on his arm, Randolph looked in the pale face, and saw that she had fainted. Laying her gently down, he left one passionate kiss on the sweet lips, and then went forth—to see her face never more!

Gordon Leigh was brought home, and, although the accident on Mont Blanc had made him a cripple for life, people did not wonder that Miss Vaughn kept her engagement with him. Indeed, scores of sentimental young ladies would have liked nothing better than to take the place of comforter to the handsome and interesting young invalid, over whom society went wild; and his wife's exceeding devotion to him seemed only the most natural and fitting thing in the world.



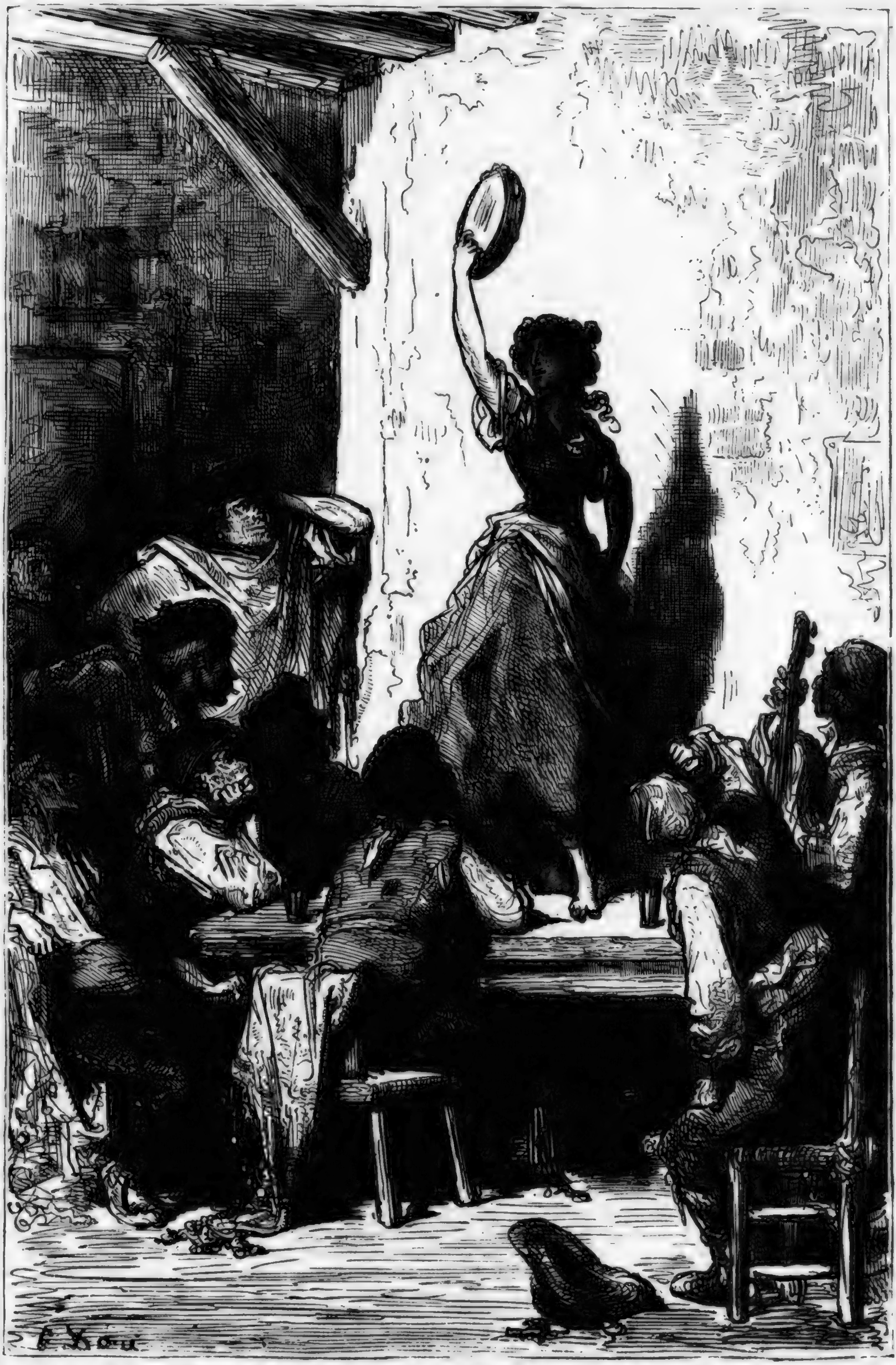
HELEN VAUGHN.

Whether or not she found happiness in this devotion, there was no one near enough that haughty heart to ask, but it is not often that duty, patiently and steadily fulfilled, does not bring its own reward, in peace at least—and of one thing we may be sure, whether her life be long or short, the great mistake of it is one for which Helen Leigh has striven nobly to atone, and which at last may prove (since life was not given us for happiness alone) no mistake, after all, when viewed in the clear light of eternity.

Arnold Randolph left his old home immediately after he brought Gordon back there. Plausible excuse for this step was not wanting.

"There is said to be a good field for an ambitious lawyer in Texas," he said.

And to those "happy hunting-grounds" he went.



A GITANA, OR SPANISH GYPSY GIRL, DANCING THE VITO SEVILLANO.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

GYPSIES AND GYPSYDOM.

WHILE there is nothing in the history of races more mysterious than the existence, characteristics, and peregrinations of the gypsies, it is certain that the subject should be interesting to Americans, because of the prevalence in our midst of these peculiar people.

At the time of the American Revolution, Great Britain contained a vast horde of gypsies — Scotland, alone, being said to have as many as a hundred thousand. Throughout England they were met on every highway, and in Ireland were sufficiently numerous to form a very distinct and considerable class. The outbreak of the American War gave excuse for deporting these in large numbers, and they were "pressed" into both the land and sea service remorselessly, and to their own great disgust.

The fact was that the gypsies were a proscribed race, at best; and the British authorities having always a good case against them for thieving and swindling—apprehended them and forced them into the fleets and armies serving in America, as a peculiarly clever stroke of policy.

There were, to be sure, instances of gypsies having repaired to America long before this, in the capacity of Colonists; but these were so far rare, that they could scarcely be said to have inaugurated anything approaching an emigration. The gypsies are not thought to have been of much use as soldiers or sailors; they were too restless and nomadic in their habits—too averse to discipline to become available fighters.

It is probable that the most of them deserted on the first opportunity, and employed themselves in the new country in the habits they had practiced in the old. They did not, however, take to the tent, or travel in bands. Arriving, for the most part, as individuals—the family and clan relation having been broken up in their case—they inclined, rather, to squat on unoccupied lands in the vicinity of towns and settlements, and ply their various vocations quietly, and without attracting much attention. In spite of this, however, it is known that tented parties of gypsies have been seen about Baltimore for the past three-quarters of a century; while in New England, a colony is known which has existed for about a hundred years.

A peculiarity of the race is seen in this instance, in the custom of leaving the colony in the charge of the feebler members of the tribe at intervals, while the others depart in various directions, scatter over the entire country, but reunite periodically at the homestead. Some writers have claimed that there was no evidence of any actual gypsies having ever been seen in America. The assertion is not well-founded, since both the fact and the probability are against it.

Considering the animosity against the gypsies which existed throughout Europe as late as the last century, there is good reason for believing that they would hail the opportunity for a sojourn in a land where they were unknown and unproscribed with real enthusiasm. It is in evidence that those who reached America through the intermediation of the "press-gang," speedily discovered the advantages of their new home, and advised their comrades abroad to follow them. This brought about a considerable exodus from the Old World on the part of the gypsies, and they very soon became banded together, and traveled about with their customary paraphernalia.

During the last half-century bands of gypsies have been no uncommon sight in various parts of the United States, while individuals of the species have been encountered probably much more frequently than has been supposed. Yet the race have "ear-marks" which should enable them to be recognized at sight, and would, doubtless, if the idea were once suggested. The gypsy physiognomy is marked and distinct. Of the Asiatic type, it presents us with "a tawny complexion, quick, black eyes, black hair, high cheek-bones, slightly projecting lower jaw, narrow mouth, with fine, white teeth," and, in the case of the women, a lithe, graceful and agile figure. But it is the eye of the gypsy that is his most distinctive feature, and the one by which he can be the most readily and the most certainly recognized. Says Borrow: "There is something remarkable in the eye of Rommany; should his hair and complexion become fair as those of the Swede or the Finn, and his jockey gait as grave and ceremonious as that of the native of old Castile, were he dressed like a king, a priest or a warrior, still would the *gitano* be detected by his eye, should it continue unchanged. The Jew is known by his eye, but then in the Jew that feature is peculiarly small; the Chinese has a remarkable eye, but then the eye of the Chinese is oblong, and even with the face, which is flat; but the eye of the *gitano* is neither large nor small, and exhibits no marked difference in its shape from eyes of the common cast: its peculiarity consists chiefly in a strange, staring expression, which to be understood must be seen, and in a thin glaze which steals over it when in repose, and seems to emit phosphoric light." It is of the Spanish gypsy, or *gitano*, that Borrow writes, but the description he applies to the race. Indeed, so well known is the peculiar character of the gypsy eye, that among Europeans it has been held to exercise a malign influence, and the "evil eye" is deemed to be one among the many weapons possessed by this singular people.

There are peculiarities of dress which characterize the gypsy race, which render its individuals easily recognizable. The Oriental origin of the gypsy is shown in his fondness for colors, and this in glaring contrasts; by a tendency to drapery, and objection to close-fitting garb; and by the slatternly and negligent carelessness which characterizes his general appearance—as it does that of the low caste of Orientals from whom he is believed to have sprung. The women are frowzy, dilapidated and unkempt; the men, heedless of their appearance; both, however, delighting in bright and contrasted colors. Usually the women wear shawls, with colored handkerchiefs about their heads. Both sexes indulge in jewelry, and are often found wearing large gold or silver rings in their ears, and clumsy rings on their fingers. Altogether, their mode of dress is quite as characteristic and distinguishing as their physical appearance.

The avocations of the gypsy are distinct and specific, and these also afford a ready and sure clew, in connection with his other peculiarities, which will aid in his identification.

From time immemorial, and in every land, the gypsies have been noted for three things—for their inclination toward horses; their tendency to work in metals, where they work at all; and for their occult gifts, or the semblance of gifts, which are a chief source of their precarious livelihood. So are these wonderful people commingled in custom with many races, that their avocations are to-day an evidence employed in deciphering their descent and their antiquity.

Although it is now generally conceded that the claim of descent from the Egyptians put forth in behalf of the gypsies is ill-founded, their facility in metal-working, and their interest in horses, is considered by many as an argument in favor of the theory—the Egyptians having been celebrated in these directions. But a more curious illustration of the same character is found in the gypsy tendency toward that exciting pastime, "thimble-rigging." In England, thimble-riggers are commonly gypsies, and it is probable that the same is the case in America. It is a fact testified to by no less an authority than Sir Gardner Wilkinson, that the ancient Egyptians possessed this among their various games, and the fact is not known of any other race.

The gypsies not only work in metals, but they have been known for ages as gold-washers. Formerly they sought the precious metal on the banks of the Indus, and at a later period in Transylvania, a section of country which is largely populated by them. Meanwhile, as tinkers—menders of pots, pans and such small ware—they are known to-day in Great Britain and throughout the continent of Europe; a fact which, in Scotland, has given them the name of "Tinklers," one of the many by which they are designated. Basket-making and chair-making are among the few small industries which they practice; and they are said to have introduced the art of broom-making into America.

When to what has been already related you add fortune-telling and stealing horses, as well as lesser valuables, you have the gypsy as he is known the world over, and as he would be better known in this country, if public attention were more generally directed in search of him.

The history of the gypsy race is unsettled, and there have been comparatively few investigations made with regard to it. A few German authors have written concerning this subject; it turns up occasionally in Latin writers, and in the descriptive accounts of voyages and travels by authors of different nationalities. Italy has contributed somewhat toward the question, and Spain a little more; and England has afforded the works of Grellman, Hayland and Borrow; Scotland, Sir Walter Scott and Walter Simson, and America no original writer.

After the little sifting of tradition and "common talk" which was practicable, it has come to be generally conceded that the gypsies originated in India. They were doubtless a nomadic tribe at the outset, which accounts for their wide journeying. While they are accredited with having first appeared in Europe about the beginning of the fourteenth century, it was not until a hundred years later that they are known to have reached England. Whether they were deported from their original abiding-place through the conquests of Timour-Beg or not, though hotly disputed, is of little consequence. They existed in India at the time of Bishop Heber's journey through that country in 1829, as is shown by the following quotation from his journal: "On the other side of the river (an affluent of the Hoogly) was a large encampment of wretched tents of mats, with a number of little panniers, ponies, goats, etc., so like gypsies, that, on asking what they were, I was not much surprised to hear Abdullah say they were gypsies; that he had seen the same people before, both in Persia and Russia; and that in Persia they spoke Hindostanee, the same as here."

At a later period, on the Ganges, Heber met another party possessing the same characteristics, and who proved to belong to the same race. Of them he wrote: "They are the same tall, fine-limbed, bony, slender people, with the same large, black, brilliant eyes, lowering forehead and long hair curled at the extremities, which we met on a common in England. I saw only one woman, and her figure was marked by the same characteristics. In height she would have made two of the usual females of this country, and she stepped out with the stride and firmness of a Meg Merrilies. Of the gypsy cast of her features, I could not, however, judge, since, though half naked, she threw a ragged and dirty vail over her face as soon as she saw us."

But the migrations of the gypsies have been followed mainly, and with great difficulty, through their language. For, while it was for a long time believed that the tongue spoken by the gypsies among themselves was a mere jargon, formed by the admixture of words from different languages with some debased original, it is now known—having been clearly demonstrated—that theirs is an absolute, specific, and, one might almost say, an universal language. It is employed, indeed, in countries remote from each other, and by people speaking also the local tongue. By its means, those who know it can travel throughout the civilized world, certain of finding those who can understand them.

And yet it is impossible to acquire, since those who know it are loath to part with it, and it has only been through years of persistent inquiry that the slight vocabulary now known has been got together. And besides the spoken language (and there is no evidence that it has ever been a written one) there are known to the gypsies certain signs, grips, and other signals, by which they make themselves known to each other, and concerning which the outside world is in utter ignorance.

Following the linguistic method, it is not difficult to trace a plausible route for the gypsies from the East to the West. As we know that there are many Persian and more Russian words in their language, it is reasonable to suppose that one branch of the race migrated northwestward through Persia into Russia, and thence by Germany, Bohemia, and France, into the British Island. The same linguistic rule holding good, a second migration moved westward, probably skirting the Arabian Sea and Persian Gulf; journeyed through Turkey in Asia and Europe, and by way of the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, spread through Transylvania, Hungary, and Wallachia on the one hand, and the Levant, Greece, and Italy, on the other. Finally, a third exodus will have taken place to the southwestward through Syria, and by way of the Isthmus of Suez, Egypt, and Ethiopia, to Morocco, and thence to Spain and Portugal; extending possibly to the Basque Provinces of the Pyrenees, whose people still speak a mongrel Tartar dialect, not else accounted for.

On this theory we have an explanation of the Persian, Slavonic, Romaic, Coptic, and Arab words in the gypsy tongue. Such migrations are not unknown, as witness one of vast proportions which left its tracks all the way from Behring's Straits to New Mexico and Arizona. It is a simple method of explaining a vexed question, very reasonable, and in accordance with the habits of certain races of men, as with certain species of birds and animals. The names given to the gypsies by the different peoples among whom they have sojourned are many. For themselves, they have preferred that of *Roma*, or the term Egyptian. The French, finding that they came from the direction of Bohemia, called them *Bohemians*. The Italians termed them *Zingali* and *Zingarelli*; the Dutch, *Heidens*—heathen; the Spaniards, *Gitanos*; the Portuguese, *Siganos*; the Germans, *Zigeuner*, meaning wanderers. The *Bayaderes* of India are gypsies; in Turkey they are designated *Tschigenes*, in Hungary, *Tsiganes*. Of the latter, it may be interpolated here that quite a sensation was made in Paris, at the Exposition of 1878, by the appearance of a band of *Tsiganes*, or Hungarian gypsies, who performed on various instruments, and sang wild, weird songs and airs, to the great interest and delight of thousands of auditors. The Moors called the gypsies *Charami*, which means simply "robbers." In Transylvania they are known as *Cygarris*;

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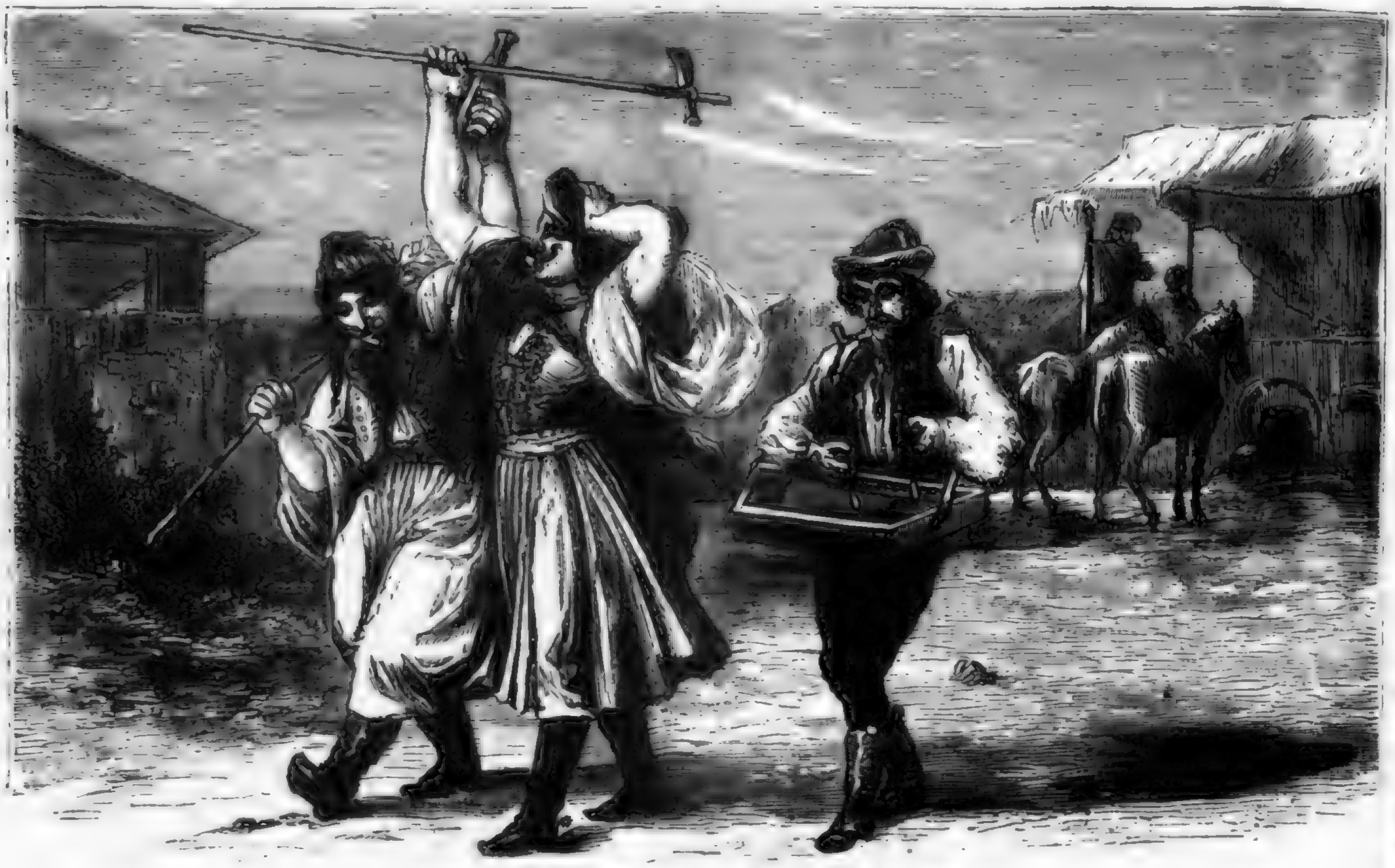


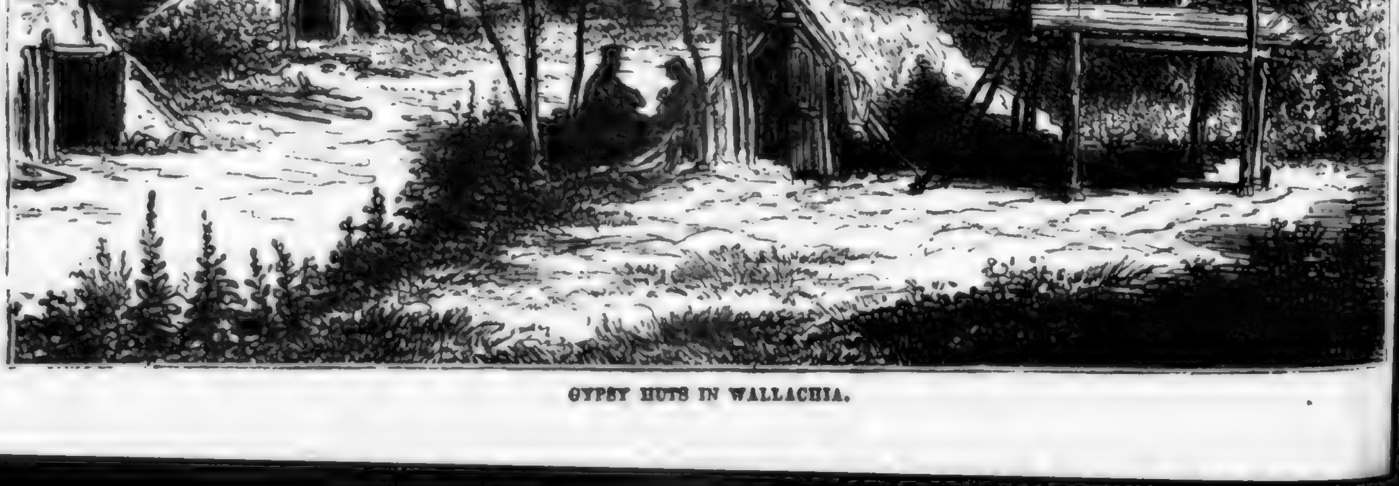
HUNGARIANS SINGING, FOLLOWED BY A GYPSY MUSICIAN.

in Scotland, as already mentioned, they are called *Tinklers*, and in England and America, *Gypsies*.

Among the peculiar and interesting features of the gypsy language should be mentioned the fact that in it are found certain words, having the same meaning, which exist in the thieves' slang of France, England, Germany and Spain. In France this slang is *Argot;* in Spain, *Germania.* Instances of English words of this character are "quad," meaning prison; "neddies," potatoes; "wiper," napkin; and "chatters," teeth. The cause of this is simple enough in every instance: the gypsies, being natural thieves, consort with this class when in the large towns and cities, and an interchange of language follows.

One other point of a philological character is curious. John Bunyan was a gypsy, and the son of a tinker, and the Hindostanee word for trader is *buniyan*. As the name of Smith, with many others, was the offspring of an avocation, the same might have been the case in the instance of the great author of "Pilgrim's Progress."

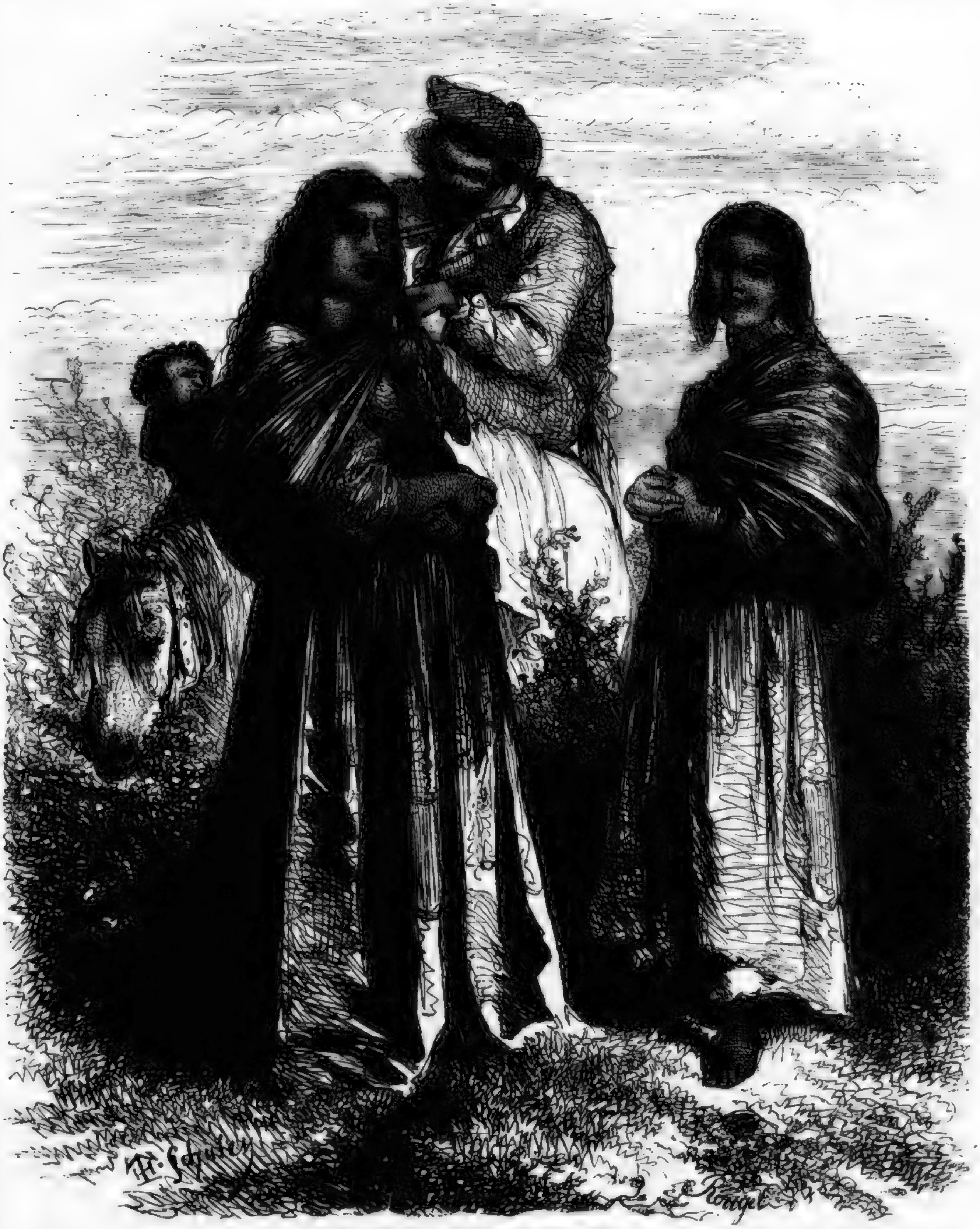
The gypsies of modern days are comparatively peacable to those not of their own race, though among themselves they quarrel venomously. Sir Walter Scott said of them that they were "a ferocious and vindictive people"; and this statement was borne out by the atrocities which they committed in the early part of the eighteenth century. These occurred in different parts of Europe, and particularly in Germany. In fact, Hesse-Darmstadt was overrun and terrorized by them about 1725, to such a degree that the inhabitants were afraid for their lives. Even the landgrave was powerless to oppose these robbers and



GYPSY HUTS IN WALLACHIA.

XUM

assassins, until, in desperation, bands of soldiers, aided by volunteers, turned out and put them to the sword. The leaders were captured, and submitted to the torture. And here enters into their history one of the strange assertions made with regard to them. It is said that one of them bore the torture without outcry, and seemingly without pain, until the officials bethought them to cut off his hair, when his resolution gave way, and he made full confession. He stated that had his hair not been cut, he could have held out much longer. Of one party thus captured, four were broken upon the wheel, nine were hanged, and thirteen—of whom the greater number were women—were beheaded.



A GYPSY FAMILY OF BÆRENTHAL, ALSACE.

As to their occult powers, Borrow tells a story of a *gitano*, or Spanish gypsy, who had a conflict with a Basque, in which he came off second best. Sitting sullenly regarding his recent opponent, he suddenly rose and went from the apartment where they both were, saying, satirically, as he passed the Basque: "My good fellow, I am a gypsy, and can read you. Where will you be this time to-morrow?" Before the time indicated, the Basque was in the agonies of death, having caught a fever which was then raging.

Another anecdote of the Spanish gypsies, told by Borrow, is extraordinary on several accounts. A band of *gitanos* passing through a village, one of the women accosted a beautiful widow, who, with her child, was regarding them from a window. She informed the latter, in high-flown phrase, that a great treasure lay concealed in the cellar of her house, offering to return in five days and help her to secure it. The widow was credulous and avaricious, and acceded willingly to the arrangement, which required her to provide jewels of gold and silver, money, and six tapers of white and yellow wax—all of which would be necessary to employ in the coming incantation. On the appointed day the gypsy woman came with another, and, after going through some hocus-pocus in the cellar, required the widow to retire and fetch them certain other articles necessary to complete the conjuration. The simple woman did precisely as they suggested, and on her return found that the pair had levanted with her valuables.

But the curious part of this narration consists in a coincidence. The story is quoted from a Spanish author, and Borrow remarks that an instance of the same description, attended by circumstances very similar in character, occurred within the sphere of his own knowledge in England. This is not all; it is known to the present writer, and may be found by searching the local police reports, that in 1877 a colored woman was arrested in Thompson Street, New York, for having practiced precisely this mode of swindling—this being reported as the first case of the kind known to have occurred within this jurisdiction.

The gypsies of England and America are, to say the least, not a strikingly picturesque people. Probably the prosaic surroundings of quiet, peaceful villages, busy towns, extensive districts thoroughly cultivated, are little calculated as a background for these strange figures. It is in Spain, doubtless, that the *gitanos* present an aspect at once romantic and strikingly characteristic. Seville is noted for the numbers of *gitanos* it shelters, and it is a peculiarity of Spain, that there these roving creatures are prone to establish themselves in special quarters of the cities and large towns, which are known as the gypsies' quarters. Here they ply the trade of the blacksmith or the basketmaker, and hence go forth into the surrounding country small parties, who gather in what they can by thieving, fortune-telling and small mending.

Wild legends are told of these *gitanos*, whose ancestors must have been terrible fellows, by all accounts. One of these is the story of Logrono, a city of Riaja, a province bordering on Aragon. Here resided a bookseller named Alvarez, who, having been stolen by a gypsy in his younger days, and forced to live with them, became disgusted with the race and objectionable to his companions, who eventually sold him into slavery in Barbary. He escaped, returned to Spain, settled at Logrono, and sold books and manuscripts for a living. One stormy day he chanced to be on a journey, when night overtook him, and he found shelter in a ruined building. Here, during the night, he heard voices conversing in Romany, and discovered a plot to poison the wells and sack the city of Logrono. This plot he disclosed on his return, but not until a pestilence had broken out, the result of the poison. The attack was made by the *gitanos* at night, and resulted in their annihilation by the enraged citizens, headed by the bookseller, who fought like a demon.

It is related that at the close of the conflict, when the bodies of the slaughtered invaders lay in the streets in every direction, the bookseller could not be found—and, indeed, that he was never after heard of.

In Seville there is a considerable *gitano* colony, with which the people are fond of associating, being charmed with their free-and-easy life, in which dancing and singing appear to be the most prominent features.

The *gitanos*, like all gypsies, are natural musicians; and in Andalusia their mastery of the guitar—the national instrument—and the facility and vivacity with which they sing their love-songs, and poetical legends and ballads, cause them to be greatly sought after, both by natives and travelers. These gypsies are not different from the most of their brotherhood in different parts of the world, in possessing but few of this world's goods. But there are *gitanos* in Spain who are wealthy, and whose credit is good with the merchants. One is described who made his appearance at a cattle fair, and who was gorgeously clad in garments heavily ornamented with silver, his wife wearing a species of riding-habit covered with rich gold embroidery, and having immense gold rings in her ears. This gypsy had credit with certain traders to the amount of many thousands of dollars.

Borrow admits that he had little success in fostering religion among the *gitanos*. The truth is, that gypsies have never been known to possess any religion whatever, while as to conscience—it is a sensation they have never experienced. They have sometimes, however, been found in possession of a misty idea of the ancient doctrine of metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, which is as near a religion as they ever get. Mr. Borrow translated the Gospel of St. Luke into Romany, and published five hundred copies of the work, which, curiously enough, the *gitanos* snapped up with avidity, purchasing the entire edition. They liked to see their language in print, and also believed that the work was a charm to ward off evil.

Of the gypsies of Seville the principal occupation is the manufacture and sale of articles made of iron; their quarters may always be traced by the ring of the hammer and anvil, and some of them amass considerable wealth. An inferior class have the exclusive trade in second-hand articles, which they sell at the doors of their dwellings, or at benches at the entrances of towns, or by the sides of frequented walks. Still a lower class wander about mending pots, and selling tongs and other trifling articles. The lowest of all are the "mountaineers," as they are called, who reside chiefly in the woods and mountains, rarely visit towns, and live by fraud and pillage.

In Cadiz the gypsies are butchers; when there is bull-fighting, they are often *matadors*. The women dance and tell fortunes, and sometimes have engagements in inferior theatres.

The gypsies are, as a rule, extremely faithful to any obligations which may exist among themselves—one to another. This is particularly the case with regard to marriage, the nuptial ceremony being solemnized with the accompaniment of features which make it very impressive to the gypsy mind. Divorce is of infrequent occurrence among them; and when it does happen, it is effected through a performance which is remarkable. The ceremony is performed over the body of a dead horse, across which the parties shake hands for the last time; the priest, carrying a long rod, repeating certain Romany words; after which, the two separate—one going north and the other south, never to be again united. Immediately after the separation, the woman receives a token, which is made of cast iron, about an inch and a half square, with a mark upon it resembling the Roman character T. The husband of a divorced wife can marry again—the woman, never. This ceremony is not confined to any country, but is pure gypsy, and takes place wherever this strange people abide. Instances of its occurrence are related of Russia, Scotland, and Spain.

The gypsies hate the military service, and mothers often maim their children to prevent their being forced into the profession of arms. Like cats, also, they dislike the water, though they sometimes enlist as musicians on men-of-war. There were said to be some gypsy musicians on board the British fleet before Sebastopol. When "pressed," however, they lose little time in deserting, and this has always been so well known that we find the fact to have given Burns an idea for one verse in his poem, "Jolly Beggars"—

"My bonny lass, I work in brass,
A tinkler is my station;
I've traveled round all Christian ground,
In this my occupation.
I've ta'en the gold, an' been enroll'd
In many a noble squadron;
But vain they searched when off I march'd
To go and clout the caudron."

Besides the occupations already set down as belonging to gypsies, it should be noted that some of them are masons, the race taking greatly to that trade. In Scotland, and also in Spain, they appear occasionally as inn-keepers, and even chimney-sweeping is followed by a number of them.

One authority claims for them that they are occasionally found in Masonic lodges in good standing. But instances of fixed trades are only incidental cases, the majority preferring a wandering life and only occasional occupation; a characteristic of all of them, however, being their extreme reticence, and dislike to converse concerning themselves. This so predominates as a part of their race-character, that when induced by persistence to answer questions as to their habits, their statements can be but little relied upon.

In some respects they are not unlike certain tribes of American Indians; and it is possible that investigations made in the direction of our aboriginal languages with a view to their comparison with the Romany, might result in establishing some connection between them, as having existed at least in the remote past.

Gypsies are not only cautious and reticent with the outside world, but they are even chary of recognizing their own people if of a different nationality, unless secure from observation. Yet a Scottish gypsy boasted to one investigator that by his signs alone he could push his way from Scotland to China, and even among the Chinese themselves. In an account of a journey to Pekin in 1721, the author describes meeting a party of upward of sixty gypsies, at Tobolsk, who had traveled thus far from Poland on a trip to China, and who had lived by the way on the sale of trinkets, and by telling fortunes.

The gypsies were frequently driven out of the different countries in times past, and forbidden to set foot within certain limits, on pain of death. In 1530, in a statute of Henry VIII., they were thus described: "An outlandish people, calling themselves Egyptians, using no craft nor feat of merchandize, who have come into this realm, and gone from shire to shire, and place to place, in great companies, and used great, subtle, and crafty means to deceive the people; bearing them in hand, that they by palmistry could tell men's and women's fortunes; and so many times by craft and subtilty have deceived the people of their money, and also have committed many heinous felonies and robberies."

Under statutes of Queen Mary the gypsies were executed "without benefit of clergy," if found in the kingdom; and Sir Matthew Hale relates that thirteen were so executed in England at one Assizes. They were expelled from France in 1560, and from Spain in 1791; and during this and the early part of the succeeding century, all Europe hustled them from one country to another—so that they scarcely had foothold anywhere. After a time, however, they were no longer molested, and they multiplied greatly. It is believed that there are now nearly a million gypsies in the world, of which number probably one-fourth are in the British Islands.

As has been already observed, music is the only science in which the gypsies are at all proficient. They compose rapidly—improvising after the manner of the Orientals, and without originality and expression. In Wallachia, there being no other people who possess this talent, the gypsies are greatly esteemed. In some of the schools of Hungary and Transylvania, gypsy lads have been admitted for education, and with favorable results. The gold washers of Transylvania are considered the best examples of their class. They sift gold sand in the Summer, without any great measure of success; and in Winter they make trays and troughs, which they sell. They are hard-working, frugal, and comparatively honest. In all these qualities, they differ materially from the mass of their race, and are esteemed accordingly by those who encounter them.

Something more than a century ago the Empress Maria Therese sought to improve the condition of the gypsies of Hungary, and acccordingly issued several decrees concerning them, intended for their advantage. By these they were enjoined from dwelling in huts or tents; from wandering up and down the country; from dealing in horses; from eating animals which died naturally, and from conversing together in their own tongue. They were, in fact, to give up their gypsy mode of life, and settle like the other inhabitants, in cities or villages; build decent houses, clothe themselves after the custom of the country, and follow some reputable business.

These decrees were kindly intended, as it happened; but they were about as feasible as "the Pope's Bull against the Comet." The gypsies refused to be civilized, and preferred freedom and poverty to a competence and respectability. After this, and so late as the time of the American Revolution, these laws were made harsh and stringent, and sought to be enforced. The children of the gypsies were torn from them, that they might be educated and trained to a different life. A similar order of things was adopted by the Emperor Joseph II., the great "reformer" of his time, and temporarily with success. The gypsies were civilized, willy-nilly; and during the continuance of the power of this monarch, remained very fair citizens. At this time there are said to have been as many as eighty thousand gypsies in Hungaria and Transylvania.

But all efforts to civilize the gypsies have proved futile in the end. In Scotland, very many attempts have been made at their conversion to Christianity, but with utter want of success. It has been found possible to convert Mohammedans, Jews and Pagans, but the gypsies, having no religion, and believing in none, have set this complete negation of a belief as a dead wall against all such striving. They present the extraordinary and, in some respects appalling, spectacle of a million of human beings who believe in nothing beyond this life—unless it be transmigration of souls—and who have no word in their language answering to the name of God! Against such stolid impassibility it were useless to strive.

Returning to that portion of "gypsydom" which exists in America, it is to be observed that French, Spanish, Hungarian, German, Swedish and Russian gypsies have been met with in this country. They have married and intermarried in their new home. There are instances of English gypsy girls who have gone to work in factories in the New England States, and have there found husbands who were not gypsies. But the children of these are trained from the beginning in a knowledge of their gypsy descent, and are encouraged to hold their breeding in high regard, while keeping it carefully concealed from the world. They

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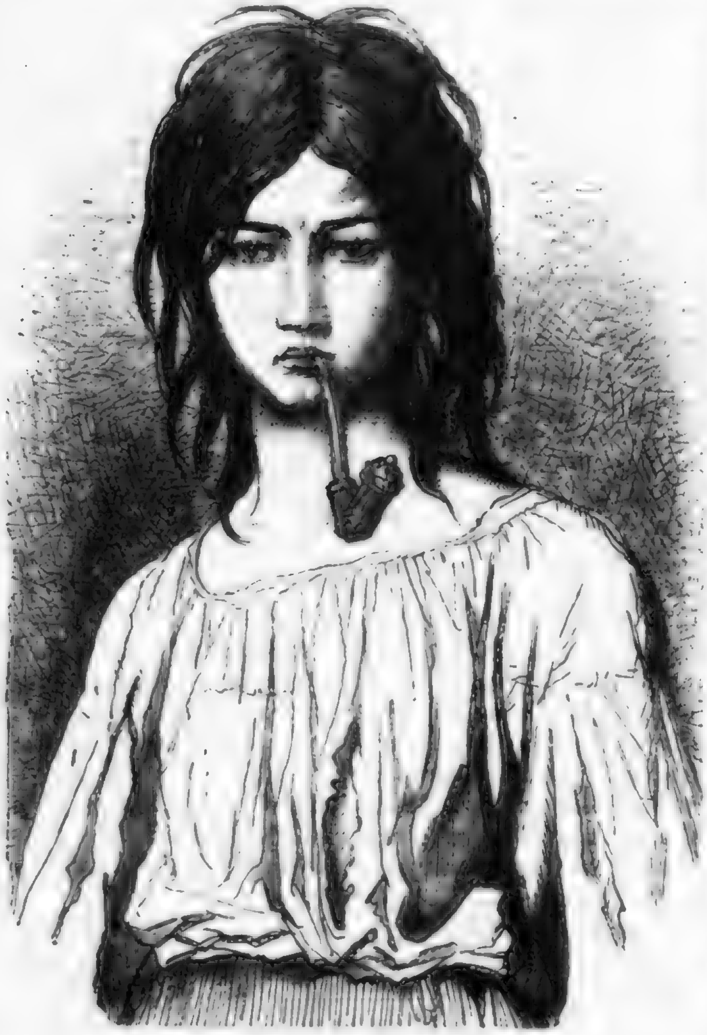
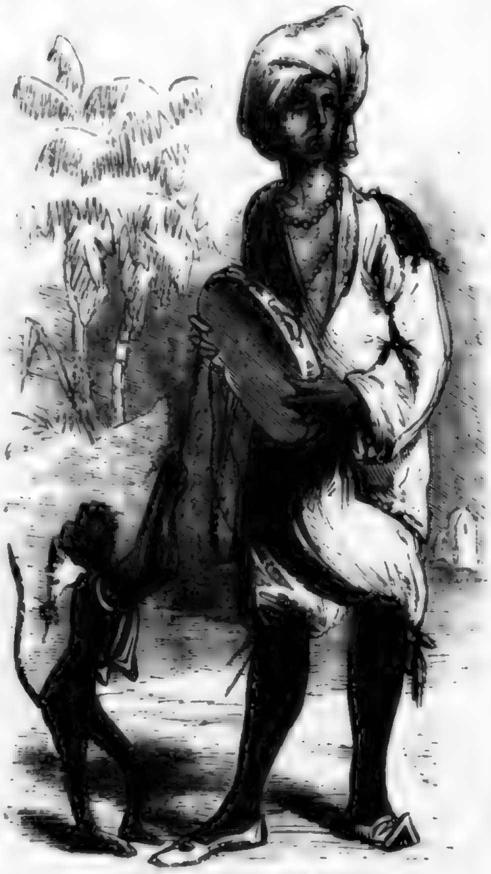


A YOUNG GYPSY GIRL.

are taught the language of Romany, and this knowledge also they are made to conceal.

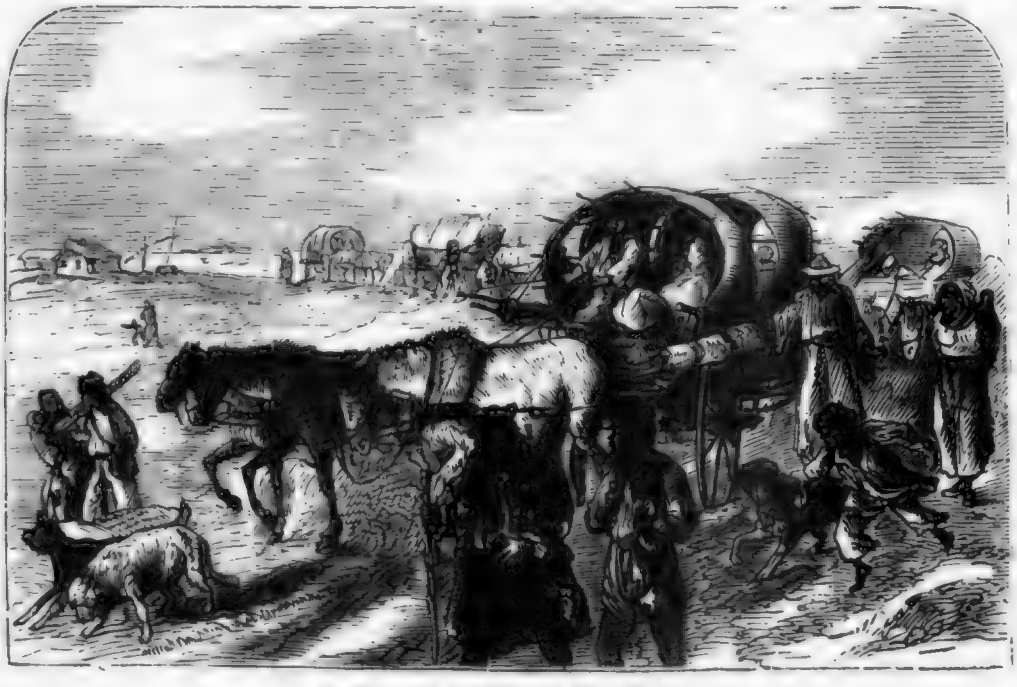
That there are many gypsies to be found, in our large cities even, does not admit of a doubt. One writer refers to meeting several—one was a French gypsy; another one, a cutler, from Wurtemburg. Both were shy of recognizing the sign thrown out by the gentleman in question, but in the end admitted their nationality, and conversed with him in Romany.

The same author gives it as his judgment that the itinerant knife-grinders, the "Peter Funk" auctioneers, the fortune-tellers and many others, are all gypsies by extraction, if not by direct descent. English gypsies in this country have made the same assertion, with the assurance that they have reached their conclusion after having tested instances. There are said to be Hungarian and German gypsies settled in Pennsylvania and Maryland, owning farms, and well-to-do. In the State of Pennsylvania there is a settlement of them on a river, where they have extensive saw-mills.



GYPSY SHOWMAN IN TURKEY.

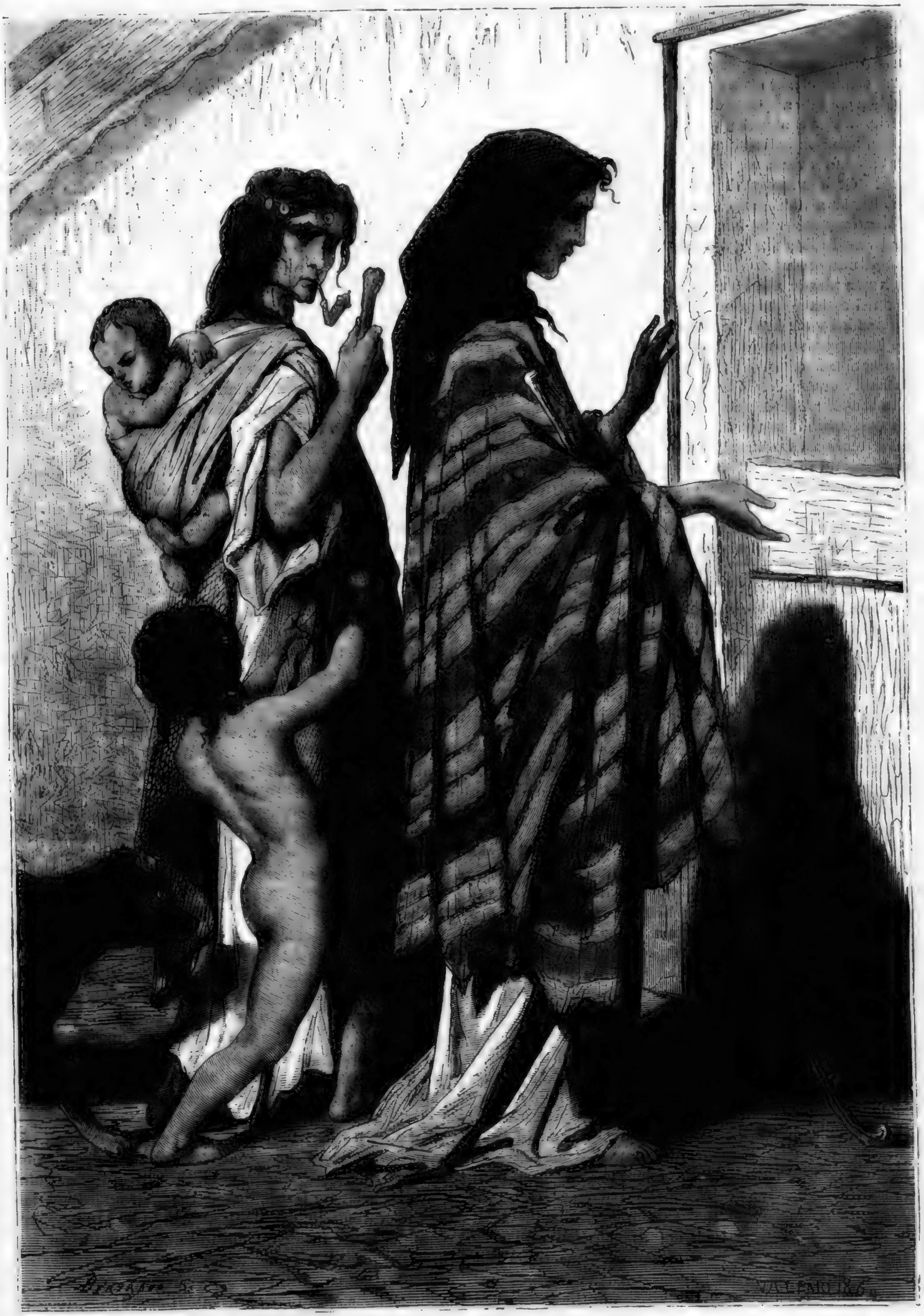
Throughout the United States there are gypsy peddlers, British as well as Continental. In New York, again, they will be found keeping cheap crockery, tinware and basket stores; some of them vending their wares through the streets. Some of these are Irish, some English, others German or French. A Hungarian gypsy in the same city formerly led an orchestra which performed nightly; his brother drove a horse-car. In Baltimore there are a number of gypsy musicians who play at parties. Some of the fortune-telling women of New York are gypsies, and make an excellent living out of their skill with cards or at palmistry.



HUNGARIAN GYPSIES ON THE TRAMP.

Allusion having been made to thimble-riggers—and these can be found at any race-course or fair-ground in the season—there is another line of business which should be noticed—that of the pocket-book and jewelry droppers. These are commonly gypsies, though of course others pick up the trick and practice it.

It is said that many hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of English tented and partly tented gypsies have arrived in this country in the past twenty years. For the most part these travel, and are to be found in every State in the Union east of the Rocky Mountains, filling the avocations of doctors, peddlers, horse-dealers, exhibitors, fortune-tellers, and tramps generally. They seem to flourish



GYPSY WOMEN BEGGING IN WALLACHIA.

well, America being a good country for the practice of their arts. In the West and Southwest they devote themselves chiefly to horse-stealing, and work their way frequently from Texas up to Minnesota with fine studs of picked animals, which they sell at first-class prices. They are also wonderfully clever at those tricks by which so many rural gentlemen suffer. One of these consists in inducing the victim to make a package of money, which the operator places in a box before the owner's eyes, telling him to open it at a certain time, when the sum will be found to be doubled. Of course by sleight-of-hand the package is captured, and a duplicate (worthless) is bestowed in its place. Oddly enough, this barefaced operation frequently succeeds, as do also the gold-mine trick, the pirate's treasure dodge, and others as simple. Only a short time since, a trick was played upon a country farmer by a peddler, who claimed to have discovered a treasure of silver in a hollow tree, and, by exchanging it for greenbacks, left the farmer the happy possessor of a large lot of counterfeit coin. This transaction is clearly of the gypsy style and character, and probably emanated from one of the race.

In the Southern States are to be found the better class of gypsies, who are not molested by the planters or others, being more useful than troublesome. They dislike the negroes, and in the old slave times never gave the planters the least uneasiness or fear of their tampering with them. There are a good many very respectable Scottish gypsies in the United States and in Canada. Traveling bands often make their appearance in the British Provinces in the Summer months. About two years ago a large party of gypsies were camped for some weeks near Englewood, N. J., and were visited constantly by the residents of that neighborhood; while, their fame having spread, numbers went from New York to see them, and reporters of the daily papers interviewed their leaders and queen with more or less success. They did a thriving business in the way of fortune-telling, and departed suddenly as they had appeared.

We will conclude this rather rambling writing concerning this interesting people by an anecdote, which is amusing, and illustrates the main intention of this paper—viz., to encourage a little practical investigation into the subject of the gypsies in America.

Some English gypsies were endeavoring to sell some horses in Annapolis, Md., to persons bearing the appearance of being respectable farmers. To their surprise, the farmers conversed with each other in unmistakable Romany, when an amazed gypsy remarking, "Why, you are gypsies!" the others hastened away as if alarmed, to the great chagrin of the English party. These "American" gypsies had been settled in the neighborhood for three generations.

Besides the wandering bands that frequent New Jersey—that state lying between the two chief cities of the United States—there are also many gypsies settled there, and pursuing the usual avocations of the race. Indeed, a close examination would find few States without representatives of this people, and a little consideration will enable any one to fix upon gypsies in his own acquaintance—by simply following the signs and directions which have been herein indicated.

There is no race-study that is more entertaining than this, and one rises from such an investigation with only regret that so little has been discovered concerning this subject. A history of the gypsies, with any sort of just claim to being complete, must be written in the future, and from materials yet to be developed. In the meatime, every little helps, and no one can tell how much he or she might add to the world's stock of information on this topic, by the exercise of a little perspicuity and judgment, and by "setting down" the discoveries which this course would be certain to bring about.

VICTORINE'S DIARY.

By Annie Thomas.

June 18*th*, 11 *o'clock*, P.M.—"It's all settled!" This is the phrase that they have all been using to-day. It is all settled! Mr. Barker has proposed for me, quite properly and in form, and I must "give up thinking of that very unsatisfactory young man, Willie Herbert," mamma says.

Give up thinking of him! Oh, my love, my love! My clever, brilliant, cruel love, of whom I am so proud, and through whom my pride has been so humbled! I know what all my friends say, and I know that there is truth in their saying. Willie Herbert has only been flirting with me, and the sooner I forget the events of these last few happy months, the better for my peace of mind.

But I can't forget them, and I ache—oh! I ache to let him know it, for the knowledge will win one more loving look for me, and I can't give up the semblance, though the reality is denied me.

June 19th, midday.—He came in to breakfast rather later than usual, just as mamma was hurrying me off for my avowal-ride with Mr. Barker. I hate these public proclamations. Of course it's taking all the neighborhood into one's confidence, to go out for a ride with a man who has been nibbling at the matrimonial bait for a long time. Well, I'll have my revenge. I'll never ride with him after I am married. Mr. Herbert had only time to give me one look, but that told me that he knows what I have done. He knows it, and, before the day is over, I must find out if he is sorry for it.

Same day, midnight.—This has been the longest day of my life. Every moment of it has been spent in planning how to speak for a few minutes in private with Mr. Herbert. Our dear little hostess would have helped me if she could, I know; but she is afraid of the world and of mamma, and so I have had to rely on myself.

And, after all, I haven't the satisfaction of feeling that I am not my own best friend. I have been led away from the path that leads to certain safety by my intense desire to test my own prowess in a place of danger. I have tried to brave the worst, in order that I might do what I deemed the best. I have dared to climb up to a perilous height of passion, in fact, in the hope of proving to him and to myself that I do not fear to fall.

Have I proved it? That is the question that is perplexing me now. I have spent the whole day in striving to compass my end, and now that I have compassed it, I begin to feel that the end was utterly unworthy of the means. Is it always so through life, I wonder? Must the candle always be of less value than the game, or the game be dear when purchased by the candle? I can't feel that anything is other than worthless just now.

We had a weary time of it together this morning—the man I am going to marry and I. When we came home from our ride, he had crushed all the girlishness out of my heart, by a long dissertation on the untroubled waters of the life of domestic happiness we should lead in the remote country-place to which I am to be consigned when I am Mrs. Barker. We were late for luncheon, and Mr. Herbert had gone out in the grounds when we came back; and my palpable efforts to get out into the grounds, too, were all frustrated by everybody.

At last, a bright gleam of sunshine came into the gloomiest corner of my heart. I was alone in the library, left there

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by that most merciful of women, Mrs. Dacres, when he came in. How I hated the possible woman who would have the right, in time, to come and lean her head on his shoulder, and let her love show itself openly. Mr. Barker is short, and shriveled when you see him in a strong light, and this other one has the form and the grace of a god.

How I blessed the soft gray light that filled the room, and saved me from showing him the crimson cheeks of confusion and heart-burning! He was a little cruel to me, even then; but I think his cruelty is sweeter than another man's love, for I only recoiled from it for a moment when he said:

"What have you been doing with yourself all day? Don't you know that I have been making myself quite a fool of time, by waiting about to get a minute's speech with you?"

He said it in the dear old masterful, caressing way, that has always had the effect of making mince-meat of my finest intentions and firmest resolves. I had to take a very decided grip of my engagement-ring as he paused and I answered:

"And I have wanted to see you, too. We are such old friends and true allies that I should have been sorry for you to hear the news I have for you from any lips but mine."

I lied when I said that, and he read the lie in my tearful eyes and trembling lips.

"What is your news?" he said.

"My news is very unimportant to every one but myself," I tried to say carelessly. "I am going to be married to Mr. Barker, and——"

"You were right not to give the knife into another hand," he interrupted.

And then I heard Mr. Barker's step in the hall, and my heart palpitated with the hope that he would come in, and that something would occur to upset all existing arrangements. But though the first part of my wish was gratified, the second was not. Mr. Barker came in; but by the time he had opened the door, Mr. Herbert was standing, in an attitude of utter unconcern, by the window, and I was sufficiently the slave of custom to be perfectly calm and self-possessed.

I think my heart would have hardened out of all power of feeling anything but indifference for the future, if it had ended there. But it didn't end there. It has not ended yet. I saw him—Willie Herbert, the only man who has the power to make my heart beat—alone again for a few minutes, after dinner.

How did he manage it, I wonder? He seems to be able to manage everything. I had got myself out of mamma's range, and taken up a dear little sheltered position in the shadow of some merciful window-curtains, when I found he was close behind me, leaning over my chair, as of old.

As of old! The moment that recollection struck me I grew very brave, and said:

"Do you know, Mr. Herbert, that I am going away to-morrow, and that I shall be married before I see you again?"

"No, I didn't know it," he said. And, thinking he spoke hoarsely, I glanced up at him—pitifully, I suppose. "Oh, Victorine—little Victorine! What a fool I have been to let it come to this!—a fool, and a rascal too!" he muttered.

And there was nothing for me to say, but—

"You deal harshly with yourself, Mr. Herbert."

"Harshly! And how are you going to deal with *yourself?* Look at me, Victorine, and then look toward the door. *He* is coming—the old love and the new. Harshly! you are dealing horribly!"

He said it out quickly and passionately—so quickly, indeed, that I had no time to gird against the injustice which could blame me for a *finale* I had never sought to bring about. In the hurry and rush of my feelings, I did as he told me—I did look at the doorway, which was framing Mr. Barker; and I did glance, with a shudder, from Mr. Barker to my hero—my stalwart, handsome, clever love, who had left me to my own devices just a little too long.

I could not suppress a groan. I am only a weak girl, and I am weaker than ever just now, from having fought a long fight, and from the consciousness of having been worsted in it. I am only a weak girl, and he is so strong—so like the man that all my life I have thought it must be good to love.

Dare I describe him here? Yes, I will; because in a day or two, or when I am married, I can tear out the page and burn it, and banish the memory. But just to put down in words what I think of him, and what he looks to me, will be sweet, as everything else is that seems to bring me nearer to him.

He is young, and tall, and fair; but so are a hundred men. He is more. He is so graceful and powerful, so full of quick resolve and execution, so soft in tone and ready in speech, so gentle and so strong, that I should have been blind and stupid and cold if I hadn't thought of him before to-day. After to-day I am going to try and gradually forget him.

"We will say good-by to-morrow," he went on, whispering. "Give me a moment or two to explain something to you in. You shall not leave me despising me, Victorine. I must justify myself."

With that he went away, leaving me pledged to see him to-morrow, alone, again. I won't see him. Yet, if he really only wants to justify himself, how unjust it will be of me not to give him the opportunity! How glad I shall be when to-morrow comes! .

June 20th.—The day is done. Who is it sings—

"Be the day weary, or be the day long,
At length it cometh to even-song"?

What a merciful thought that is, and what a merciful thing it was to word it for all the poor wretches who, like me, don't care much whether another day ever rises for them! Last night I longed for to-morrow. Now the last to-morrow I shall ever long for is over.

I had much difficulty in getting away from every one on this last morning; and when I did it, at last, I ran out into the garden like a guilty thing. I knew quite well where he would come to look for me—in a little, quiet shrubbery that fringes the banks of a silent pool, into which we have both so often—*how* often!—looked together. There I went to-day, and there he came to me, presently—my hero, my young Apollo, the man who has made me love him only that he may leave me.

"So you have made the effort, and really torn yourself away from all the attractions the house possesses now, in order to have one more look into this crystal sheet, in which we used to fancy we could see our features shadowed?" he said.

"I am here because you asked me to come." I said it gravely, for it hurt me that he should seem to ignore all the intensity of feeling that had been put into our few sentences last night.

"And you shall hear me, Victorine!" he cried, dropping the careless manner at once. "Why have you let this come to pass? Why are you out of my reach now, when you have let me love you so long?"

"Do you ask me that?" I whispered. "Until yesterday

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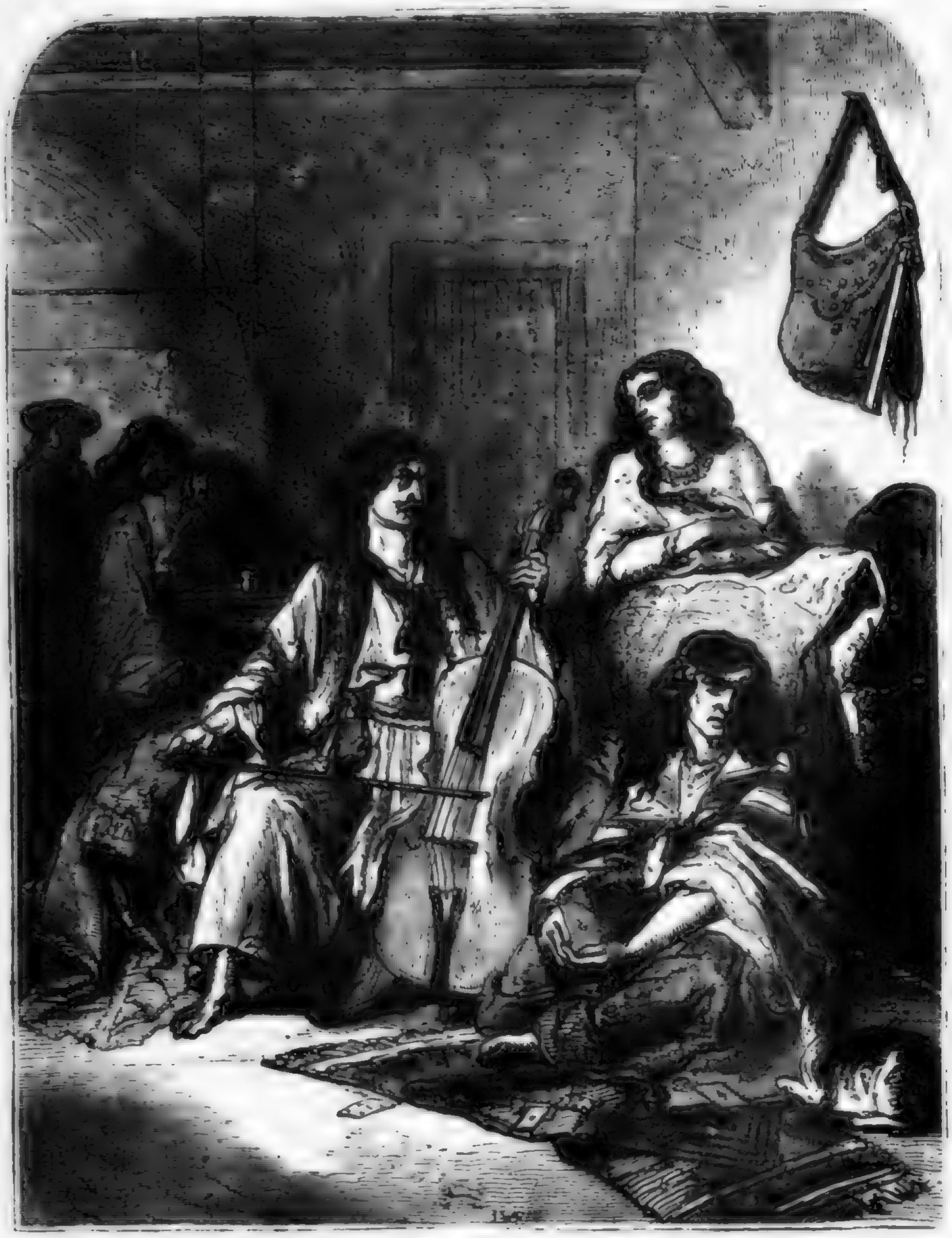


THE GYPSIES OF TRANSYLVANIA.—FROM A PICTURE BY THEODORE VALERIO.

your hand held my fate in a clasp that I prayed might never relax; but yesterday is passed, and I am going to be a wife; and, after this—this—this parting, I shall never see you again as a possible lover!"

"Will you not, Victorine? Victorine, you will always be more mine than his?"

He whispered it in that voice that thrills my heart as no other voice can thrill it—and how hard that is, since no other heart can be so thrilled—and then I rebelled.

"Thank Heaven, since you can say that to me, Mr. Herbert, that I never can be—never shall be yours!" and then my voice broke, and I felt the tears coming, as I remembered how ardently I had wished to be.

"You kept me from speaking while I could have done so honorably!" he said, eagerly. "You always assumed the air of loving wealth and station. I have heard you say that you would not marry unless you could have a carriage. What was a poor fellow like me to do? I waited, and hoped for better days; and you have made the waiting and the hope alike useless and empty, by taking the rich man and leaving the loving one. We may say good-by to one another, Victorine, but we can't forget.

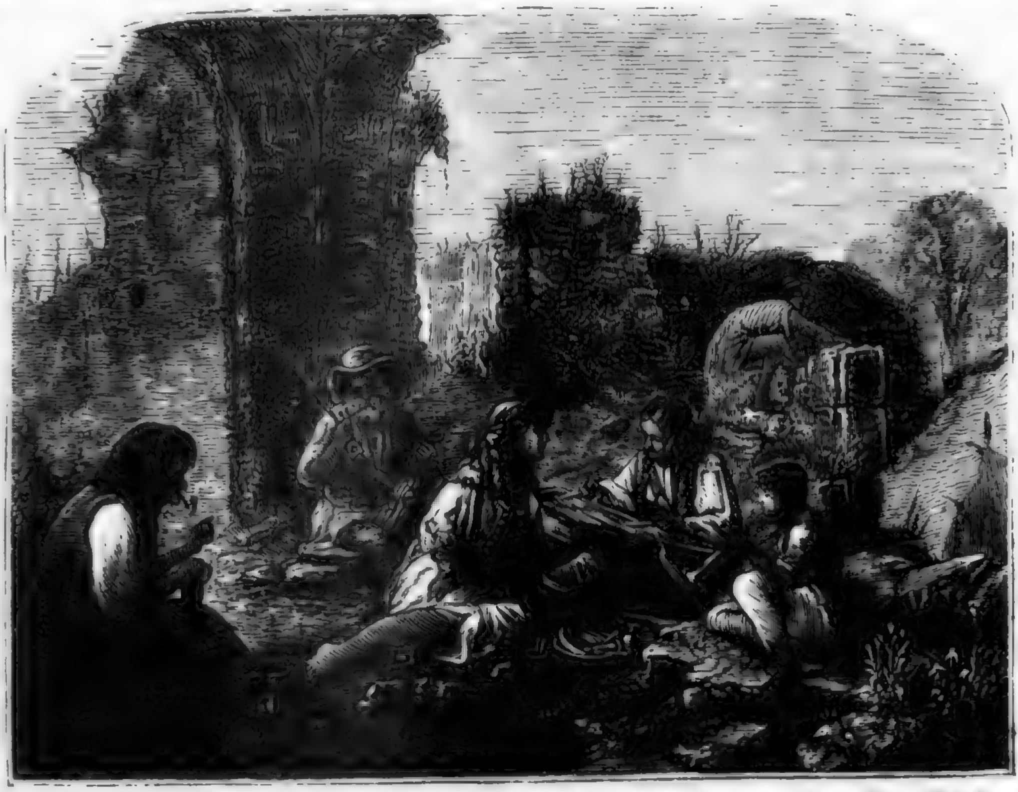
He caught hold of my hand as he spoke, and lifted it, and the diamond solitaire, my engagement-ring, flashed out a menacing reminder to us both. After that, we said nothing more that is worth putting down. Indeed, I said nothing. I am always dumb in pain; and my pain is very great—so great!

* * * *

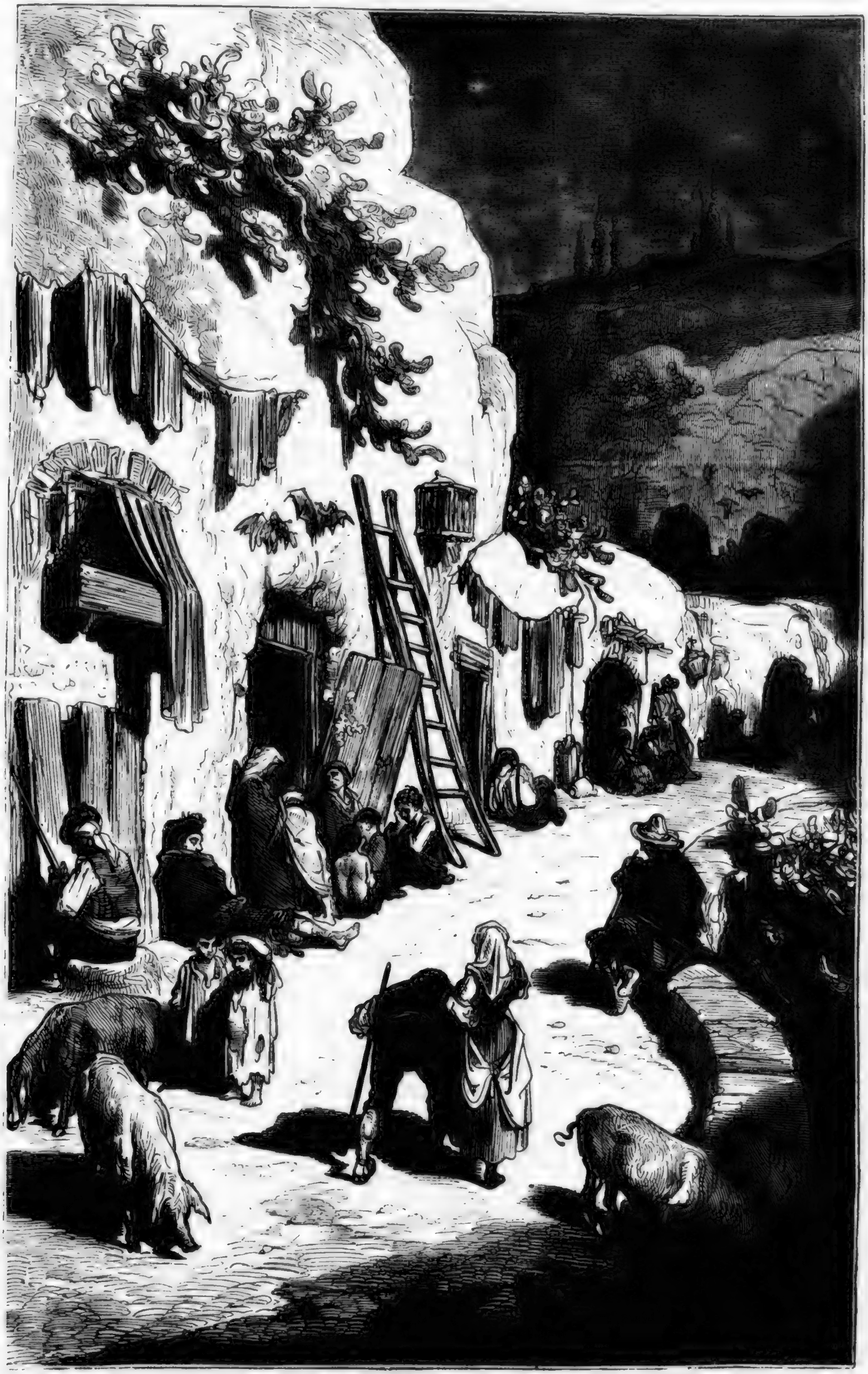
July 20th.—A month ago I left the manor-house, and to-day I married Mr. Barker. How coolly I write of it, to be sure! and how coolly I have been thinking of it for days! He is a good man, and he has taught me already, what I always lacked before, composure. I hope his daughter will love me. I am only a year older than she is, and I want her love. I am tired of this Diary—only I have promised myself all my life that, whenever I married, I would make an entry on my wedding-day, at least.

* * * *

August 20th.—We came home to The Court this evening, and Meta



A GYPSY RETREAT AMONG THE RUINS OF SIEBENBUERGEN, AUSTRIA.



GROTTOES OF THE GITANOS AT SACRO MONTE, SPAIN.—SEE PAGE 454.

Barker has introduced me to every room in it already. She is a lovely girl, full of courage and happiness and energy. She has had no love-fever to tame her yet. How I hope she will love well! and how I hope she will love wisely! If I can ever make the course of her love run smooth, I will do it for her father's sake, and her own sake, and a little for the sake of my dead love.

I will be a gentle stepmother to her, though there has never been a gentle stepmother in the world before this. Meta and I will become true friends, and I shall be able to pilot her safely through some treacherous waters—I have had such an awful experience myself.

This is a dear place, and they are dear people, and I am going to bed in my own and my husband's house, a grateful, happy woman.

August 25th.—I haven't been able to write up my Diary for several nights. My husband has been very ill, and I have been very anxious. Poor Meta has been more, for it was something that she said to him, the day after our return, that has upset him. She went dancing into the library to him, after breakfast, to ask him to grant her the coveted favor, I supposed, and presently I heard one of those awful cries of alarm that one does hear once or twice in a lifetime, people say; and, when I rushed to them, I found my husband had a seizure of some sort, and poor Meta was distractedly blaming herself as the cause of it.

I can find out little or nothing from her disjointed, broken sentences. I can only conjecture, and what I conjecture is this: She, I fancy, must have been telling her father that she has, in his absence, given her heart to some one of whom he, for some cause or other, disapproves. I bid her hope, and trust a good deal to my influence with her father.

Poor girl! I can see by a thousand signs that her heart has found its king. Heaven grant that he may reign there till the last!

September 10th.—Five more weary days than these five last ones it has rarely been my portion to pass. Mr. Barker is better—is himself again, in fact; but Meta's love is pronounced ill-placed. They have each appealed to me with all the power of eloquence which is possessed by each.

He speaks to me as my husband, my very good friend and lord, and bids me say, on my honor, whether or not *I* feel it fitting that this thing, on which Meta has set her heart, should be! She speaks to me as to a sister, a friend, a woman! And the name of the one of whom they speak is William Herbert!

For five days I have known this, and for five days I have thought of little else. It is hard to keep a bright, brave front when one is so painfully humiliated. He must have gone, with his words to me warm on his lips, and uttered warmer ones to her! He must have counted on my having secrets from my husband, when he began to woo my husband's daughter!

But in that last he has wronged me, as—as he *always* wronged me. I made a clean breast of all my faults and follies when I married. It was for me that my kind, good husband suffered, when his unsuspecting child asked him her first love favor!

Mr. Herbert has hurt me even more than the greatest coxcombry on his part could ever lead him to suppose he had hurt me. He has destroyed my faith in him, and made me think of him as a calculating, heartless, mercenary, careless man, to whom women are but stepping-stones. It hurts me much to have the fear born in me that he only wants Meta for her money—that he only feigns to love her, because it would be remunerative to marry her; but the fear is born, and has much vitality. Moreover, I am in a strait. It behooves me to do something, and taste bids me do one thing, and honor bids me do another, and I may not take counsel with any one, for my secret belongs to my husband as well as to myself, and he will not have it proclaimed.

So Meta thinks me cold and dull, when I listen in silence to her bursts of despondent railing against the paternal hardness which keeps her apart from him. She thinks me unsympathetic, because I cannot say that it "must be delightful to have all the freshness of a man's first love," as she declares she has of his, according to his own showing.

"He is just the sort of man you would like, Victorine!" she says; and I dare not tell her that he is the man I loved once, and tremble to see her love now.

I can talk to my husband about it; though, in his anger against a man who could play so double a part, he can scarcely bring himself to mention Herbert's name. I am not ashamed of it, at all; for I do not hold it to be any more shameful to love unsuccessfully than to love successfully. If Willie Herbert had been as thorough and as true and as brave as I am, my love for him would have been avowed before all the world when he made me his wife. As he was less than these things, surely the shame should not be mine.

The day—the hour has come for him to arrive. My husband has given his consent to his being received at the house as an aspirant for Meta's hand, though not as her accepted lover yet.

I feel this strange, deep quiet, of which I have spoken before, gathering in intensity every moment. Heaven keep me faithful and true, in thought as well as in deed, and act, and look, and word!

As I sit here, waiting for him to come in, I am striving to analyze my own sensations, with a view to judging them impartially and clearly. I can only do that by fixing them on paper. I do not love the man who is coming. But I am filled with a deep awe when I remember how great and true the love was while it lived. He killed it. Is he a murderer? My love was a living thing.

Meta comes in and out of the room in a fidgety way, that is not compatible with genuine love, as we are waiting. She is very pretty—charmingly pretty, this new love of my old love's, but it hurts me to look at her.

He has arrived. He is coming into the room.

Two hours after, same day.—He came in, gay, handsome, and debonair as of old; but not all his practiced self-possession could keep a look that spoke of recollection out of his eyes. As the mistress of the house, I rose to welcome my stepdaughter's lover, and, as my stepdaughter's lover, he responded quite heartily and warmly to my greeting. There are some things hard to understand—how could he do this?

My good, loyal, honorable husband—a king among men, if noble qualities would crown him—said that he wished me to see Willie Herbert alone as soon as possible. Both Mr. Herbert and Meta were in the room when he came first, but soon, on some pretense, the father took the daughter away, and I was left alone with the only man whose kisses have ever awakened the echoes of my heart. Then—what a weak, wicked woman I must be!—I felt my eyelids droop, and my heart throb! Oh, traitorous eyelids and heart! how could you be so base?

He was very bold. It was the element of bravery in his character that first attracted me, and he was very brave now. As soon as we were alone, he began at once:

"Mrs. Barker, you know the nature of the errand I came on. May I speak to you freely about it?"

"As freely as you please," I faltered, for my tongue was a traitor, too, and would not be bright and clear, "When we parted——" He hesitated, paused, and then amended his phrase—"When I had the pleasure of seeing you last, I said words that appear incongruous when viewed by the light of my actions to-day; but, let me assure you——"

"Let me assure you," I interrupted, "that no consideration on earth would make me view those words in any light whatever. I am here to speak to you solely and wholly about—the present day. If you can convince me that you can make Meta happy, all the influence I have with my husband shall be used in your favor."

"There spoke your own noble self!" he said, enthusiastically. "Mrs. Barker, at least I will try to make Meta happy. She loves me!"

"Ay! and I had loved him, too! and how had it fared with me! There was no safeguard for her in her love for him, and so I told him.

"Supposing you lost her," I urged, "could you be faithful to her still?"

And when he answered, "Yes, I firmly believe I could," I was weak enough to cry out, in the sharp agony I felt in the knowledge I had borne in upon me at the moment that his love for her was deeper than it had ever been for me! I could not restrain that cry of pain. Something seemed to give way in my heart as I uttered it. And then I rose up and ran out of the room, calling, as blithely as I could, for Meta to come to him.

"Let them be married," I said to my husband, as soon as I could reach him. "He is quite worthy of her. He has succeeded in convincing me that his professed passion for me was an idle mistake. His heart is Meta's, and he will make her a happy woman."

"But, my dear Victorine, when I asked you to talk to him, I never intended that you should put yourself to the pain of discussing the attachment which formerly subsisted between you!"

"We didn't discuss it! The truth dropped out," I said, recklessly. "Don't make me say anything more on the subject—it isn't pleasant!"

Then that stab went through my heart again, and I fell back in my chair, and felt my very lips turning pale.

I am better, now that I have written all this down. What a boon my diary has been to me!

As I sit at my window, I can see the happy pair sauntering about on the lawn. My consent being given, papa's is taken for granted, and they have thrown off all appearance of reserve.

They are right. Let them "gather their roses while they may." I gathered mine too hastily, and the withered leaves are scattered thickly around me. (That pain again! How it startles me!) I will go out and saunter, too.

How well I remember the smile that comes over his face as he bends his head down and speaks to her! What a careless grace there is in the free, easy swing of his step! and how familiarly the ring of his bright laughter falls upon my ear! I must go out, and enjoy the melody under the green tree—it will sound even sweeter there! What feeling is this, I wonder? Love, or death?

It is my cruel fate to finish this sad story, which my poor stepmother began, and left untold.

I was walking about on the lawn with Mr. Herbert (how can I even write his name!) that morning, when I saw her coming toward us, looking very white and wan, but with the sweetest of smiles on her lips and in her eyes that ever glorified a woman's face. She was coming along with her hands clasped over her bosom, and as she neared us she held them out, *not* toward me—oh, sorrow for me that it should have been so!—but toward the man at my side.

"I am dying, Willie!" she said, and the sweetness of her tone, as her voice touched his name, is beyond all description. "I am dying, Willie. *Be* glad that it is for you!"

She did not see me when she uttered these words, I am sure. The glaze of death was over her eyes, and the mists of death were in her mind, or she would have commanded herself, the poor, unselfish, death-stricken creature! As she spoke the last word, she fell forward; and when we raised her she was lifeless already—and the light was gone out of my life.

I implored him, when the first panic was over, to tell me the truth, and all the truth. And he would not, or could not—for falsehood is the dominant element in some natures—be candid.

Mr. Herbert was quite earnest in his lying—told me there had never been any ground for that dying speech of hers; that she must have lost her reason when she uttered it; and that all there was to tell of their mutual past was that they had had a slight flirtation together, once upon a time.

"We were lightly won by each other, and we lost each other lightly," he said. "Don't perplex your brain about a dying woman's fancies, Meta. She imagined something at the last that had never taken place in the past. I love you, Meta dear! Be satisfied."

Heaven knows that if I could have gone on believing, I should have been infinitely more happy; but I had a sufficient sense of honor to feel that the woman who had died might not be put aside as worthless evidence, merely because she had died.

As he would only reiterate his assertion of there never having been anything between them, I turned to her Diary and read there confirmation in full of all my darkest fears. He, the man I am pledged to marry, has trifled with the truest, most tender heart that ever beat in woman's breast! Poor, broken heart! How pathetic it is to read of its growing "so strangely quiet"!

I read every word of poor Victorine's Diary last night, before I went to bed, and this morning I sent for Mr. Herbert, and told him that I learned the story, which was complete as it stood, even though its poor heroine had died.

"I must write the sequel to it," I said.

When I said that, he knew that it would be useless to tell me any more that the dying speech was born of delusion. He went on a worse tack, if possible. He laughed at the fact that I felt was going to part us!

"She was too intense and ardent a nature ever to find happiness," he said, carelessly. "I acknowledge, since you will have it, that I did flatter her a good deal for a long time, and, perhaps, did a little warmly respond to her evident affection for me. But what of that, girl? Thousands of fellows do it, and their wives are none the wiser for it. Let us kiss and be friends, Meta!"

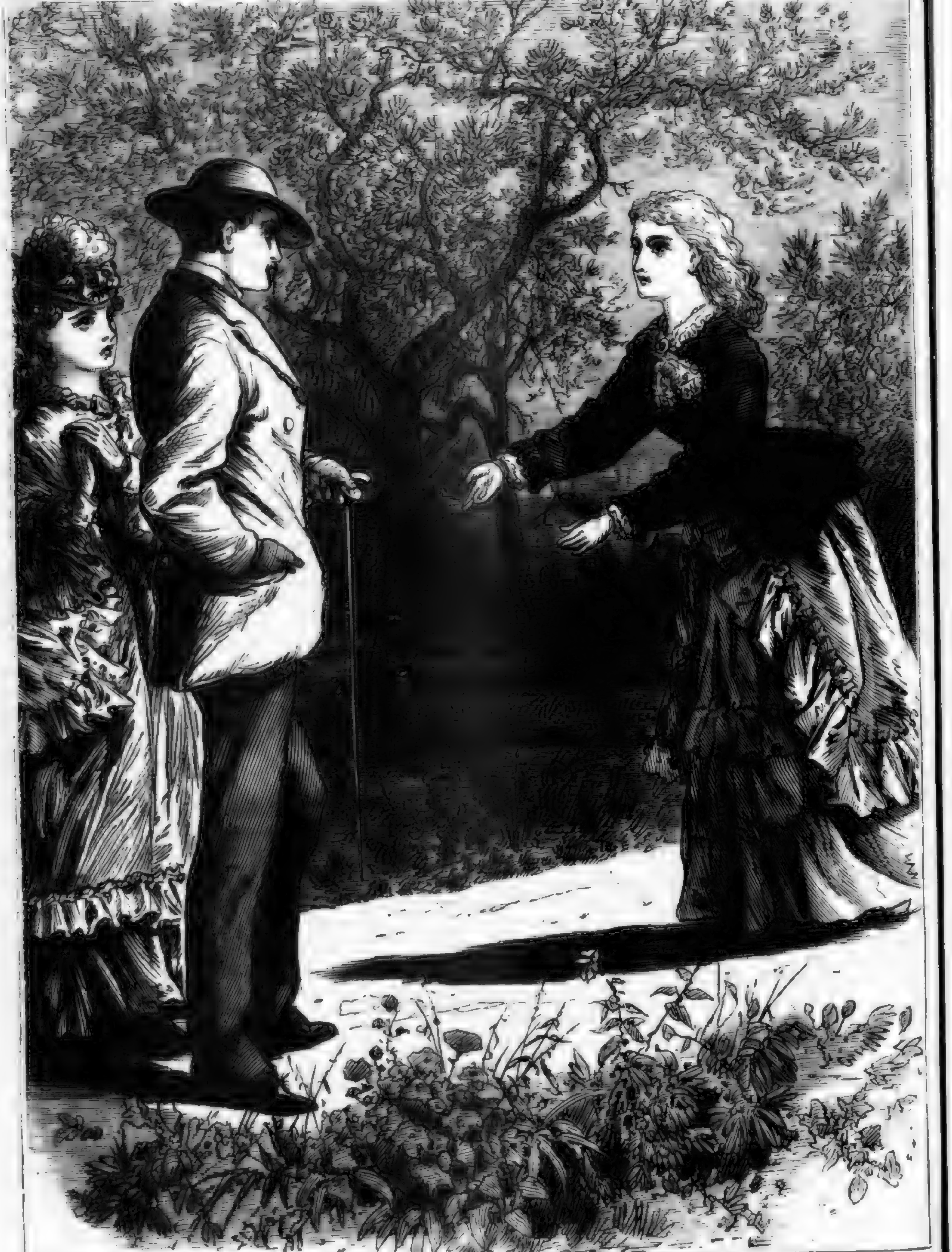
"Kiss *you!*" I said.

"Yes! Why not? Poor Victorine was quite convinced, before she died, that my affair with her was unsubstantial, and that this with you was the only love reality of my life! Why can't you be convinced too?"

"How well you deceived her!" I said, as little bitterly as I could. "A light, airy, pretty little emotional nothing, that is all that past passage in your life looks to you! But, you see, to her it was death! Be satisfied."

He has gone away, and I close Victorine's Diary.

"So, in a sentence lies the tale
Of love, of life, of death.
Love makes the sweetness of our lives,
And love is more than breath."



VICTORINE'S DIARY.—"'I AM DYING, WILLIE! I AM DYING, WILLIE! BE GLAD THAT IT IS FOR YOU,'"—SEE PAGE 442.

NORMAN DESBOROUGH'S SON.

By Frank Lee Benedict.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

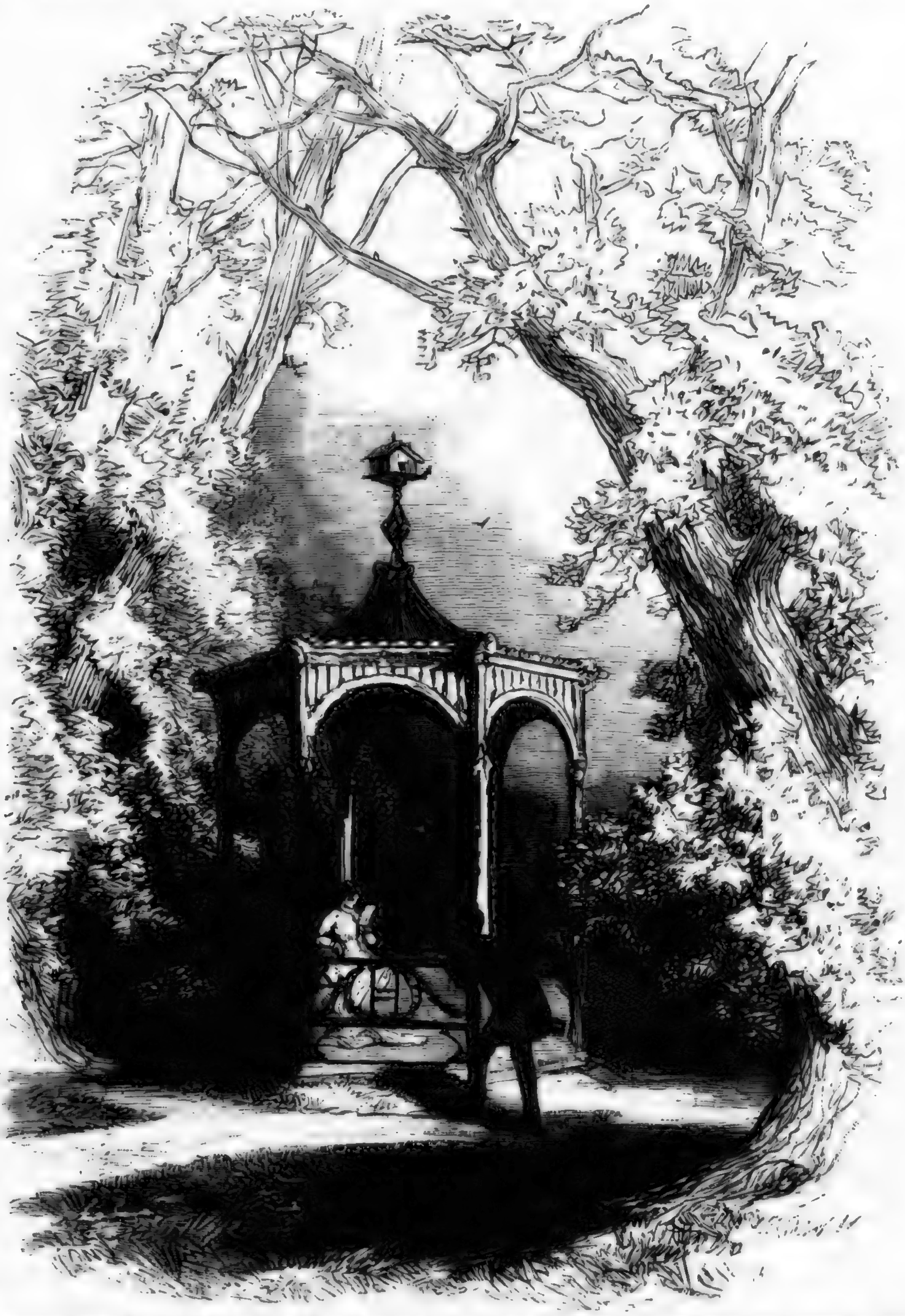
THE DISPATCH.

Ralph Desborough held revenge in his hands, and he meant to take it. What he proposed to do would look like a noble action; but he knew, admitted it to himself from the first, that in the whirl of his feelings a desire for vengeance held a prominent place.

He was going to seek this woman who had so terribly wronged him, place in her hands the evidence which should clear her dead mother's reputation—give her personally a name and position in the world; nay more—the great fortune of which she had so wickedly deprived him—free her from the necessity of wedding Charles Reeves for money. But in doing this he was seeking his revenge as much as if he had destroyed the documents and left her powerless to lift the cloud which hung over her mother's memory and her own birth.

Most men would have deceived themselves in regard to the feeling which animated them—would have called a line of conduct such as he meant to pursue a heaping of coals of fire on the head of that unprincipled girl; but Ralph did not attempt to palter with his conscience.

"I am going to seek my revenge!" he said, again and again, as he studied the record; as he attended to obtaining a legal deposition from Miss Mosely; as he read and



NORMAN DESBOROUGH'S SON.—"RALPH SAW MABEL JORDAN SEATED IN THE ARBOR. HE REACHED THE DOORWAY BEFORE SHE PERCEIVED HIS APPROACH; THEN SHE LOOKED UP, AND THEIR EYES MET."

reread the marriage certificate she unearthed from among her treasures; as he made his hurried preparations for departure upon his errand.

Seeking his revenge! The thought dwelt in his mind day and night during the long journey which carried him to the Atlantic coast; haunted him so persistently, rendered him so hard, so bitter, so unbelieving in aught of good in humanity—almost shaking his very faith in God—that sometimes he roused out of his abstraction enough to feel, with a vague horror, that he was listening to the voice of some unseen devil, rather than communing with his own soul. So he went on.

* * * * * *

"Miss Mabel, oh, Miss Mabel! The steamer's been telegraphed. Waters has just had a dispatch to say so; and he's going down to meet Mr. Reeves, and Mrs. Craycroft says she'll go too!"

Nettie Graves burst into the room where Mabel Jordan was sitting in a state of excitement somewhat unusual with the discreet little maiden, who was growing quite a tall girl in those days.

Mabel roused herself out of the reverie into which she had fallen, and her first reflection, even while taking in Nettie's rapid speech, was a feeling of surprise and reproach that she had been beguiled by her fancy into yielding to the weakness; for the habit was one of which she had religiously tried for months to cure herself.

Retrospection held too many painful, terrible memories for her willingly to indulge it; it weakened her—rendered her unfit for her duties. One hour such was enough to disturb for days the even, unemotional state of mind which she sought assiduously to cultivate as the only means of reaching any approach to mental quiet.

"Don't you hear, Miss Mabel!" cried Nettie, fairly shaking her friend's arm in her eagerness. "Mr. Reeves is coming! Mr. Reeves is coming!"

"I hear, and I am very glad, my little Nettie," answered Mabel, drawing the child toward her, and kissing the forehead, about which the short golden curls lay like a halo. "Very glad, indeed!"

"And so am I! I danced when Waters told me!" said Nettie.

"And I see you can't stand still yet," returned Mabel, with a smile.

"And oh," pursued Nettie, "what's gone of my head that I forget what I came for! Mrs. Craycroft says could you please step down-stairs for a moment; she wants to see you."

"Of course," Mabel said, rising. "Come along, Nettie."

The child seized her hand and danced toward the stairs, pulling Mabel along with her, looking up into her face, and laughing with mischievous delight.

"I shall tell Mr. Reeves that I jumped for joy, and so did you, when we heard he was coming."

"I fancy you will have reason to jump when he gets here," Mabel said. "In the letter I had from him before he sailed, there was a great deal about the wonderful things he had been hunting you up in Paris."

"I do like presents!" cried the candid little soul. "But indeed, Miss Mabel, I'd be just as glad to see him if he didn't bring me a thing—now you know I would, don't you?"

"Of course I do!" Mabel said.

They went down-stairs where Mrs. Craycroft was waiting—a sweet, placid lady, who always reminded Mabel of a faded flower that had still a trace of color and fragrance left. She was so gentle, so reticent, so able to live her own life, yet so thoughtful and careful of those about her, that she had proved herself the most acceptable companion possible to Mabel during the past year.

"Nettie has told you the good news," she said, as the pair entered.

"Oh yes; it was good news indeed," Mabel answered, in the quiet way which had become habitual with her—so different from the girlish joyousness and enthusiasm of other days that the change was often a pain to Samantha Dawson; though she tried to content herself by recollecting that Mabel had grown into a woman, which would account for the difference. There could be no need to set it down to trouble; Samantha had determined to believe that Mabel was not unhappy—the idea was so dreadful to her that she must, for her own comfort, thrust it aside, as people so often force themselves to believe that some loved one is not ill, and to insist that every alteration is for the better.

"I think I shall go down with Waters to meet my brother," said Mrs. Craycroft, calling him as she always did by the tender name which he well deserved from her lips—no woman ever had one more kind, affectionate than he had proved to her. "I know he will not be able to come up to-night, for he will have to wait and see Mrs. Ransom off on her journey to Baltimore" (an invalid lady friend, who was returning from Europe under Mr. Reeves's care). "I don't feel as if I could wait until to-morrow before I see him."

"And since you must stay all night, the little trip will not tire you," Mabel replied. I would go by all means; it will be pleasant for Mr. Reeves to have you there to meet him."

"I thought perhaps you would go too," said the widow.

"No, I had better wait here," Mabel answered; "poor Samantha, you know, cannot get out of bed to-day—her rheumatism is so bad. Besides, I must try and give the old house a festive look to greet our pilgrim on his return."

"That is true—you are always so thoughtful!" said Mrs. Craycroft, admiringly.

"And you'll go to the wharf and see the great ocean steamer come in?" cried Nettie. "Oh, how beautiful! As many times as I have been down to the city, I've never seen one yet."

"Well, I think you might this time," said Mabel. "You can take care of Mrs. Craycroft to-night, you are such a wise little woman. Suppose she goes with you, Anna?"

"Why, I shall be delighted, of course."

Nettie immediately performed a *pas seul* of ecstasy, which caused both ladies to laugh.

"I hope you don't mean to stand on your tiptoes all the while you are gone," said Mabel.

"I'll be as good as good!" cried Nettie, stopping in her eccentric dance, and trying to look sedate. "I can help her undress, and if she has pain in the night I know just what to do. Oh, you'll see! She'll tell you how sensible I've been, when we get back."

"I have no doubt of it," returned Mabel. "Now we must see about the trains. I'll go and ask Waters."

But Waters came in at the instant, looking more vigorous and in better health than he had done a year before. Deeply as he grieved about his boy, Mabel's thoughtful solicitude had never failed, and had kept him hopeful. She ranked side by side with Ralph in his estimation.

"You've heard the good news, Miss Mabel?" he said, his eyes brightening, as they always did when he looked at her.

"Good news, indeed," she answered.

"I'm going down to meet him," continued Waters.

"And oh, Waters!" cried Nettie, "Mrs. Craycroft is going with you, and I'm going to take care of her! And you'll take me to the wharf to see the big steamer come in, won't you, Waters?"

"Of course I will," he replied; "and you can take care of us all, you're such a wise woman—thanks to Miss Mabel."

For everything good that happened in these days, short of the sunshine, Waters attributed to Mabel—and, indeed, I am not sure he did not think even that was brighter in her neighborhood than elsewhere.

"It is eleven now," Mabel observed. "What train can you go by?"

"There's a train at one," Waters said.

"That will give us time to have luncheon and get everything ready," said Mabel. "Run, Nettie, and tell Jane to put up what Mrs. Craycroft and you will want for the night. See to it yourself, and then there will be nothing forgotten."

"And may I go first to tell Samantha?" asked Nettie.

"Oh, yes, do—she will be glad to hear."

So Nettie bounded off to fulfill her mission—danced into the room where Samantha sat propped up among her pillows, arrayed in a broad-frilled nightcap and yellow flannel bed-gown, the sight of which would have been enough to fill the breast of any unaccustomed beholder with abject terror. Samantha had caught cold, and was ill for almost the first time in her life. But she forgot her pains, and forgot to scold Nettie for dashing in like a wild creature, in her satisfaction at the news the child brought.

"I ought to have had a footman engaged," Waters said, as Nettie went out. "I expected to get that plaguey James again, but he's gone and got married, and won't live anywhere without his wife goes too; and I'm sure we don't need any more women to help Jane and the rest be idle."

"Quite enough now, Waters," Mabel answered, with a smile.

"And there ain't one of 'em knows enough to go to the door," grumbled Waters. "If a visitor should ring, they'll act like idiots."

"Nobody is likely to come," said Mabel. "The rector and his sister are away. Make your mind easy, Waters. I'll see that the house doesn't run off in your absence."

"Yes, I know, Miss—and it's lucky you will; for with Samantha Dawson in bed, I should be afraid to stir, else. Jane would manage to do something dreadful—I know she would!"

"She is young yet. You must have patience."

"Yes, I know; but you see I'm old, and, I suppose, crochety," said Waters, with the air of a man who did not believe what he uttered.

"Crochety you certainly are not," returned Mabel, laughing, "and I think you grow young—see if Mr. Reeves doesn't tell you so."

"Thanks to you, Miss Mabel; all thanks to you," replied Waters. "And now I'll go see about luncheon, else it will never be ready; and if it was, Jane wouldn't remember to say so before to-morrow."

As he left the room, Mrs. Craycroft looked after him with a sweet, melancholy smile, and said, with an effusiveness in which she seldom indulged:

"My dear, if you had done no other good in the world, it would be much always to remember how you have cheered that faithful old man's life—let me tell you it is a great deal to have accomplished!"

Mabel kissed her in silence; then, presently, they began to talk of ordinary matters; emotion was what both wished to avoid—Mrs. Craycroft because her state of physical health did not permit her to indulge therein except at the expense of headache or other nervous pain.

After the travelers had departed, Mabel went to sit with Samantha for a while, and found the spinster sharing the general excitement.

When the old maid began to complain of fatigue, Mabel offered to read aloud, certain that doing so would send her to sleep more quickly than an opiate could do. Samantha had a long nap, and woke refreshed and in a very good humor, though, indeed, it could be put down to her credit that unaccustomed as she was to illness, she had borne her pains and aches with more fortitude than people generally show in that most diabolical of maladies.

Late in the afternoon, an acquaintance of Samantha's came to pay her a visit—a terrific creature who had some months before established herself in the village as a dressmaker and milliner, with whom the old maid had struck up quite an intimate friendship.

Mabel knew the pair would enjoy a long conversation free from the restraint of her presence, so she told Samantha that she would seize the opportunity to go for a walk in the wood—careful to gratify Miss Bones by adding that she could do so with an easy conscience, since the invalid would have the privilege of that lady's society during her absence.

"It is not probable you will want me," she said; "but I shall not go much beyond the summer-house on the hill."

The two females highly applauded her proposal of taking the air, and Miss Bones—a difficult woman to please in general—was so mollified by Mabel's courtesy, including the ordering of a cup of afternoon tea, that after her departure, she received warm encomiums from that sensitive and critical personage.

"I ain't one to knuckle under, nor be bamboozled by pretty speeches," Miss Bones observed to Samantha, while putting a second lump of sugar in her tea-cup; "but that Miss Jordan of yours has got manners such as the President's wife couldn't buy—no, nor a millionary, neither. Why, it's worth a climb up here jest to see her smile; and the way she comes in and goes out of a room—wal, it ain't like walkin'; she sort of skims along like a feather—and that's the truth."

Samantha beamed at once.

"Joanna Maria," said she, "there's one thing I'd say and certify to afore the mayor! You're a discernin' cretur, ef ever one lived; and your judgment is a mine of gold that knows no bottom."

"Oh, reely now!" returned Miss Bones, with graceful modesty; "I expect you're sort of pa'tial and overrate me—I reely do!"

"No!" pronounced Samantha, almost sternly.

"Wal," added Miss Bones, "there's one thing sure and sartin! I set a heap of store by your opinion, and what you say makes me go up a peg or two higher in my own estimation, for I know you ain't one to flatter."

"Not a flatter!" cried Samantha. "Have another cup of tea, Joanna Maria, and give me just a drop more while your hand's in."

After noting this commencement of their conversation, it is somewhat superfluous to add that the friends spent a delightful hour.

Mabel wandered off through the shrubberies and up the hill into the road, through the loveliness of the late afternoon.

She was thinking of what Mrs. Craycroft had said; the idea that she was doing good in the world—could at least be of comfort to some human being, brought a certain satisfaction which seemed to cast a ray of light across the chill monotony of her faded life.

It was hard to be patient—hard to be resigned beneath the trouble which had blighted her youth in the fullness of

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its beauty ; but she tried, nobly, incessantly. The last year had been a very long one, unsupported by the kindness and affection with which Gilbert Harrington had cheered the first twelve months after she and misery had made acquaintance.

The secret of her birth was a constant pain to her sensitive nature ; struggle and pray as she might, it was difficult to bear her burden. That she had been permitted to be of some assistance to Ralph Desborough was much ; in her worst hours of suffering the recollection kept her from despair. She could never be sufficiently grateful to Providence for having granted the boon—except for it, she told herself often, that she must have broken down and perished beneath her load.

Ah, well, maybe life would not last long—it did not seem possible that physical strength could bear for many years the burthen forced upon it by her aching heart, her weary soul. Oh, when the end was at hand, surely Ralph would believe her words ! She could send for him then, and reveal the whole truth. Ill as he thought of her, ill as he had reason to think, he would know that on her deathbed she could not utter a falsehood. If never before, when that hour came she might have the happiness of hearing him say that he forgave her—admit that in what she had done she had from first to last been actuated by a sense of duty.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WITH JOANNA MARIA.

AT noon of this same day Ralph Desborough reached New York. He had business there—matters which would in any case have necessitated his return East ; but everything must wait until he had completed the task upon whose fulfillment his heart was sternly set.

Only a few hours after his arrival in the great city he took his way up the river toward the dwelling so intimately connected with every memory of his childhood and early youth.

It was late in the afternoon when the train stopped at the village—one of the closing days of November, but so mild and soft that it might have been early Autumn.

Ralph was in no mood to meet any acquaintance until he had done his work, so he took a narrow lane that began near the station and skirted the town, bringing him out into the high road just beyond the village limits, and nearly opposite the great iron gates which gave admittance to the Harrington domain.

A little child playing in the door of the lodge was the only person in sight—so busy nursing a broken-legged doll that she could scarcely stop long enough to open the gate. She was a stranger to Ralph. He paused to ask after the former lodge-keeper.

"Oh, he's dead," said the child, "and me and mother lives here now—and we can do a great deal better than Hodges, he was so lame and old. Mother, she's gone into the village to buy some groceries. Hush, dolly ! don't cry—mammy's coming !"

Ralph dropped some pennies into the hand of the maternally precocious mite of humanity, and passed on along the broad carriage-road which wound in and out among the great elms and beeches, where a couple of belated birds were singing in a mournful, fragmentary fashion, which sounded, to Ralph's impressionable fancy, like a dirge.

Every step brought a fresh pang. Once he paused, almost inclined to turn back. This sudden view of the old haunts brought up in such wild confusion happy memories of boyhood and the terrible pain and wrong which had come to him since, and ended by banishing him from his former home, and rendering even the right of it a new suffering, that for a little it seemed wanton folly to expose himself to such misery.

But the thought of the errand which had brought him rose, and he steeled his heart therewith, and went on.

He reached the great terrace, turned to cast one hurried glance over the familiar landscape, bright with the hues of approaching sunset, then rang the bell. He waited some instants, but nobody appeared. He rang again, more loudly, and, after another brief delay, the door opened with considerable unnecessary violence. Ralph found himself confronted by a young woman with a face like a hatchet, a marvelously beflounced and furbelowed yellow gown, a stiffness of figure suggestive of stays composed of steel bars, and a general air of always expecting to meet with an affront to her dignity, and of being always more than ready to resent it.

Ralph had never seen the remarkable female, and his first thought was that poor Waters must be dead, too, though not many weeks had elapsed since a letter from the old man had reached him, containing the assurance that his health was wonderfully good ; adding also the information that Miss Jordan still resided in the house.

However, the young woman's opening speech dispelled his sudden dread. Had he noticed, he might also have perceived that her sharp features perceptibly relaxed in their severity as she calmly and steadfastly regarded him from head to foot.

"You had to wait ?" she observed, condescendingly, before he could speak. "The truth is, we forgot he was away—I mean Waters, that's the butler. There used always to be a couple of men besides, but that was in Mr. Harrington's time, and it don't seem useful to keep a troop when there's nothing for them to do but fall over one another, as furriners and niggers always will—and of course nobody else would turn themselves into waiters, to pick and beck at anybody's bidding."

She spoke with astounding swiftness, in a high-pitched, monotonous voice, whose very sameness, somehow, was an added surprise. Even in the midst of his preoccupation, Ralph could not help smiling to think what Mr. Harrington's horror would have been to number this irrepressible creature among the members of his domestic staff.

"So Waters is away ?" he said.

"Ab-*sent*," amended the damsel, giving him another searching glance, still fuller of approval than the first. "He's went down to the city to meet Mr. Reeves, who's just come home from Europe to-day—he's a cousin of Mr. Harrington's, or was, if so you be you knew him—I never had the advantage of meeting him myself—and he's been gone a year in furrin parts—Mr. Reeves, his cousin, I mean, for Mr. Harrington, he was dead before that, some time."

She poured out this speech in a breath, and then fell contemplatively to studying Ralph's scarf-ring.

"Is Miss Jordan in ?" he asked.

"Not to say *in*," said the damsel, beginning to grow excited and emphasize her words. She was still studying his scarf-ring—Ralph concluded that the green sphinx's profile affected her nerves from some unknown reason.

"Has Miss Jordan gone to town ?" he inquired.

Still with her eyes on the sphinx, the young woman shook her head till a blue bow on its summit threatened to fly off like a bird discontented with its perch.

"Not to say *gone!*" she cried, and now the emphasis she put on the closing word was positively startling.

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"Will you tell me where she is?" he asked, patiently.

"Why, *of* course!" exclaimed the damsel. "I didn't mean to make a secret out of nothing—that's never my way!"

"No, no!" returned Ralph, hurriedly, because she paused to look at him, as if to discover whether he had meant to accuse her of attempting any mystery. This time she actually smiled as she finished her survey, tossed her head again, and said:

"Please to step in—why, do—you're welcome, I'm sure! I don't belong to the family myself." (She gave the information in a tone which sounded as if she thought it probable he might mistake her for the mistress of the mansion, and considered it only kind to undeceive him.) "I sometimes make dresses for Samantha Dawson—she's the housekeeper—and I'm not ashamed of honest labor, whatever others may be; and I was up here this afternoon to see Samantha. She's in bed with rheumatism—and I'm sure nothing else would keep her quiet, for an activer creature never lived—and I was in this morning to bring some work home, and I met Mr. Waters, and he spoke about the bell, which cook wouldn't answer it if the house was afire, and Jane's *that* stupid you can't depend on her; and I says to Waters, 'Land's sake! I'll come back this afternoon and sit with Samantha,' says I."

"Very kind of you, I am sure," said Ralph. "And can I see Miss Jordan?"

"Why, *of* course—she ain't one to hide—no need, I'm sure! But law, don't talk about kind—folks must help each other! And I says to Waters, 'Don't fret about the bell; this is a free country, and we've no betters, and be rung about like a dog is what I never would—not that it ever rings once a week, I'll take my 'davit; but it stands to reason S. Dawson can't get up when one foot, and that her right, is swelled like a cushion; so if needs be I'll open myself, which I did, only later than I meant, for we'd forgot we'd sent Jane to the village and Fanny with the toothache, and I was rubbing Samantha's ankle, which she squealed like mad every time I touched her, till it was a wonder we heard the bell if it had been as big as the one on the new meeting-house."

She stopped suddenly—like a clock that has run down; something clicked in her throat too, like machinery out of order.

"I am much obliged to you," said Ralph. "Will you please——"

"Not at all!" she cut in. "Step right ahead—not to say into the parlor, for there's about a dozen in the house, if choice was an object."

"Then Miss Jordan is at home?"

"She is and she ain't, so to speak," replied the young lady. "Just step in and I'll call her. She went for a little walk in the grounds—only up to the summer-house you can catch sight of through the trees—though it's not so near as it looks——"

"Oh, thanks; I can save you further trouble," he interrupted; "I will go directly there."

"Only don't lose the way," said the damsel, with a third smile. "Just beyond the house there's a dip, and when you're in it you can't see the arbor, and there's about sixteen paths going criss-cross among the trees in the craziest way. I'll show you the road myself with pleasure."

"Thanks, it is not necessary—I have been here before."

"*In*-deed! I never happened to have the advantage of meeting you; but I'm new to the village myself—only came six months ago. I bought out Miss Hopkins's business—my name's on the sign—Miss J. M. Bones—Joanna Maria—but it's too long for a sign—perhaps you knew her? She was a good woman, Miss Hopkins was, and I'm sure I hope she's in heaven this minute—though they'll never ask her to sing the *second* time—but make a dress she *could* not, any more than I could build a pyramiddle, and as for a bonnet—well, when you come to that!"

She paused and elevated both hands to express the inability of human language to say what you reached when arriving at the late Miss Hopkinson's conceptions in regard to that important article of feminine attire.

Ralph thanked her anew and hastened down the steps; as he turned an angle of the corner, he heard her call:

"Don't be fooled by the criss-crosses! Keep straight through the grounds into the woods, and if you lose yourself, you've only to holler, and Miss Jordan is sure to hear."

The damsel stood looking after him until he disappeared, then she went slowly back into the house and closed the door behind her. Joanna Maria was neither an impressionable nor an imaginative woman, but somehow she felt that the great corridor looked singularly gloomy and dark—as if she had shut something out even more beautiful than the sunshine.

"I've seen pictures and I've seen statoos," she thought; "but I never see the like of that fellow in all my born days—he's jest too handsome, and that's a fact! I can't think of anything he's like except Mr. Mordaunt's race-horse—it's ridiculous to compare a human to a four-footed animal; but that's what he's like."

She went slowly through the halls and up the staircase of the wing which led to Samantha's room. She had left the door open behind her, and as she looked in, she saw that Samantha had fallen asleep. She sat quietly down by the bed, and sat stiller than she had probably ever done in her whole life, so absorbed was she in her recollections of her late interview.

I often wonder if exceptionally handsome people, men or women, ever think of the effect their beauty produces upon persons to whom they probably have never given a second thought—not even noticed, perhaps. Twice in my life the idea has been brought to my mind so forcibly that since then I frequently marvel about it. Once, when I was living in Naples, there was a Russian woman spending the Winter there—a creature so beautiful that one would have said she must possess a soul in keeping—I think she simply had no soul whatever; she was not bad, she was not good; she was just the most commonplace animal that ever loved to nibble sugar-plums and bask in the sun; too lazy to indulge a sensation if she had been capable of recognizing such when it came near.

She lived in a house back from the sea. It happened that my daily morning walk took me along the street. A little fellow of about thirteen who sold matches was always to be seen there. He was an acquaintance of mine—I usually have a great many impossible ones; I suppose I like low society. Now, in that deserted quarter, Paulo could never sell a match, and on a certain day I said to him:

"Why do you waste your time here? You ought to be down in the Toledo as you used to be."

"Signore," said he, in a sort of awed whisper, "I come every morning, and I wait till *she* comes out on the balcony," and he pointed toward the house where the Russian lived. "She always comes—I couldn't go away till I've seen her!"

"Does she give you money?" I asked.

"Oh, no; she never so much as looks at me—I don't want money! The sunshine doesn't notice us, but we like to watch it," Paulo answered, with his great eyes full of tears.

And once, in a French city, I had rooms in a house where a young cavalry officer resided—I think I do not

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exaggerate when I assert that, physically speaking, a more magnificent creature could not be created.

The servant of the people with whom he lodged—I had another proprietor—treated the woman in the most brutal manner. She was a dwarfish creature, a little deformed, not very intelligent, but with eyes like a dog. She took care of the officer's rooms, though his own servant waited on him, so I dare say he never saw her.

"Ninette," said I, once, "why do you stop with those brutal people? You could find another place—do go away."

"Monsieur," she replied, "Ill tell you my secret—I couldn't leave *him!*" and she pointed to the door of the lieutenant's apartment.

I knew the young man—a rather dissipated, commonplace fellow—and not very long afterward he and I were entering the house together. There was a crowd assembled. The poor servant had fallen down-stairs and broken her leg and was taken away to the hospital.

"Why, it's Ninette!" said I.

"Who the devil is Ninette?" he asked.

"The girl that takes care of your rooms. Don't you recognize her?"

"No," said he.

And, to my knowledge, the creature used to wait, night after night, on the stairs, tired as she was, to have the happiness of seeing him go up; and with my own eyes I once saw her kiss a pair of muddy boots which belonged to him, as she was carrying them off to clean!

I think some vague approach to the kind of silent adulation, such as the Neapolitan beggar boy and the Picardy white slave felt, was in the mind of Joanna Maria as she sat watching beside Samantha's bed, recalling the image of the man she had lately seen.

Samantha woke—lay for several moments regarding her friend, who was so deeply absorbed in her own reflections that she did not perceive anything outside; then asked, quickly:

"Have you turned into a mummy?"

"Laud's sake!" cried Joanna Maria, turning red as fire; "I didn't know you was awake!"

"Wal, I am," retorted Samantha, her voice sharpened by a sudden twinge of pain in her rheumatic foot; "but I don't see that my being so is any reason for your looking like a poppy! Ef you've got scarlet fever, you'd better go to bed yourself!"

Joanna Maria was still so dazed by her vision that she did not even get angry, and yet she had a hot temper of her own.

"I'm pretty well," she said. "Will you have some lemonade? How's your foot?" wishing, like a wise woman, to draw Samantha's thoughts back to a purely personal nature.

"I don't want any lemonade—I'm sick of it; and my foot has got Old Harry in it, and I'd say so if the preacher was here!" was Samantha's answer. "Who rung? You was away so long I went to sleep—I concluded you'd gone home."

"Why, of course I hadn't!"

"Wal, I can see that! Rheumatiz in the foot don't make people blind, as ever I heerd!" exclaimed the old maid, with increased acrimony. "Who rung, I say?"

"I was that took aback, keeping a body waiting so long, that I expect when I did open the door I looked like a Chinese mannering!" cried Joanna Maria, bursting into voluble speech. "When I set out to do a thing I like to do it right straight along, and not act as if somebody'd hit me a peck on the head with a sharp stone."

"I wish somebody would!" muttered Samantha.

"What!" exclaimed Joanna Maria, in a voice full of menace.

"What, indeed! You may well say what!" cried Samantha. "For mercy's sake, can't you tell who rung?"

"A visitor," said Joanna Maria, laconically.

The pair looked steadily into each other's eyes. Friends as they were, many a battle had already taken place between them, and neither had ever been able to congratulate herself on a victory—so equally matched were they—both felt that a new trial of force was coming.

"Who?" cried Samantha, turning up her left ear, as if she had not caught the words. It was an unwise show of scorn on her part! Miss Bones leaned forward and screamed:

"A visitor!"

"Ugh—oh—ugh!" howled Samantha. "You've made me as deaf as a post, I'm sure!"

"I thought you must be so a'ready, you had so much trouble hearing!" returned Joanna Maria.

"What on arth ails you?" cried Samantha.

"What ails *you?*" retorted Miss Bones.

"Rheumatiz—and it's a poor time to go tormenting me under the guile of friendship!" said Samantha.

She had the advantage—she felt it; she saw that Joanna Maria felt it; the knowledge somewhat restored her good humor.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed," quoted Miss Bones, in a solemn voice, as if she fancied the old proverb a quotation from the Bible.

"Wal, I'm in need of one, ef ever a poor cretur was," said Samantha.

"And I'm one indeed, if I'm one at all," promptly responded Joanna Maria.

"Then, like a good soul, tell me who rung?" cried Samantha, pleadingly.

"I know no more than the blind knows scarlet," replied Miss Bones, impressively. "But, Samantha, if ever statoos walked and picturs spoke, he was one, as sure as you're a lying there with your right foot swelled up like a bandbox!"

"Good gracious!" moaned Samantha, partly in surprise at her friend's eloquence, partly because the bandbox-like foot gave her a fresh twinge.

"You may well say it—I said it—I don't know what I said," returned Miss Bones, flinging up her hands.

Again Samantha felt her angry passions rise; this awakening her curiosity and then trifling with it, was a downright wickedness she considered, under the circumstances.

"Joanna Maria," said she, "I can't talk Greek."

"I don't know as anybody ever supposed you could," retorted the other, still so excited that she was ready to be poetical, lachrymose, or quarrelsome, at a moment's notice.

"Then don't talk it to me!" snapped Samantha.

"I won't talk at all; maybe that'll suit best," said Miss Bones, and sat down, looking as sullen as a Winter's twilight.

"Joanna," said her friend, "this isn't behaving like a Christian and a member!"

"I'm not a member," said Joanna; "I'm only on probation—got two months yet to run. I expect to be set an example by them that have had their certificate for years and years."

"Take care you're in a state to receive a certificate when probation ends!" cried Samantha, sternly. "Joanna Maria, who pulled that bell?"

"Samantha Dawson, if you was to fledge me alive, I couldn't say no more than I have!" replied Joanna. "He was a tall fellow, with great, brown eyes that looked you through and through, and yet, somehow, was soft as a baby's; and the beautiful smile, an' a yeller moustache, and a voice jest like an organ—and all the same he looked like a race-horse!"

Samantha started up in bed, regardless of the pain the hasty movement caused her.

"Who did he ask for?" she demanded, hoarsely.

"Miss Jordan."

"Did you tell him where she was?"

"Of course I did."

"Oh, you noodle!" groaned Samantha. "Oh, run after them; go quick—go!"

"I do believe you're out of your head, Samanthy!" cried Miss Bones, undecided whether to be frightened or scornful. "Callin' me names won't do no good."

"Do go, Joanna—do!" pleaded Samantha. "It was that Ralph Desborough—I know it was!"

"Only to think of my never thinking of it! and I'd heard how handsome he was!" ejaculated Miss Bones, sinking back in her chair.

"Land's sake, Samantha, let 'em alone! Folks in the village says they was sweet together once, and Mr. Reeves made trouble between them and took the money! Let 'em alone—mabby they'll set things straight yet."

"Straight!" echoed Samantha. "I tell you that fellow's a imp; he's worse—he's a born devil!"

"I wouldn't curse and swear, Samanthy, stretched on a sick bed and a member of the church, with a foot bigger'n your head, sent, perhaps, as a warning!" said Miss Bones, furious at hearing this Adonis mentioned in such terms

"She won't go, and I can't stir—can't even reach the bell!" groaned Samantha; then a fresh gust of wrath shook her. "I'd like to throw a tea-cup at you!" she cried.

"Oh, break as many of Mr. Reeves's dishes as you think you can account for," quoth Miss Bones; "though I wouldn't talk much about a Christian sperit after proposing to make a marteer of a friend that comes to help you in your trouble."

"If you won't go, I'll get up if it kills me!" cried Samantha—made another movement—a twinge of excruciating agony wrung a shriek from her. She suddenly burst into tears—the wisest thing she could do in order to get her way.

"Don't, don't!" cried Joanna, in terror.

"I will! Oh, if you don't go—why, it's enough to kill her!"

"I'll go, Samanthy—I'll go! Land's sake, why didn't you say at once it was so venturesome!"

And Joanna Maria ran off—not so much impressed after all by Samantha's excitement as by the thought of seeing Ralph Desborough again.

CHAPTER XXX.

HIS VENGEANCE.

Ralph traversed the shrubberies and entered the wood.

He mounted the hill until he came to a natural clearing. In front of him rose the summer-house, under the sheltering branches of two great oaks—when a boy, it had been Ralph's favorite spot for studying his lessons in the pleasant Summer days.

He stood still; he saw Mabel Jordan seated in the arbor; her face was partially turned away, but he could perceive that it wore a sad expression, strangely different from its former girlish brightness, and she was evidently absorbed in some deep, painful revery.

"One might almost believe she had a conscience, and that it was troubling her!" he thought, bitterly—glad to find some harsh reflection which might dispel the sudden thrill of emotion that the sight of her caused him.

He walked quickly forward; the damp, soft turf gave back no sound beneath his tread. He reached the doorway before she perceived his approach; then she looked up and their eyes met.

She uttered a faint cry—half rose—sank back in her seat, still fixedly returning his gaze.

"Pray do not be frightened," he said.

"No," she faltered. "You—you came so unexpectedly——"

He waited to see if she could finish the sentence; still looking at her, and she returning his gaze against her will, like some fascinated bird. When he found that she could not speak, he added:

"Unexpectedly, I suppose—pray excuse me."

He said this; then stood silent. Making an evident struggle to control herself, she spoke again.

"Mr. Reeves is not here—I expect him to-morrow."

"I do not want him—I came to see you," Desborough answered.

"To see me?" she cried, in a strange voice; a calmer person than Ralph would have been puzzled to tell whether the tone expressed terror or joy—a mingling of both, perhaps.

"Yes," he said; "to see you."

She linked her hands together in her lap and bowed her head, as if to signify that she waited to hear his errand.

A hot tide of contending feelings swept across his soul, but prominent was a fierce rage caused by the consciousness of being forced to admit a truth which he had so long denied—he loved her still!

Yes, in spite of everything—her first cowardly treachery and desertion, her later crime—he loved her! Worse than forger—purloiner of a dead man's will—he loved her!

Let him tell his errand and be done—tell it briefly and harshly as he could! Had he not come hither seeking for revenge?—should he not taste it to the full, though every drop of the bitter draught scorched his own soul like liquid fire?

He spoke quickly; he could hear that his voice sounded hard as steel striking against steel, and he was glad to catch its unpitying ring!

"I should not have intruded upon you without good reason, you may be sure," he said. "I have discovered some papers of great importance—I have come to place them in your hands."

Again she half started from her seat—again sank back.

"Papers!" she repeated, in a whisper. Her face was ghost-like, but her eyes did not flinch beneath his cruel gaze. "Papers!"

"Don't be afraid—not a will!" he said.

She cowered a little lower in the rustic chair; made a quick gesture, as if she had been involuntarily about to hide her face—recovered herself—her hands dropped into her lap again.

"Papers of importance to you alone," he went on, in his steely voice; "the certificate of your mother's marriage to Danforth Harrington—an affidavit signed by the witness of the ceremony."

Now one hand tugged at the neck of her dress as if she were suffocating—her great eyes dilated—an ashen gray gathered over the whiteness of her countenance like that which comes in some awful death-struggle. She could not speak—could only sit there and stare at him with those mad eyes!

"You will find it all true," he continued. "As niece of the man who died here last year, you are his heiress! I congratulate you!"

She made a movement—her hand brushed from the table a letter which lay there. Ralph picked it up—recognized

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Reeves's writing at a glance—restored the sheet to its place, saying:

"I congratulate you! You will not go a dowerless bride to Charles Reeves—or if you were selling yourself for money, there is no longer any need—you are far richer than he! I am no lawyer, but I can give you the pleasing assurance that Gilbert Harrington's fortune belongs to you!"

Again she tried to speak—no words would come. A moment before, one would have said that the awful agony of her face could not have deepened; but it did, beneath the pitiless pelting of his speech and her own wild efforts to articulate.

"That is all," he went on. "I came to tell you—I made a long journey to have the pleasure. I found the papers; I could have destroyed them. I chose this revenge instead. I told you, when last we parted, that God would give me [illegible]."

He flung the papers on the table, dashed out of the summer-house, and away through the recesses of the wood.

He heard one cry, scarcely human in its suffering—the utterance of his name; but he neither stopped nor looked back, nor checked his course till he found himself at the farther extremity of the forest, and the night come and the moon overhead.

CHAPTER XXXI.

[illegible]

BETWEEN the length of Samantha's nap, and the time occupied in arriving at an explanation and arranging their difficulty, nearly an hour had elapsed before Joanna Maria reached the summer-house.

It was growing twilight. She saw Miss Jordan sitting there, holding a packet in her clasped hands, her face bent so that it was hidden from Joanna's curious eyes.

The strong-minded dressmaker felt disappointed in various ways: first, at not having another sight of the handsome man; then, at all the excitement roused by Samantha's incoherent words being wasted, and at finding Miss Jordan sitting so calm and quiet, when she expected to have discovered her either enacting a tragic scene or fainted dead away.

"Goodness gracious mercy me!" cried Miss Bones, stopping near the door. "I've run myself out of breath and nearly lost my shoe for nothing. Samanthy Dawson made sure I'd find you murdered, at the very least, and here you are, as calm as a May morning."

Mabel turned slowly round. In the shadow of the arbor her face was not distinctly visible.

"Did Samantha send you for me, Miss Bones? I hope she is not worse?"

The cold courtesy of the tone brought Joanna Maria somewhat back to reason, though if she could have been made to believe she was awed thereby she would have felt inclined to do herself a dreadful mischief.

"Yes, Miss Jordan, she sent me. No, she ain't no worse, that I know of. Hystrikal, she was, and in a temper—talked of throwing teacups, and sich, which ain't a proper return for kindness. But no matter; I ain't one to bring up agin sick people their little didoes," said Joanna, in a voice divided between ill-humor and a desire to display her own magnanimity.

"She suffers terribly, you know," Mabel said.

"Oh, yes, yes—I know. Rheumatiz ain't like going to a ball—no, not even in tight shoes," said Miss Bones. "Then she cried—Lord-a-massy! it was like a engine getting up steam. I was quite upside down."

"I did not mean to leave her so long. I will go back to the house," said Mabel, rising and leaving the arbor.

Miss Bones stared curiously at her.

"You're white," she observed, "and you shake!"

"I have sat here too long—it was very imprudent," Mabel answered, and walked on so fast that Miss Bones had to hasten to catch up with her.

"She *is* powerfully upsot," thought the damsel. "Something has happened. But, law! she's one of your proud creturs, that wouldn't confide a little in a body if she was dying. It's a good thing to be gritty, but you needn't be *all* grit—it's against nature. I hate folks that are always unbosoming their troubles, but there are times when a person *may* unbosom, especially if you've got the wit to see the kind of person convenient."

Mabel walked on. Her indomitable will supported her in this last crisis, as it had done in previous trials. It seemed to her that she was losing the faculty of feeling acutely. She had, in a way, grown accustomed to awful shocks. For the time, even the knowledge flung at her so harshly by Ralph Desborough could not rouse her to a real comprehension of all it meant, so absorbed was she by the suffering his hardness caused, which came like a physical blow; only she had already endured so much that it only seemed to make her numb and faint.

"You'll excuse my having followed you, Miss Jordan," said Joanna, breaking the silence and speaking in a tone divided between injury and offense. "If I know myself, I'm not one to take liberties, or go pryin' about into other people's concerns."

"No excuse is necessary, Miss Bones," returned Mabel; "it was very kind of you to come and remind me how late it was."

This remark slightly appeased the damsel; still she tossed her head and continued her speech—it was in her mind and must be delivered.

"Excuse *me*, Miss Jordan—it's oncommon polite on your part to say so, I'm sure, and only what I should expect from a lady of your manners and *a*cquirements! I ain't one not to re-*cog*-nize merit when it meets me, though some won't, not if they run against it! But I'd rather explain—it'll be a satisfaction to my mind."

"Oh, certainly," Mabel said; and as she walked on, Miss Bones was obliged to walk on also, though she would have liked to stand still and watch Miss Jordan's face.

"Samanthy, she was in such a takin'," continued Miss Bones, sharply, "that at first I really thought she'd gone out of her head! I didn't know the young gentleman from a bag of bullets—though a handsomer never asked for nobody; and I supposed I was a-acting according to the laws of nettiquette when I told him where to find you."

"Why, of course; you did quite right!"

"*Ex*-cuse me, Miss Jordan!" sniffed Joanna Maria. "I thought I must have committed a felonious sin from the way Samantha flung out at me! 'It's that Ralph Desborough!' says she; 'he's a devil—who knows what'll happen; run, run!' 'If devils look like that,' says I, 'then recommend me to 'em;' and we had words—for I'm hasty myself when I'm misrepresented; and I can't be trod on—no, not by friend or foe, prince nor potentate!"

"Samantha is almost delirious when the attacks of pain seize her," said Mabel. "Pray overlook it, Miss Bones."

"I will—I do; I ain't one to bear malice; and law me, Miss Jordan, a stick and a stone couldn't refuse you anything, I'm sure!" replied Joanna Maria. "So it *was* Mr. Ralph Desborough?"

"Yes," Mabel answered.

"Deary me! I'm so glad to have seen him! I've heard so much about him—it's so romantic; and everything here ought to be his, people say; and he a-wanderin' on the face of the earth like—why, no, Cain never looked like that!" cried Joanna Maria, stopping short, a little confused by the inaptness of her simile.

Fortunately they were close to the house by this time. Jane came out to meet them—a message had come for Miss Mabel from the rector's sister—the man was waiting. So Mabel hastened up-stairs to speak to Samantha, and Miss Bones halted a little, trying to decide whether dignity bade her go home at once or seek Miss Dawson.

"Oh, Mabel, Mabel; I was so scared!" cried Samantha, as the girl entered the room.

"You have behaved very foolishly, Samantha," said Mabel; "what must your friend think?"

"What did he want?" groaned Samantha.

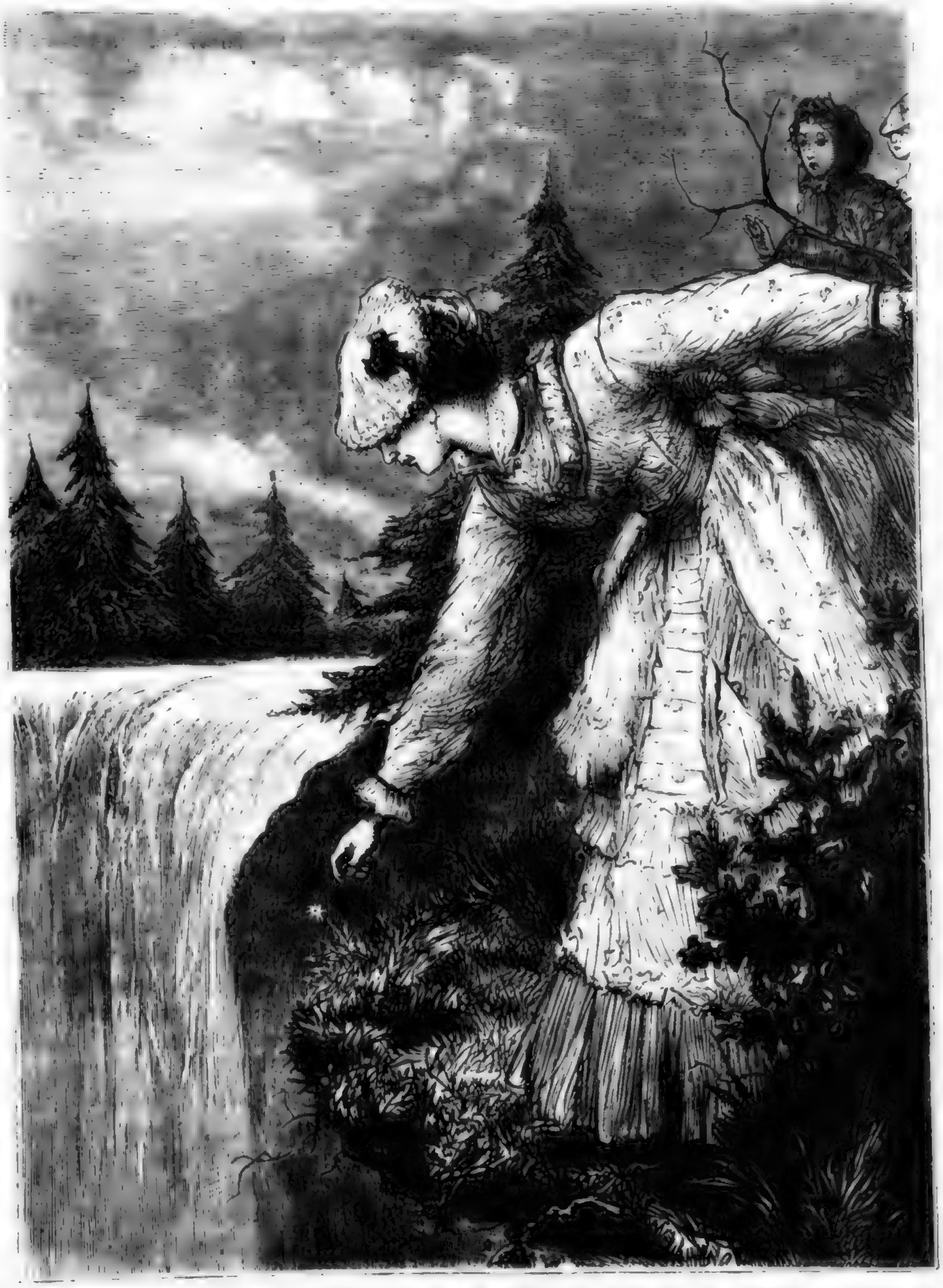
"To do me a great kindness—I will tell you later," said Mabel. "Now, try to quiet yourself and explain to Miss Bones that your illness makes you nervous." Samantha was conscience-stricken, so Mabel comforted her, then turned to go down-stairs. She met Miss Bones at the door.

"Please come in," she said. "I'll be back presently. If you would be good enough to bathe Samantha's foot while I am gone—I am sure she is in great pain."

Samantha groaned, rather deceitfully; she felt that her best cue was intense suffering.

"Of course—most happy to oblige *you*, Miss Jordan."

Mabel hastened away and left the pair to settle matters between themselves.



TOO NEAR!

Without a word, but looking unutterable things, Miss Bones took the bottle of liniment and carefully rubbed Samantha's foot, and Samantha groaned more loudly and with reason; but the operation concluded, she had a respite from suffering.

Miss Bones sat down by the bed and glared at her. As a rule, Samantha was not a woman to be backward in glaring in return, but this time Joanna Maria had the advantage. Samantha turned and twisted on her pillow, coughed and choked till Miss Bones decided that she had been glared into a sufficient state of confusion—then spoke:

"Is there anything else I can do, Miss Dawson? If so, you've only to name it. I wouldn't intrude, I'm sure, only you heerd Miss Mabel ask me to stop. If it's pain ails you, there's drops here; if you're anyways hysterikal, I should recommend peppermint myself—but of course I don't want to take no liberties."

Samantha could not longer endure her friend's irony and appalling politeness, and she burst out:

"Oh, land's sake, Joanna Maria! Don't hit a feller when he's down! I acted like a fool—there! I don't know what ailed me—my head's wrong, I think."

"Say no more, Samanthy—say no more!" exclaimed Miss Bones, aware that to wring an apology from the old maid was indeed a triumph, and she waxed sweet as honey. "Sick people will be vagarious, we all know that; but, deary me, whatever *could* have put it into your head to call that beautiful cretur such names?"

To Samantha's relief, she was interrupted by Mabel's entrance, saying:

"Samantha, Miss Morgan is ill, and the rector away; she wants me to come down and pass the night; I don't know how to leave you."

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Miss Bones came to the rescue; the idea of a gossip about the handsome man pleased her; besides, she was a kind-hearted enough woman, in her way, and a very good nurse.

"I'll stop with Samanthy," she said, good nature getting the upper hand. "It's late, anyhow, for me to be going home," she added, and with the pronouncing of the words a sense of injury seized her, and she hurried on, "*I've* got nobody to see me safe, not if lions and dragons, too, was stationed along the road as thick as gate-posts!"

Mabel ignored the conclusion of the speech.

"I shall be greatly obliged to you, Miss Bones," she said; "it is a real favor to me. I could not leave Samantha alone, and I know Miss Morgan needs my assistance—thanks, very much!"

"Oh, don't mention it!" sniffed Joanna Maria. "I don't set up for a moral, but I hope I'm not a alligator!"

Samantha, however, had taken offense at the previous remark, which implied that Miss Bones considered Destiny highly culpable in having placed protectors and servants within Mabel's command while she must perform twilight pilgrimages, if she undertook such, quite unguarded and alone.

"Nobody need trouble themselves about me," said the old maid; "I can get on well enough; if my consarned foot can't be rubbed, it can do t'other thing! I shouldn't wish to be beholden! I hain't come to that pass—not yet!"

"Oh, dear me!" retorted Miss Bones, majestically, "far be it from my thoughts to wish to intrude! I ain't a wigglin' sea-sarpent—at least that I knows on—and so I offered. But I can go home if I ain't wanted—thank goodness, I've got one to go to!"

"Joanna Maria," said Samantha, before Mabel could interfere, "all this talk about alligators and snakes ain't very soothing to a sick person! I don't mean nor wish to restrict your observations, I'm sure; but you'll excuse my mentioning it, as night is coming on, and I'm to lay a writhin' here by myself, and nobody to wake except Jane, which you might as well yell at the dead, or—" Samantha paused to give due effect to the close of her rebuke—"them as calls theirselves friends till so be they can prove it, when wild horses and *bal*-loons doesn't go off faster!"

"Continner on, Miss Dawson," returned Joanna Maria, suddenly and skillfully assuming a martyr-like meekness of tone and manner; "oh, continner on—don't mind me!"

"Now please be good, both of you," said Mabel, before the spinster could reply to this last remark. "Samantha, I know you appreciate Miss Bones's kindness—and you, Miss Bones, I am sure, would not allow yourself to be vexed or hurt by any impatience on the part of a person suffering as much as your friend is."

The two women looked at Mabel—then at each other.

"I've ben a actin' like a fool!" cried Samantha.

"Wal then, there's two of us!" rejoined Joanna Maria. "Now, Miss Jordan, jest you cut and run—we'll get on all right now! Samanthy, she's ben a little grumersome, and I've ben a little hash and gritty, but it don't mean nothing whatsumever."

So Mabel bade the pair good-by—ordered cook to send them up a nice dinner, and took her departure.

The friends spent an amicable evening, and though Miss Bones did not have the gratification of hearing nearly so much as she wished in regard to Ralph Desborough, she refrained from turning acid or bitter; consoling herself by the reflection that, close as Samantha was, she would learn more one day or another from those unwilling lips.

Miss Bones slept on a couch beside Samantha's bed. It was late before they retired to rest, as Samantha's foot, after conducting itself very tolerably during the earlier hours, chose to cause her the most excruciating agony just at the time when the two were beginning to think they should be better off in the land of dreams.

In consequence, when Miss Bones did fall asleep, she slumbered heavily till the dawn began to break. She was roused from beatific visions, in which Ralph Desborough told her that she was the one love of his youth, by loud calls and many pushes from Samantha.

"Joanna Maria! The room is so light—what is it?"

Miss Bones ran to a window, and saw flames bursting out of the tower beyond.

"It's fire!" she shrieked. "The house is on fire!"

"Run into the front hall and ring the big bell!" cried Samantha; "that'll rouse the whole village. Pull like all possessed, and don't leave off till everybody gets here!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

RALPH AGAIN.

WHEN Ralph Desborough recollected himself he had wandered so far from the village that it was past nine o'clock before he reached the railway station. He was just in time to see a train go out, and learned that no other would make any stop until the next morning.

He walked back into the town, and went to an hotel kept by a man who had been for several years in Mr. Harrington's service during Ralph's boyhood.

Tom Ringwood, who looked like the impersonation of a Thanksgiving dinner, was overjoyed to receive him as a guest—speedily had an excellent supper prepared, ordered the best room the house could afford put in readiness, and only regretted that he did not possess toilet articles of solid gold, and a night-shirt rich as a king's coronation robe, wherewith to supply the young gentleman's lack of luggage.

Of course, before Desborough had finished his meal, the landlord could not resist coming in for a chat. He brought a cobwebbed bottle, whose contents were too precious for it to be intrusted to any other hands, and set it on the table with the air of a man who felt that he had reached the crowning point in his hospitable intentions.

"You know what that is, Mr. Ralph?" said he, after dusting the precious article with as much care as if it had been a baby.

"It's the old Madeira," said Ralph, looking at the label.

"It is, and nothing shorter," returned Tom. "When I was sick two years ago, Mr. Harrington drove down to see me, and he brought me three bottles—Madeiry such as the Czar of Rooshy couldn't buy to-day. I drunk two bottles when I was getting well, and I saved this. I've had the Governor of the State here, and I've had two senators at a time, not to mention judges, and once an English lord—and a scrubby, red-headed fellow he was; but whatever I give 'em, I didn't give 'em this—no, no! Now it's a-going to be opened, for if when you come to my house it ain't what the French people call a feety, I don't know what a feety is any more than a Dutchman."

"Thanks, Ringwood. But you must sit down and drink a glass, too," Ralph said, not having the heart to refuse his offering and his society, no matter how little he might feel inclined for companionship.

Ringwood had, of course, to tell about the great disappointment it had been to everybody when it came out that there was no will—to hope that he meant to accept Mr. Reeves's proposal.

"It was a fine thing for him to make it," said honest Tom, "but only right—he'd have been a monster not, knowing that it was just touch and go that the will wasn't signed."

"It was very generous on Mr. Reeves's part," Ralph answered; "but what do I want with a fortune, at my age? Let's talk about something else."

"You'll make one, I'll be bound!" cried Tom. "Why, you've got a head on your shoulders such as one doesn't meet three times in a whole life, Mr. Ralph. And they do tell me you're doing wonderful in the painting line. Waters showed me a newspaper, one day when I was up to the house, with a long article about you. The old fellow was so pleased he didn't know whether he was a-foot or a-horseback."

"I can easily believe it," Ralph replied.

"Ay," said Tom; "They don't make many such hearts nowadays as he owns—I expect most of the best material has got used up."

Ralph laughed at the quaint conceit, and led the conversation away from matters personal to himself; but try as Ringwood might, he could not avoid going back to topics his guest would have been glad to avoid, though he knew the honest fellow was influenced by sincere interest, not curiosity.

Ralph could not help smiling when Tom told him that though many people believed Mr. Reeves was to marry Miss Jordan immediately, there was a story current that both had secretly turned Roman Catholics, and meant to convert the old house into a monastery or convent, they were not certain which; but the gossips were fully determined that something romantic and exciting should happen very soon.

At length Ralph requested to be shown to his room. Tom must do this, and wanted to prove that he had not forgotten how to act as valet, but Desborough assured him that he had been so long without such services that he should not know to accept them, which caused honest Tom to groan.

A firm faith that Ralph Desborough ought to be rich and petted, and see only the sunshiny side of life, was somehow always uppermost in the minds of his acquaintances. Had he been ugly and ungainly, instead of so handsome and possessing a tongue golden as Chrysostom's, probably they would have considered Destiny's black bread quite as good food as he deserved. Preach as we will, beauty is a wonderful power; and when you add thereto the gift of fascinating manners, then it becomes nearly irresistible.

Once left alone, Ralph, in spite of his wise intentions, sat thinking—thinking! He was sorry for his conduct of the day; the girl deserved it, but he was sorry. It would have been the more dignified course simply to have sent her the proofs of her mother's marriage without a word; he wished he had done so. The taste of his vengeance (if it could be called such) left a bitter taste in his mouth—he felt degraded in his own sight for having been weak enough to desire even a triumph in such a cause.

How beautiful she had looked in her sad reverie! Why, in spite of everything, it seemed impossible she could be not only hard and mercenary, but absolutely a criminal! In spite of the evidence of his own senses, it seemed incredible that so lovely a creature could be a sort of realization of the scriptural assertion of the power of evil to transform itself into an angel of light.

He had lied to his soul when he declared that he hated her. Neither hatred nor scorn would come to his aid—he loved her! It was useless to shut his eyes—to cheat himself—he loved her! Well, at least he need not venture within her reach again; time, certainly, would cure his infatuation—the indifference he had longed for must overtake him at length.

Yet even while thinking this, the desire to see her—to hear her voice, surged up in its strength; the love which he had trodden down, denied, disowned, rose so burning and so strong that he knew, could she have appeared before him, he should have fallen at her feet and begged her to deceive him anew—to make him forget the past!

It was very late before he went to bed; and for some time afterward he feared that one of the wakeful nights whose weariness he had so often proven during the last two years was in store for him; but physical fatigue mastered the restless imagination—he fell asleep and slumbered heavily for several hours.

He was wakened suddenly by a loud knocking at his door—wakened from a dream of those heavenly days at Hillside. He woke so quickly, with his dream so strong upon his mind, that he called out:

"Yes, Turner, yes!"

For he thought it was the landlord of the old, quiet mountain inn, come to waken him for the expedition he and Mabel had planned.

"Ah, my God, sometimes I think this faculty of living over the old times in sleep, is the bitterest of all the bitter gifts granted us poor creatures—half clay, half divine!

Then he was wide awake and knew where he was. The gray dawn gleamed coldly in through the shutters. The wind sighed dismally without, and he heard Tom Ringwood's voice, calling:

"Mr. Desborough—get up! get up! The old house on the hill is a-fire! There's no engine, and we must all go!"

Ralph sprang out of bed and in rushed Tom with a candle and incoherent explanations as unnecessary as the light, for Ralph flung open the shutters, and they could see the column of fire and smoke rising above the trees through the pale, cruel gleam of the morning.

Desborough got quickly into his clothes, and hastened down stairs with Ringwood—along the road and up through the grounds.

"The bell woke me," Tom said, as they ran on—the fat man getting over the ground at an incredible speed. "I knew the devil must be to pay—that bell hasn't rung for years—not since Mr. Harrington used to be well enough to have visitors in the house; it rang for them to dress for dinner. Blest if my first thought wasn't that I was in his employ yet, and had fallen asleep in the pantry! What fools we mortals be, after all!"

"What fools we mortals be!" echoed Ralph, under his breath.

People were hurrying along before and behind them, and when they reached the scene of disaster, half the population of the town appeared to be gathered on the spot.

The fire had broken out in the tower, which flanked the pile of buildings beyond the wing that communicated with the rooms Mr. Harrington had occupied. Workmen had been repairing the gas-pipes—some careless fellow had left a jet burning in a chamber of the tower, close to an open window. Toward morning a wind rose, and blew a curtain to and fro until it caught fire. But the flames were not confined to the turret; the light breeze blew them straight across until they lodged upon a tower at the further end, and, though the main building was roofed with slates, the wings were covered with shingles which, dried by the long Summer's drought, burned like tinder.

A terrible confusion reigned; everybody was willing to work, but nobody appeared able to take the lead and direct the rest so as to render their efforts of any efficiency.

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Ralph Desborough put himself in the gap; his very presence, as soon as he was recognized, animated the crowd, with whom he was a favorite, and his quick judgment seized upon the best mode of directing their zeal.

Luckily there was water enough to be had; not only the wells intended for the needs of the house were full, but several great cisterns, arranged for the watering of the gardens and supplying the fountains which decorated the lawn, contained a plentiful supply.

"See that Miss Jordan is safe, and all the women!" was the command Ralph gave Tom Ringwood as they neared the dwelling, and Tom hastened to obey his behest without a question, certain that it must be the best thing he could do, since Mr. Ralph had ordered it.

At once Ralph established lines of men from the cisterns to the house; the buckets passed up full along one row, and returned empty along the other. There were the two fires to fight at either extremity of the buildings, for with the capriciousness a conflagration so often shows, the sparks from the tower passed over the intervening roofs to lodge upon the companion turret which flanked the other end of the great mansion.

Ralph did not content himself with directing—like a successful leader in a battle, he was present everywhere. The ladders were placed—he was the first to ascend. Having established men on the southern tower, he ran down to take the lead in mounting the other. As he was running across the green at the back of the mansion, he met Ringwood returning from the fulfillment of his errand.

"Miss Jordan is not in the house," he said; "the housekeeper, Samantha Dawson, is in the left wing, very ill—she is terribly frightened, yet she won't be moved."

"She must be!" said Ralph. "Wait here till I come back!"

He dashed off to arrange his lines for the northern turret.

"Take all the furniture out of the tower-rooms," was his order to another set of men, "and pile it up in the halls that lead to the main building—do it carefully, there's no haste; we shall stop the fire long before it can even really harm the wings."

He saw the work begun; stopped to lend a hand and insure perfect composure; then he returned to Ringwood.

They entered the house, and went up the smaller staircase to the apartments occupied by Mabel and Samantha. Miss Bones met them; she had dressed herself, but had rendered her attire somewhat peculiar by retaining her night-cap and winding a table-cover over her gown.

"My preserver!" she cried, and made a dash at Ralph; but the table-cover got in her way and blinded her, and she plunged straight into the arms of Tom Ringwood, who lost his head, and shouted "Fire, fire!" with all his might.

"Get out!" cried Samantha's voice from the bedroom. "I won't have any men here—get out!"

Ralph left poor Ringwood struggling in the frantic embrace of Joanna Maria, opened a window, called two men from below to come up; and when they arrived he went into Samantha's chamber.

"Miss Dawson——" he began, but could get no further. The old maid uttered an awful yell, and buried her head in the bed-covers.

"That's right," he said—"lie still."

"Ugh! oh! get out!" howled Samantha.

"You are a woman of sense," he continued. "The wing may burn—you don't want to. I am going to have you carried through the hall into the main building. Lie perfectly still; nobody will see you. Keep your head covered, and you can't get cold."

"Oh! ugh! oh!" gurgled Samantha.

At the same instant Joanna Maria's voice rose in a shrill scream, exclaiming:

"If it ain't fat Tom Ringwood! He's no good!"

"D-darn!" shouted Tom. "Don't pinch me, Miss Bones! I can stand a deal of hugging, but I won't be pinched!"

"You're a brute!" cried Miss Bones.

"My compliments, ma'am," said Tom.

The men appeared. With the aid of Ralph and Ringwood they carried the bed across the hall and through several chambers, into a room in the middle of the house. Joanna Maria followed in silence.

"Now you are all right, Miss Dawson," said Ralph.

"Pre—preserver!" cried Joanna Maria, rushed forward, laid her nightcap-border on Ralph's shoulder, and immediately developed a tendency toward hysterics.

"Miss Bones," said Ralph, "I must leave your sick friend to your care. I know I can trust to your good sense. You are both quite safe here—make her understand that——"

Before he could finish his sentence, in rushed a couple of terrified females—the cook and chambermaid—each in a more remarkable attire than the other, though bed-quilts formed the groundwork of both their dresses, and began to dance and howl.

"It's Mr. Ralph!" howled cook. "Save us! save us! we're being burned alive!"

"So I will, cook, if you'll be quiet," said Ralph. "Now, Miss Bones," he added, turning toward the dressmaker, "I depend on you to establish and keep order here."

Miss Bones draped the table-cover about her into a sort of Roman toga, and cried:

"I will! Cook, don't be a fool! Fanny, stop curlicuing about like a crazy top, or I'll shake you!"

"They'll do," said Tom Ringwood, hurrying after Ralph, and paused at the door to add: "Miss Bones, if they don't behave as you tell 'em, try pinchin'. You're a trooper at it, I'll certify!"

"You ornery cretur'!" ejaculated Joanna Maria, turned her back on him, and boxed Fanny's ears by way of having a little relief to her feelings.

So down-stairs rushed Ralph. He seemed, as the men said afterward, to be everywhere at once—did the work of three men, and all the while directed operations to such good purpose that the fire, so far from reaching the main building, was kept from seriously injuring the wings, though it certainly seemed at first that everything must go, the flames had obtained such headway.

Nothing tragic ever occurs without a score of ludicrous incidents to belittle it. While toiling so desperately that it did not seem to him he noticed, Ralph had a perfect recollection of having seen Jane, the object of much objurgation on the part of Samantha and Waters from her unfortunate lack of memory and propensity to blunders, tear madly across the green, in very scanty draperies and a very large nightcap. She wildly assaulted each person she met, and at length—it would sound incredible, only that everybody who has seen a fire has witnessed scenes just as impossible—she climbed a tree with the agility of a squirrel, and sat perched among the branches, looking like a gigantic white owl, and hooting as loudly as a large family of that species of bird could have done.

Then some well-disposed but foolish man, after vainly trying to persuade her to descend, shook the tree until she was forced to slide down the trunk to keep herself from falling; and she alighted directly on the amiably injudicious person's head, and sent him forward upon all-fours. He attempted to crawl out from beneath his burthen, but Jane clung about his neck with both arms, and actually rode for some distance on his back; making a sort of caricature of a Hindoo princess performing a funeral journey upon an imperfectly trained and very unwieldy young elephant, while their united cries sounded like the lamentations of a large procession of heathen mourners.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN THE TOWER.

WHEN it was certain that the flames had been completely extinguished the crowd slowly dispersed after giving three hearty cheers for Ralph Desborough, and at least two scores of enthusiastic people insisting upon shaking his hand with as much energy as if it had been a pump-handle and the fire still in full progress.

At last Ralph got away, hurried round an angle of the building and entered the wing of the tower in which the work of destruction had begun.

He sat down there to escape human society for a little. Gradually all sounds ceased—the final stragglers had gone; a stillness, which seemed increased by its contrast to the late tumult, succeeded. Ralph lost himself in one of the deep, morbid reveries in which for the last year he had been only too prone to indulge. He had meant to rest for a few minutes only; but when he roused out of his gloomy, profitless meditation, and passed through the hall to the veranda, which ran along that side of the house, he heard the stable-clock striking eight.

It was a lovely morning; the sun shone through a soft golden haze, the belated birds Ralph had heard on the preceding day were singing in the elms; a faint breeze brought pleasant odors from the wood, and nature as usual seemed to have no sympathy to offer either for the havoc wrought to the work of man, or with the sorrowful heart of the human being who stood gazing about upon the scene.

Let him look well upon the familiar and beloved objects, was Ralph's thought—he was not likely to see them soon again! The old house would become the home of Mabel Jordan and Charles Reeves; he wished the pair no harm, nay, he could safely say now that he cherished no enmity toward them, neither for the weak treachery of the one nor the harsh suspicions and the stern, unjust judgments of the other. But he wanted his life to lead so far aloof from theirs that not even the sound of their names would ever meet his ear. So he was not likely to stand here again—let him look well about! This time, when he turned his back upon his boyhood's home, the separation from its old existence would be complete.

Suddenly he heard a child's voice exclaim

"There he is! Oh, Mr. Ralph! Mr. Ralph!"

He turned and saw little Nettie Graves dancing toward him, while Charles Reeves followed. Ralph would gladly have escaped the meeting, but as it was impossible, he must make the best use of Nettie's presence to avoid the useless pain of a *tête-à-tête*.

"Why, Nettie!" he said. "I am very glad to see you! So you are still here! But where were you last night!"

"Down in New York! I went with them to meet Uncle Charles—that's Mr. Reeves; he says I am to call him so," replied Nettie; then began to call: "Hurry, Hurry, Uncle Charles! Here is Mr. Ralph!"

Reeves came up, holding out both hands.

"Haven't you a word of welcome for me, Ralph!" he exclaimed. "God knows how glad I am to see you!"

It seemed to Ralph Desborough that the last bitter memory faded out of his mind—he did not even hesitate; he stretched forth his two hands and grasped Reeves's heartily.

"Welcome home!" he said; "welcome home!"

"Thanks, Ralph," returned the other; and as Desborough looked at him, he saw that the stern eyes were full of tears.

Luckily Nettie was there, dancing about, and eager to claim the attention of both. Her presence brought the meeting back to the safe ground of the commonplace.

"We had such a fright!" she cried. "We expected to see the house burned down—and it's all right! And oh, Mr. Ralph, I am so glad to see you! And Uncle Charles has brought me such lovely things from Europe—and he says he'll take me there some day. Won't you go with us? Promise, Mr. Ralph, promise!"

Ralph patted her head, and Mr. Reeves said, with a smile:

"Be quiet, chatterbox! If you go on in this crazy fashion, you will lose your reputation for being the wisest small woman in the world."

"But I *am* so glad to see Ralph!"

"So am I," returned Mr. Reeves.

And again he grasped Desborough's hands.

Ralph saw now that he was greatly changed. His hair and beard were quite gray, and there was an expression in his face which had never been there before—the look of a man who has fought a battle and gained a victory. And this was what Charles Reeves had done; he had suffered, but he had conquered. He came back able to say to his soul that he could regard Mabel Jordan as his friend—his daughter. The dream was laid at rest for ever; only the long conflict had left deep, ineffaceable traces. There is no victory without bloodshed. All the same, he knew that he could be a contented old man if he might see the clouds cleared which separated Mabel and Ralph. He had reached a height where he was clear-sighted enough to know that he might easily find in the sight of their happiness a fullness of peace which the realization of his dream—misplaced and out of season, at his age, as May flowers in an Autumn garden—could never have afforded.

"You must have taken an early start, to reach here at this hour," said Ralph, just to say something that should keep the conversation on ordinary grounds.

"Indeed we did," Mr. Reeves answered. "The telegraph clerk in the village could think of nothing better to do than to send a dispatch at daylight to poor Waters that the house was on fire—it happened he had met Waters at the station, and knew what hotel we were at."

"The idiot!" said Ralph.

"Well, yes; I believe it can't be a slander to call him so," replied Reeves, trying to laugh. "So Waters woke me, and of course we could not wait a moment longer than was absolutely necessary. Poor Waters was nearly frantic, as you may imagine."

"Yes, indeed!"

"Luckily we were in season for the morning express, so our suspense has not lasted very long," added Mr. Reeves.

"Mrs. Craycroft and I were in such a fright when they woke us!" cried Nettie.

"You remember my sister-in-law?" Reeves asked.

"Oh, very well," said Ralph.

"She will be delighted to see you—you were always a great favorite of hers. When you were a little fellow she used to say you were the only charming boy that ever lived."

"I recollect she always appeared to me to have an inexhaustible store of sugar-plums in her reticule," said Ralph.

"So she has yet!" cut in Nettie. "She gives them to me

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till Miss Mabel says she will ruin my stomach—but how could sugar-plums do that?"

The mention of Mabel's name set Mr. Reeves talking very fast—he dreaded its effect on Desborough.

"It appears that if it had not been for you, Ralph, the dear old house would not have escaped as it has. We met nearly the whole village on the road from the station, and your name was in every mouth! The neighbors always worshiped you, but now you are a hero in their eyes. I expect they will be content with nothing less than giving you a sort of presidential reception—so be prepared."

"Everybody worked well," returned Ralph, and pulled out his watch, meaning to say something about the necessity for his catching the next train; but Mr. Reeves gave him no opportunity.

"So the fire broke out in this tower? Come along and let's see what damage has been done," he said, hastily.

"I'll go too, mayn't I?" cried Nettie, seizing Ralph's hand. "Come—come! I want to hear all you did, Ralphy, darling!"

"The small princess must have her way," said Reeves, laughing—glad of the child's eagerness.

And indeed, thanks to her, Ralph could not escape; so they entered the house, passed through the lower rooms of the left wing and mounted the tower stairs.

As they disappeared indoors, Mabel Jordan reached the house. The rector's dwelling stood at some distance from the village—at the opposite end from that where the Harrington mansion was situated. Mabel and the two servants had been occupied in taking care of Miss Morgan until after two o'clock; then the spasms ceased—she fell asleep, and the others slept, too, tired by their watch—slept so soundly that the bell did not rouse them.

Mabel knew nothing of what had happened until she went down-stairs in the morning—the baker had just brought the news. Her first thought was of the bronze box which she had hidden in the tower!

She hastened home as fast as she could go. She found Mrs. Craycroft in the room to which Samantha had been removed. Miss Bones was there too, and the three women began to cry at sight of Mabel. Samantha whimpered, contritely:

"He saved me, Mabel—he saved me! Oh, I feel such a brute!"

"She means Mr. Desborough," said Joanna Maria. "Miss Jordan, he looked like the archangel Michael—he did, and I'd say it before the whole meeting-house, if they *did* call it swearing!"

Mabel was wild with eagerness to escape, but she had to soothe Samantha, and Mrs. Craycroft clung to her, upset and hysterical. Presently Jane appeared with the coffee-tray for the invalid.

"Oh, Miss Mabel!" she cried.

"You'll turn the waiter topsy-turvy!" shouted Miss Bones.

"Mr. Ralph has gone into the tower with Mr. Reeves, to see what harm is done," responded Jane, as dolefully as if she were announcing the death of both gentlemen.

"There goes the coffee-pot!" cried Joanna Maria.

Mabel broke away from Mrs. Craycroft, and ran like a demented creature along the corridor toward the southern wing.

Ralph and Mr. Reeves were standing looking about in one of the tower rooms. The roof and a portion of the walls were greatly injured, still the damage could not be called very serious. Little Nettie, unobserved, had run in into the inner chamber; suddenly they heard her call:

"Mr. Ralph—Uncle Charles—come quick! Just see what I have found!"

They entered the room; Nettie was pointing to a corner where the oak paneling had been warped and cracked by the action of the fire.

"See—see!" she cried.

"Why, look there, Ralph!" said Mr. Reeves. "I never knew there was a closet in the wainscot! The heat has forced the door open—it must have been a secret one."

"I've an idea Mr. Harrington told me of it when I was a child, but I had forgotten," returned Ralph.

"There's a box on the shelf!" cried Nettie; "a beautiful, shiny box—that's what I wanted you to see—away up high,' and she flung the door wide open, showing the bronze casket set on an upper shelf of the closet.

"What can that be?" exclaimed Mr. Reeves. "Try if you can reach it, Ralph—you are taller than I."

Desborough stood on tiptoe, and managed to seize the box; it slipped from his hands, struck the floor with such force that the lid burst off and a roll of paper fell out.

"Look—look!" shouted Nettie, in wild excitement. She snatched up the document and handed it to Mr. Reeves. He unfolded the sheet—glanced down the page, and exclaimed:

"Good God! A will—Gilbert's will that we could not find!"

There was a terrible cry from the door. Mabel Jordan rushed in, shrieking:

"Let it alone—it is mine—let it alone!"

She struggled frantically with Mr. Reeves to snatch the paper; he held it beyond her reach; little Nettie screamed. Ralph stood silently watching the frenzied girl; at last he pitied her—pitied her down to the very depths of his heart. Her sin had found her out! She had not dared to burn the dead man's testament, and now it had reached the light!

"Be still, Mabel!" cried Mr. Reeves. "Ralph, read this!"

He held Mabel back with one hand, with the other gave the paper to the young man.

It was Mr. Harrington's will which Ralph regarded, but it was dated six months before his death, and it bequeathed the whole of his vast fortune to Mabel Jordan!

Ralph was speechless.

"Now you know the truth!" cried the despairing girl. "He would do it, in spite of all my prayers! When he was dead I stole it—I had the right! I knew the other will was not signed! I knew you hated me too deeply to touch a penny from my hands, but I thought you would from Charles Reeves! Oh, if I had only burned it—if I had only burned it!"

She tottered back into a chair—in another instant Ralph Desborough was kneeling at her feet.

"Only forgive me!" he moaned. "I can never look in your face again—but forgive me before I go! I think God never will—but do you?"

"Ralph," Mabel whispered, opening her eyes and looking down at him with a heavenly smile; "Ralph!"

Just then Waters peered into the room. Charles Reeves caught Nettie up in his arms—hurried forward—pushed the old man gently back—followed him out, and closed the door.

"Leave them alone," he said. "Ah, friend, our prayers are answered at last—leave them alone!"

A long hour after, the three still waited; Nettie sitting hushed and awed in Mr. Reeves's embrace. Then the door opened again, and the young pair appeared, hand-in-hand, smiling through the mists of happy tears.

No words were needed to tell those who loved them so fondly what that coming meant.

THE END.

FORKS AND FINGERS.

The introduction of the silver or four-pronged fork was an important reform in the economy of the dinner-table. And this description of fork certainly came into use at a comparatively remote period. It is told of Gay's Duchess of Queensbury, the "Kitty, beautiful and young," of Prior, that she was wont to exclaim, on perceiving a "hyperborean squire" raising peas to his abominable mouth on the end of his knife, "Oh, stop him! stop him! The man's going to commit suicide!" Yet the squire had a good defense, if silver forks were not yet introduced. He was eating peas in almost the only possible way—certainly the most established way. And this must have been some hundred and fifty years ago. It would seem, however, that it was about the time of the French Revolution that silver forks came to be recognized as not less necessary to an elegant dinner-table than silver spoons. Now-a-days, to reproach a man for using a silver fork would be as absurd as to blame him for having a clean face. It has been pointed out, indeed, that in these times the cheap counterfeits of silver have made the decent four-pronged fork less costly than the "two-pronged steel barbarism" of the past. Nevertheless, the charge of being a member of the "Silver-fork School" retained its sting and offensiveness long after its legitimate significance had departed. The silver fork, or its plated substitute, had become a common object, an "element of social decorum" universally diffused, long before it had ceased to be employed as a term of ridicule and a means of satire. As we have seen, Thackeray was very careful to limit his liability as a member of the "Silver-fork School."

Isaac Disraeli tells us how, upon their first introduction, the most useful and agreeable acquisitions of domestic life run the risk of suppression and rejection because of the ridicule and invective they encounter. "The repulsive effect produced upon mankind by the mere strangeness of a thing which at length we find established among our indispensable conveniences, or by a practice which has now become one of our habits, must be ascribed sometimes to a proud perversity in our nature, sometimes to the crossing of our interest, and to that repugnance to alter what is known for that which has not been sanctioned by our experience." Only a century ago a gentleman could not carry an umbrella through the streets of London without incurring the clamor and derision of the chair-porters and hackney coachmen, who perceived that the innovation threatened injury to their trade. As late as in 1778, one John Macdonald, a footman, who published his autobiography, states that, carrying in London a fine silk umbrella he had brought from Spain, he "could not with any comfort to himself use it, the people calling out after him, 'Frenchman, why don't you get a coach?'" The fork, upon its introduction, was very similarly viewed.

By our early dramatists, notably those of the times of James I. and Charles I., the fork was considered as a strange thing, evidencing affectation and effeminacy on the part of those employing it. Before the Restoration there seems, indeed, to have been no general use of the fork. And stress was laid upon the difficulty of using it—the art had to be acquired; Englishmen were then as clumsy with their forks as they are now in plying Chinese chopsticks. In Ben Jonson's play of "Volpone," *Sir Politic Wouldbe* counsels *Peregrine*, a gentleman who is about to travel:—

> "Then must you learn the use
> And handling of your silver fork at meals."

Elsewhere Jonson alludes to—

> "The laudable use of forks
> To the sparing of napkins."

And in one of his plays, Massinger speaks contemptuously of—

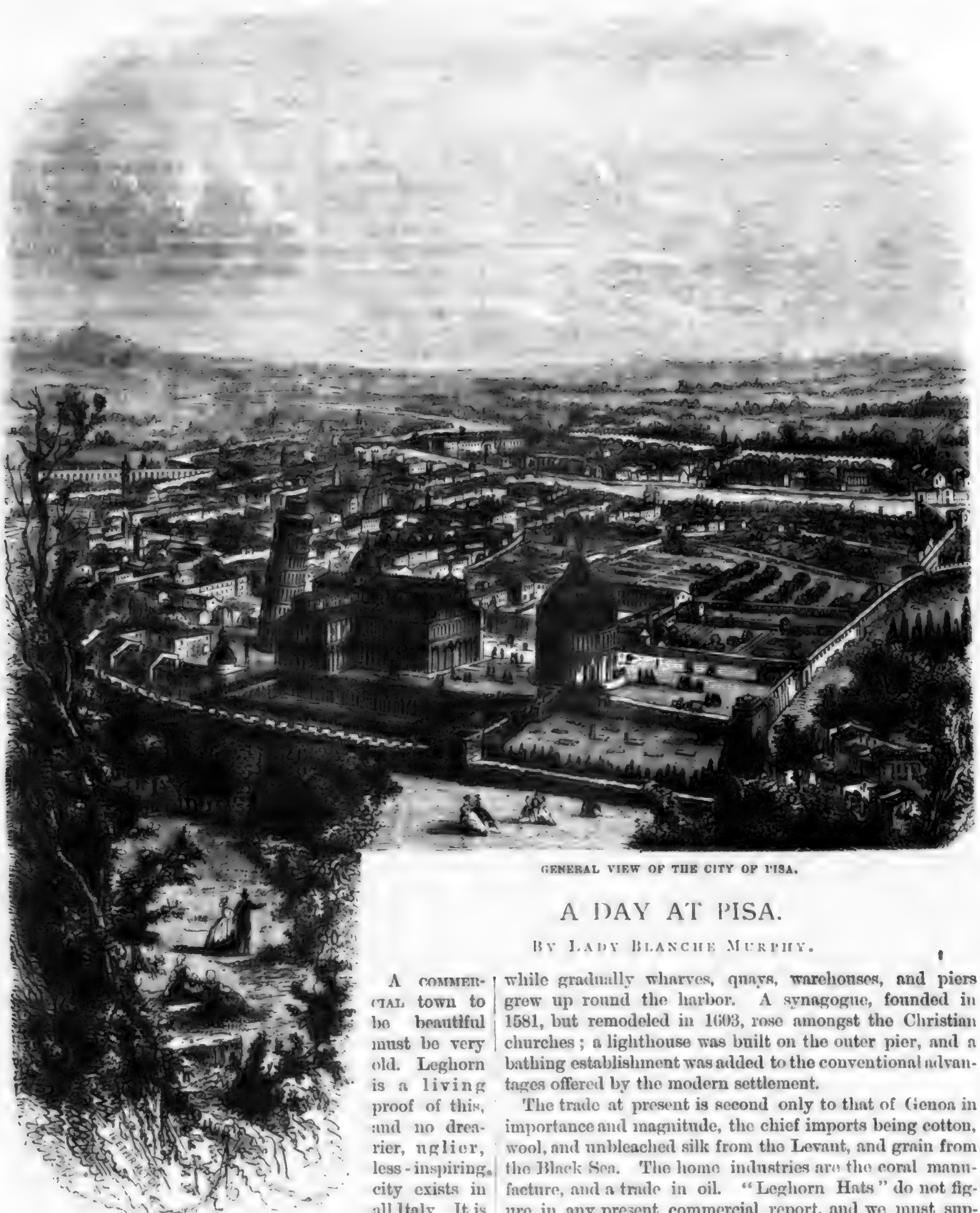
> "Thy case of toothpicks and thy silver forks."

England, however, was surpassed in opposition to the introduction of the fork from Italy by Germany, where certain uncleanly saints actually preached against the innovation as "an insult on Providence not to touch our meals with our fingers."

The proverbial saying of "Fingers were made before forks," may probably be traced to English prejudice upon the subject. One does not like to think that William Shakespeare never used a fork at dinner, or that the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots was accustomed to tear her food with her fingers; yet that such was the case can scarcely be doubted. In the days of Queen Elizabeth a fork was such a rarity that an English traveler of the period brought home with him a full description of the instrument.

The dinner-table of the past must have looked unsightly enough, owing to the untidy habits of the diners; they scattered on the cloth all their bones and scraps and parings. Presently a servant with a long wooden "voiding-knife," scraped the fragments into a basket, called a "voider." It should be mentioned, however, that forks were not unknown in England, even at a very early period; traces of forks and spoons have even been found of the Anglo-Saxon era. But it seems clear that they were never employed at this time to lift meat to the mouth; they were used only by the highest classes to eat fruit with at dessert, or to take sopped bread or cake out of wine. They were articles of luxury, made of costly materials, and oftentimes studded with jewels.

Isaac Disraeli describes toothpicks as the "younger brothers" of forks. This relationship has unfortunately led at times to the mistaking of one brother for the other. The crime of eating peas with a knife found correspondence in the enormity of picking the teeth with a fork. There is a caricature by Gilray, of which Thackeray makes amusing mention, which represents the Prince of Wales, afterward Prince Regent and George IV., in times when His Royal Highness was a Foxite, "sitting alone in a magnificent hall after a voluptuous meal, and using a great steel fork in the guise of a toothpick. Fancy the most elegant Prince of Europe engaged with a two-pronged iron fork—the heir of Britannia with a *bident!*" And readers of the "Book of Snobs" may remember the author's account of how he was once himself taken for a snob, and how he drove Lieutenant-Colonel Snobley, an insufferable snob, from the Imperial Hotel at Bagnigge Wells, whither both had resorted to drink the waters. "I felt that I should never get any benefit of the waters so long as he remained. . . . He wore japanned boots and mustaches; he lisped, drawled, and left the 'r's' out of his words; he was always flourishing about and smoothing his lacquered whiskers with a huge, flaming bandanna, that filled the room with an odor of musk so stifling that I determined to do battle with that snob, and that either he or I should quit that inn. I first began harmless conversation, frightening him exceedingly, for he did not know what to do when I attacked, and had never the slightest notion that anybody would take such a liberty as to speak *first;* then I handed him the paper; then, as he would take no notice of these advances, I used to look him in the face steadily, and—*use my fork in the light of a toothpick!* After two mornings of this practice he could bear it no longer, and finally quitted the place. Should the colonel see this, will he remember the gent who asked him if he thought Publicoaler was a fine writer, and drove him from the hotel with a four-pronged fork?"



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF PISA.

A DAY AT PISA.

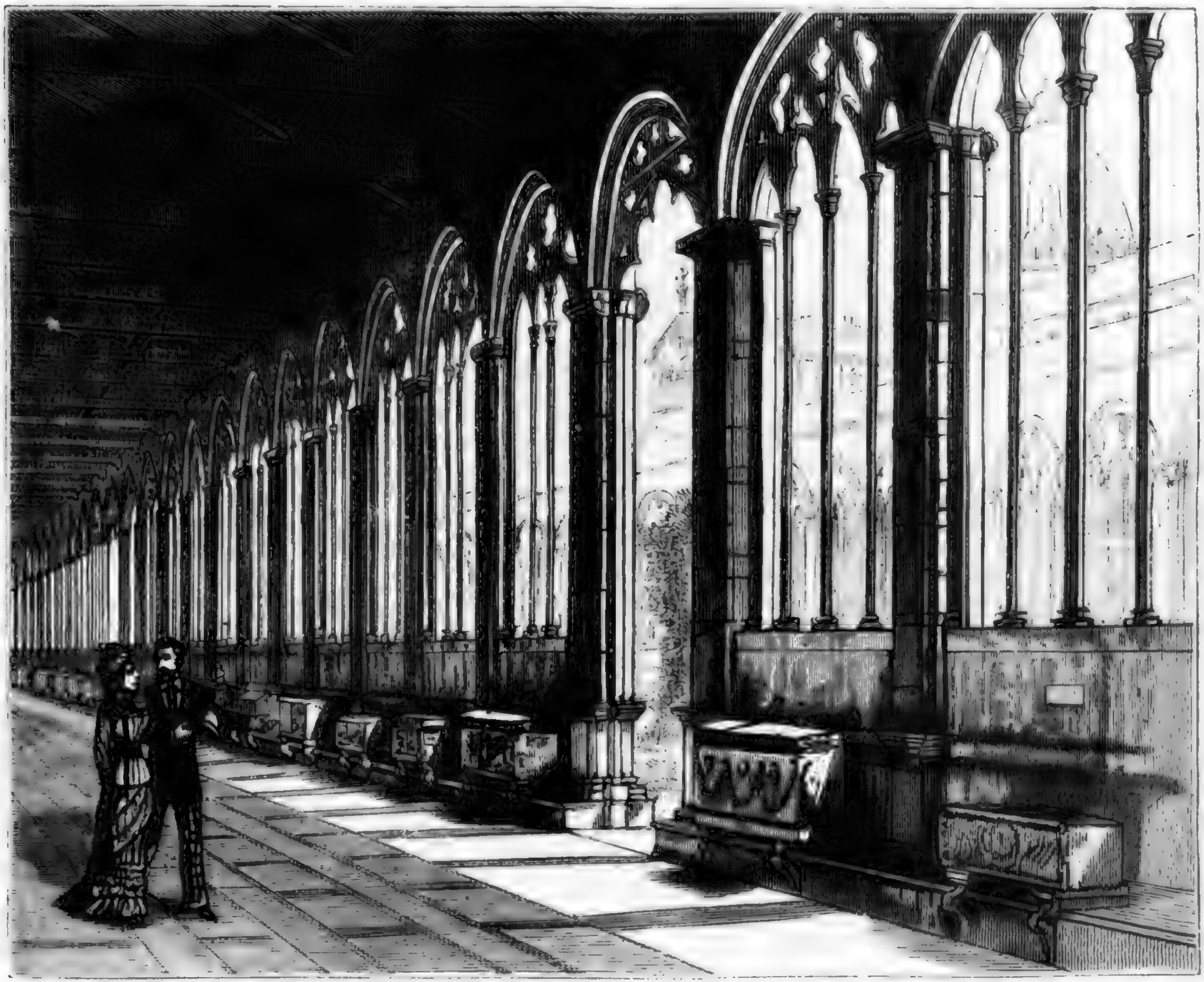
By Lady Blanche Murphy.

A COMMERCIAL town to be beautiful must be very old. Leghorn is a living proof of this, and no drearier, uglier, less-inspiring city exists in all Italy. It is that anomaly in Italy, a new town—a town with a history which begins long after that of the great Italian municipalities had ceased, and which can boast of religious toleration. In fact Leghorn—a small village in the middle of the sixteenth century—was created by the policy of the Medici, as a rival to Genoa, and a refuge for merchants of persecuted religions throughout Europe. English Catholics, Spanish and Portuguese Jews, and French Huguenots crowded to Leghorn, and lived at peace with one another; while gradually wharves, quays, warehouses, and piers grew up round the harbor. A synagogue, founded in 1581, but remodeled in 1603, rose amongst the Christian churches; a lighthouse was built on the outer pier, and a bathing establishment was added to the conventional advantages offered by the modern settlement.

The trade at present is second only to that of Genoa in importance and magnitude, the chief imports being cotton, wool, and unbleached silk from the Levant, and grain from the Black Sea. The home industries are the coral manufacture, and a trade in oil. "Leghorn Hats" do not figure in any present commercial report, and we must suppose that the name of these once fashionable and ever-useful articles is an arbitrary one.

A more hopeless place than Leghorn for the artist or the tourist does not exist in Italy. Flourishing, populous, rich, well-built, it is also white, uniform, and ugly. The churches themselves are tawdry, third-rate, disappointing. The shops are brilliant, Parisian, and unpicturesque. The people are brisk, matter-of-fact, and of mixed breed. The pleasures are cockney—you might think the ghosts of the bands of Brighton or Long Branch were revived in the band which plays every evening on the beach during the bathing season; the reading-room or club, the hotels, the *cafés*, are all distressing copies of smart French models. The houses are white, rectangular, and monotonously alike; and you escape with a sigh of relief into the equally modern railroad carriage, which will carry you in a quarter of an hour to Genoa's ancient, stately, and once successful rival, Pisa.

Many people think Pisa the synonym for dullness; they have spent a Winter there—for it is full of English and American residents, the climate being especially suited for invalids, and good for all lung diseases. The proud, Crusading, maritime Republic, whose medieval prosperity lasted long enough to crowd its capital with fine buildings and works of art, subsists to-day chiefly on its colony of foreign invalids, and the hotels and surroundings which such a colony involves. To people who go there for health, and can only take the air at stated times and in stated proportions, it may seem a dull place; what would they think, however, of the inner towns of Umbria; the unexplored mountain towns of the Apennines; the historical, sleepy market towns of the Romagna? Each of these is a treasure to the artist, and a delight to the antiquary. In one you find a library, valuable and obscure, hidden in a monastery; in another a *savant*, often a priest, whose resources astonish you, and who is content to spend his life without making a noise in the world, and at most, using his learning for the benefit of some stray enthusiast from the North; in another, you discover a collection of manuscript music of days anterior to Palestrina, in the possession of a local musician as poor as he is learned.



IN THE CAMPO SANTO, PISA.

Much as there is to be discovered under the mounds that mark buried cities in Greece, Egypt, Mesopotamia, and Palestine, there is as much treasured in silence or in ignorance throughout the minor towns, and especially the less-visited monasteries of northern and central Italy. To all this, Pisa is by comparison a gay and giddy capital.

For two centuries Pisa ruled the Mediterranean, fought the Infidel on the African, Sicilian and Italian shores, conquered Sardinia and the Balearic Islands from the Saracens, and claimed sovereignty over all the Mediterranean islands from La Spezia to Civita Vecchia. In the Ghibelline wars she took the Emperors' side, rather to spite Guelphic Genoa and Florence than from principle; and when the Guelph, or national, party triumphed, she suffered accordingly. Her zeal against the Saracens did not entail devotion to the Papal court, and by the influence of the latter she lost Sardinia, which fell by Papal investiture to the Kings of Aragon, and Corsica, which Genoa claimed as the spoils of the victor after a defeat of the Pisans at sea near Leghorn, where they lost twenty-nine galleys, and saw seven more sunk by the Genoese. The beginning of the fourteenth century saw the decline of the Republic, which was afterward torn by factions, sacked and ransomed by rival mercenary captains, and finally sold to the Medici, in whose possession it remained until the French Revolution. After that, and until the incorporation of Tuscany into the Kingdom of Italy, it still counted as a Tuscan town.

One episode of the civil wars of early days was made immortal by Dante; and the famous "Tower of Hunger," the scene of the ghastly death by starvation of Count Ugolino dei Gherardeschi, with his sons and nephews, stood, as late as 1655, opposite the palace-convent of the Knights of St. Stephen, an ancient military Italian Order, of the same kind as the Orders of Templars and of the Knights of Malta. The church adjoining the convent is a fine Renaissance building, a little florid and redundant in detail; but such things pass away from one's mind when one looks at the Turkish trophies brought from the fight of Lepanto, which is commemorated, among other victories over the Turks, by frescoes on the ceiling. This Piazza dei Cavalieri was the heart of the old city, and the forum of the previous Roman Republic, named by Augustus, "Colonia Julia Pisana"; while the Church of San Sisto, also a national monument of several victories won over the infidel, stood almost on this Piazza, and was frequently used by the stout-hearted Great Council as a place of assembly.

It would be impossible to count and describe half the churches, mostly thirteenth and fourteenth century buildings, with their multitude of fine pictures; their ancient crypts, as that of San Michele in Borgo, supposed to occupy the site of an old heathen temple; their cloisters and bell-towers, as those of San Francesco; or the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, a small, octagonal building, rich with carving; or that of Santa Maria della Spina, a small, beautiful structure, not unlike the Sainte Chapelle at Paris. A portion of the Crown of Thorns is said to be preserved in the treasury, and gives its name to the church, whose tapering spire and pinnacles make it a very prominent object on the river quay. It seems to rise almost from the water, when you stand and look at it from the opposite side of the Arno, which at this point is as narrow and sluggish as a canal. The Spina, as it is familiarly called, was built in 1230, in fulfillment of a vow, by two Pisan families, the Gualandi and the Gattosi, for sailors about to put to sea, and was enlarged a century later, as well as embellished with bas-reliefs by Pisan sculptors. Both it and the relic of the Crown of Thorns are trophies of the Crusades, and tokens of what chiefly raised Pisa to its temporary sovereignty. I have dwelt on this church rather than on the many others in the city, because, excepting the Cathedral, it is the one which struck me most, and left the most distinctive impression on my memory, among the many sights which had to be crowded in during a short day.

The coast steamers from Genoa to Rome used to make their journeys by night, stopping at Leghorn during the intervening day; and it was in this interval that we visited the city of Galileo. Many remembrances of the great astronomer are interwoven throughout the sights of Pisa; here, on the quay named after him, the Lung-Arno Galileo, still stands the house where he was born, in 1564; there the university, or *La Sapienzer* (wisdom), as many Italian universities were called, where, in 1610, he was appointed Professor of Mathematics, and which building, dating from the year of the discovery of America, includes the court where he often walked, the library where he sometimes studied, the Museum of Natural History and the Botanical Garden, which already, in his time, illustrated the botany, geology and ornithology of Tuscany, as well as, by isolated specimens, that of more tropical climes. The Piazza del Duomo has its own Galilean traditions, for it is said that he made use of the oblique position of the famous Leaning Tower in some of his experiments regarding the laws of gravitation; while the swaying of the great bronze lamp in the nave of the cathedral first suggested to him the notion of the pendulum.

To those who, like the writer, consider the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the Golden Age of Gothic architecture, Pisa is a very alluring place, having less of the Renaissance coating than any other Italian town of its size and importance. Few succumbed so early, and few were as proportionately successful at such an early period. The works of art and religion that marked the time, remained almost the only ones, for lack of time or means to supplement them later, when internal factions and a foreign yoke —for to the Italian of the Middle Ages his neighbor and fellow-countryman was politically a foreigner—crushed out the energy and dispersed the wealth of Pisa. For the medievalist, this is decidedly an advantage; for the historian, it insures a fuller illustration of one special phase of political existence than is found in other cities whose buildings illustrate the whole range of their history, yet often leave each one but scantily represented in detail.

Passing to the Cathedral, with its attendant buildings, we cannot help stopping to look in at the shop windows. The display of *oggetti d'arte* is certainly tempting. Alabaster models of the Leaning Tower and the Baptistery, marble statuettes—classic and Christian; corals in fantastic shapes from Leghorn, etc., take their place among jewelry, for in Italy the jeweler does not confine himself to the sale of personal ornaments; he finds everything that can beautify common life, and make one's surroundings suggestive of culture, within his province. In Rome, for instance, there is a large traffic in bronze lamps—not merely for show—made on the model of the classic lamps of old tombs; and if you want to buy a flower-vase, you will have no barbarous, gaudy glass or china cup, fresh from the cheap French factories, offered you, but a marble *tazza*, a miniature copy of the "drinking-cup of the doves," or some model of a vase recently dug from the Baths of Diocletian.

The Duomo is undoubtedly one of the most distinctive churches in all Italy. We got there early enough to hear Mass, and there is something specially suggestive to a foreign visitor, in thus being able to see, and join in, the actual life of the cathedral, as well as to admire it artistically. There is a difference between the sight of a cathedral, as a mere monument of the past, and as a living house of prayer. Pisa, however, has given the whole world an interest in her church, which, to the mind of many, is far finer than St. Peter's. The main building is nearly pure Romanesque, the only national style in Italy, and the distinct outgrowth of Christianity; but unity of design could not be expected throughout, especially when it is remembered that, like most old churches, a great fire attacked it in 1596, and left the door open to the fanciful innovations of the pseudo-classic mania. This accounts for the overladen altars, the gaudy mixture of gilding and colored marbles, the redundance of statues and the blaze of silver plates and arabesques in certain parts of the church, but the general impression is magnificent, sombre and majestic. The roof mosaics, by Cimabue and various of his pupils, are the most worthy of notice among the interior ornamentation, even though the gigantic Madonna and Child over holy-water basin, and the designs of the twelve nave altars, as well as the capitals of two porphyry columns under the dome, all bear the name of Michael Angelo. The Byzantine figure of Christ, in mosaic, standing between the Blessed Virgin and St. John, seems to look upon the church as from His throne above; his expression is calm and yet merciful, for it seems as if mosaic were incapable of being made to express passion of any sort, or sentimentalism of any shade. The size of the figure, too, like that in the apse over the Bishop's throne at St. Paul's, at Rome, is symbolic, according to the simple tradition of pre-Raphaelite art, of the immeasurable exaltation of the God-man above all things and creatures of earth. But the real grandeur of the church lies not in its rich altars, and its innumerable pictures and statues, nor even its antique choir stalls, with their apostles, landscapes and animals, etc., but rather in its walls and columns, and its incomparable façade. Indeed, the interior, if less cut up into chapels, would be more imposing. The nave and double aisles are supported by sixty-eight ancient Roman and Greek columns, captured by the Pisans in war; for the whole church is a national votive offering, built to commemorate the great naval victory of Palermo over the Saracens in 1063. Pope Gelasius II. consecrated it in person in 1118. Over the columns is a kind of clerestory, apparently with some accessible tribunes and galleries, all of white marble, inlaid with occasional black and colored marbles. The roof is flat, and the ceiling coppered and gilded. The only ancient gate remaining is one in the south aisle, dating from the time of the consecration, and representing twenty-four Scriptural scenes in as many bronze panels. The present gates, also carved with similar scenes, are of the early seventeenth century.

The view from the Piazza is one none can forget. The group of buildings clustered around the Cathedral, yet not crowding it, as some of the Gothic cathedrals of France, Germany and England are crowded, is certainly striking; yet the massive façade takes your eye, and compels your undivided attention. Tier, upon tier of columns and arches mask the lower wall, and above them four open galleries, gradually diminishing in length, lead the eye to the carved cross on the summit. Beyond this the blue sky—when I saw it, at least—made a sharp, definite background, very suitable to the bold, heavy lines of the whole, framing within them the simple, yet elegant, mass of columns. Nowhere but in Italy do you see this characteristic style, always associated with basilica-worship, and tracing its descent from the first public Christian churches in the fourth century. All the oldest churches in Rome are, internally, on the same plan, though the outer architecture proper to the Romanesque period dates from the eighth century only; and in some of the smaller—St. Clement's, and St. Nereus and Achilleus's, for instance—the traditions of the earliest ritual are still distinctly preserved in the disposition of the altar, lectern, pulpit, apse and choir-inclosure.

The Baptistery stands rather on the right as you leave the church, and is a feature seldom reproduced in other cities almost as rich, architecturally, as Pisa. Its solid white-marble mass seems like a dome lifted off a cathedral and dropped on the ground. Like the church and the bell-tower, it is surrounded by half-columns below and a gallery of smaller detached columns above, from which rises a conical dome, with occasional bas-reliefs. The interior is reached by four doors, two of which still retain twelfth-century marble panels, sculptured; and the arrangement inside is very simple and beautiful. Eight columns and four pillars support a triforium, and surround a white-marble octagonal font raised above the level of the floor, and adorned with carved and mosaic panels. On one side stands the hexagonal pulpit, borne by several dwarf columns, and covered with bas-reliefs by the foremost of Pisan sculptors, Niccolo Pisano. Both Baptistery and Campanile (the well-known Leaning Tower) are later by one century than the original part of the Cathedral, and the Tower was only finished two centuries after its foundation. It is belted round with eight tiers of small half-columns and colonnades, and has a winding staircase of nearly 300 steps, leading to the platform, whence the view of the sea on one hand, the mountains on the other, the flat meadows and the winding Arno below, is very beautiful. The Tower has only seven bells.

The Campo Santo, or Holy Field, is a burying-ground, to fill which fifty-three ship-loads of earth were brought from Mount Calvary by Ubaldo, Archbishop of Pisa in the years 1188 to 1200, has a large place in my remembrance. The Gothic tracery of the sixty-two windows, dating from the end of the thirteenth century, looking from the cloisters on to the green quadrangle, is singularly perfect; each line and curve, if carried geometrically to its conclusion, tending to form a perfect circle. The place is such a museum of heterogeneous antiquities, classic and medieval, Roman sarcophagi, mutilated statues of heathen deities, funeral tablets old and new, that an enumeration would prove nothing but a catalogue; whereas, a little detail concerning a few representative objects will give a far clearer idea of the whole.

The pavement of the cloisters is of tombstones, and the walls opposite the arched windows are covered with frescoes, some of which proved to the writer the most interesting feature of the Campo Santo. On the north wall, a pupil of Fra Angelico, Benozzo Gozzoli, has left the record of his long years' stay at Pisa—from 1469 to 1485—and continued the History of Genesis, whose earlier scenes were *naïvely* painted by Pietro di Puccio, of Orvieto, nearly a hundred years before. The practice of introducing portraits of celebrated men of the time, however inaccurate in an artistic point of view, has some advantages for us; for here, among the builders of Babel, we have a series of portraits of the Medici—Cosmo, his son Pietro and his grandsons Lorenzo and Giuliano, the same whose unfinished monument in Santa Croce, at Florence, has inspired so many modern writers and poets. The histories of David, Solomon and the "Queen of the South" gave scope for a certain quaint wantonness and magnificence of manner, the introduction of strange beasts, a half-Oriental, half-imaginative wealth of gilding and color, and general extravagance; while that of Joseph and his brethren—which became the painter's funeral memorial, as he was buried just below it—is enriched by many a portrait of merchants, statesmen and ecclesiastics, whose presence tells of a grudge entertained, a benefit received, or a bit of satire indulged in by the clever artist, whose final appeal was to posterity.

The early Italian painters had a genius for allegory, and the subject of the "Triumph of Death"— Christian in one sense only—was a not unusual one. Here, on the south wall, it is treated less grimly than in the terrible frescoes of the Bridge of Zurich, yet vigorously and in a solemn-humorous manner that fascinates you against your will. Such imaginative scenes as this, the "Last Judgment" and "Hell," are more interesting than mere historical, or even legendary, subjects. Albert Durer might have rivaled the group of three horsemen on their way out hunting, who suddenly stumble over three open coffins.

Conspicuous among these frescoes is the so-called *Orcagna*, representing the Last Judgment. Modern criticism has denied that Vasari was right in attributing this and "Hell" to the Orcagna brothers; but whoever may be the author, the tradition that he was Dante's friend and follower, will fit him equally well. To any one familiar with the "Inferno," there is decidly a Dantesque cast in these huge, gloomy, lurid stretches of color. The "Last Judgment," to an uncritical and fairly impressionable observer, is terrible to look upon; bolder and wilder, while more ingenious in its conception, than Michael Angelo's in the Sistine Chapel; very medieval in its details; very realistic and yet grotesque (which grotesqueness rather increases horror than provokes mirth), and above all, very full of symbolism—the outcome, in a word, of a powerful imagination and an awfully earnest faith. There is no background, no attempt to portray some convulsion of nature,

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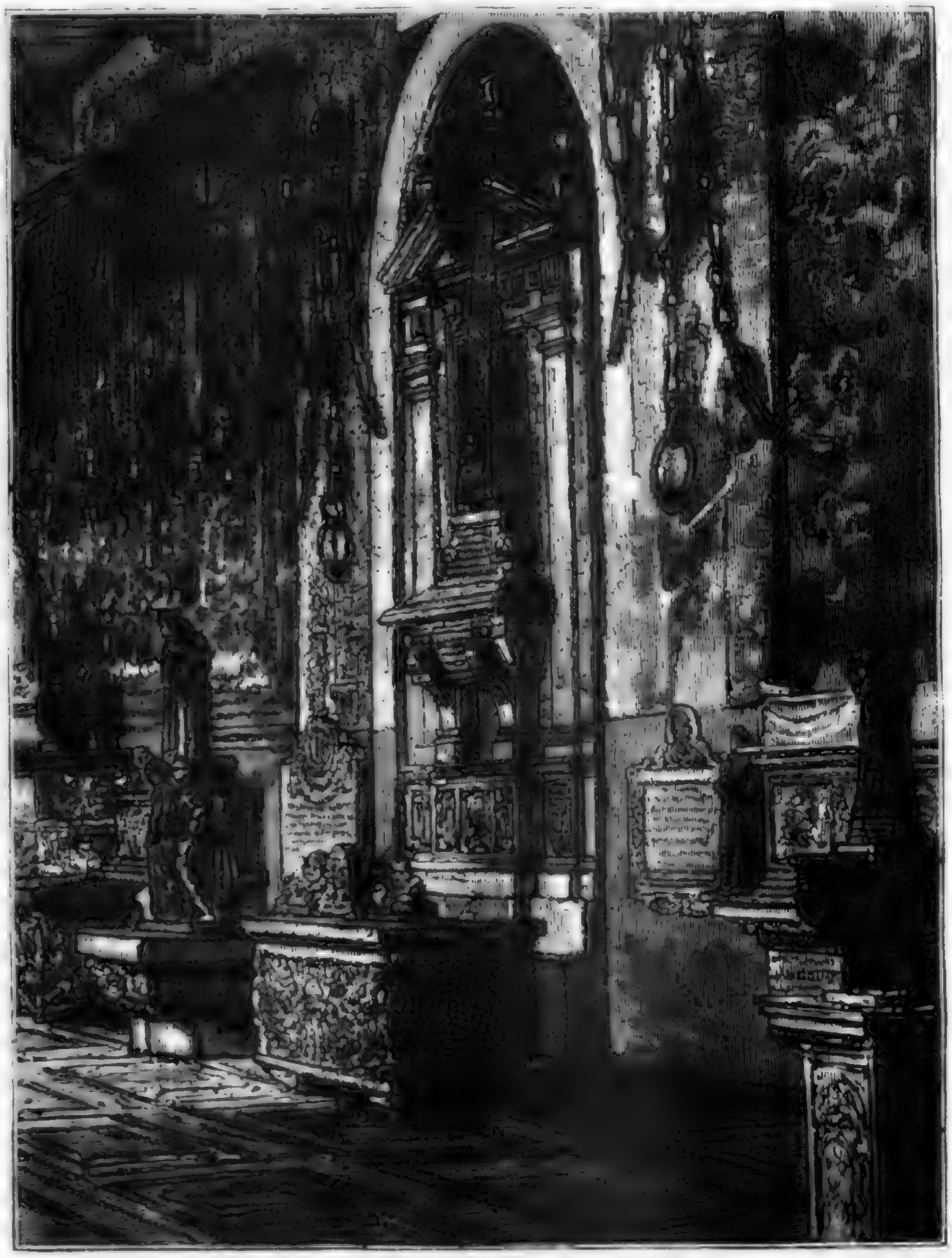
or some thousandfold intensified darkness or storm, such as we should expect of any modern painter who should take up this theme. The drawing is stiff, the anatomy imperfect, but the individuality of the artist is prominent. Art was not retrospective as it has become now; painters were content to blunder sometimes in their eager pursuits—not of conventional perfection, but of their own ideal; and if there was less grace, there was certainly more vigor. To copy their predecessors was not their aim—to make themselves more worthy of being copied by their successors was their ambition.



CURIOUS TOMB IN THE CAMPO SANTO, PISA.

The fearful devils of Orcagna's "Last Judgment," the palpably realistic shovels and forks, and the bold censure implied by placing ecclesiastical dignitaries in their robes of office among the condemned on the Judge's left hand, are so many tokens of the uncompromising self-assertion of infant art. There is no euphemism—opinion is as vigorously outspoken on canvas, as faith and its strong practical hold on the mind of the artist is quaintly expressed.

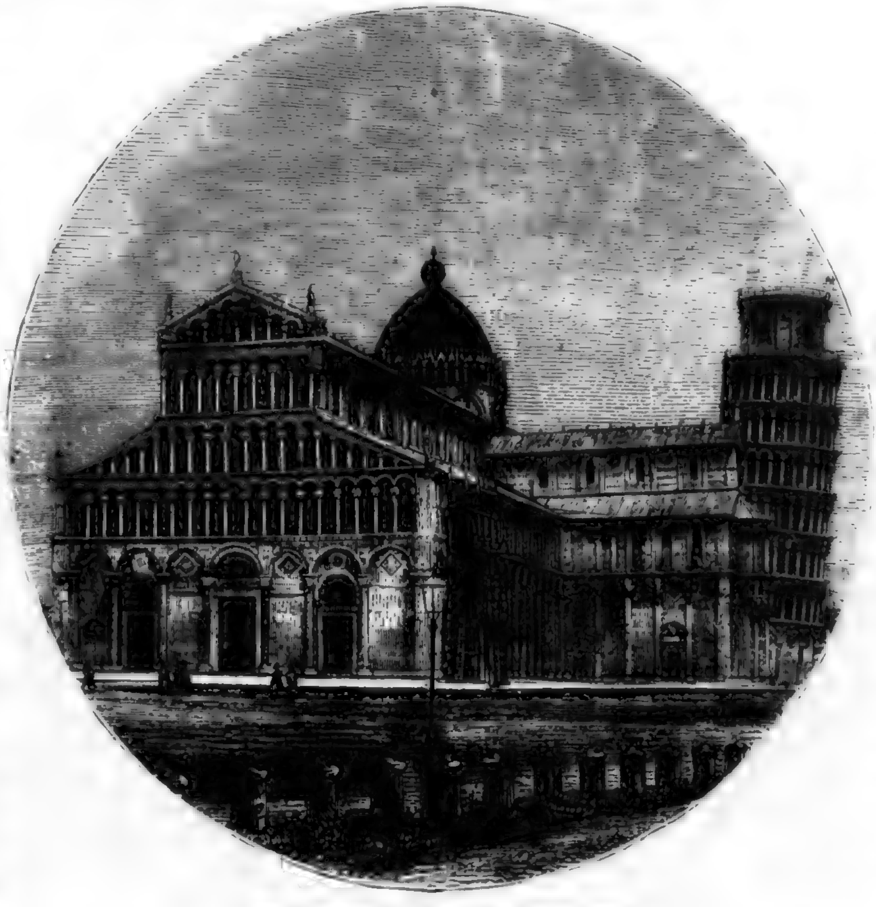
Modern critics stand before this fresco, not shuddering at the terrors which its satyrs, its griffins, its literal "jaws of Hell" belching forth fire and sucking in naked sinners, are intended to inspire—but coolly picking its details to pieces, and debating whether to call its realism superstition or satire. I think it is neither. The painter believed in and feared what he painted—not the heathen monsters, which were but recognized artistic forms of evil in his day, but the awful meed of inexpressible torment which they denoted. Not even the people who pointed to Dante and whispered, shudderingly, "There goes the man who has gone down to Hell!" believed in the material varieties and refinements of torture so minutely described by him; but the belief in future punishment in some form was part of their life.

Again, the author of this pictured warning could have been no unbeliever, laughing in his sleeve at the fright he must cause the peasants, when they came up to market, and wondered over the new marble colonnade; or silently carried off a handful of the holy earth to preserve for their own poor coffins, so that their heads at least might rest on the soil for which Crusading Pisa had fought so fiercely.

Akin to these subjects were the temptations of the Hermits of the Thebaid, by two Florentine brothers, Lorenzetti, where dreadful shapes of devils dance before the anchorites buried in their caves. St. Nanieri, the patron saint of Pisa, has a series of frescoes devoted to his life; and St. Ephesus, a Roman general and martyr, whose statue, formerly a classic one representing Mars, now stands in the Cathedral, has another.

There are a few modern monuments, which come upon one with a sense of incongruity in this essentially old-world cemetery, although the sculptor of one of them, Thorwaldsen, is worthy of a place beside Phidias himself. This monument consists of a group—Tobias curing his father's blindness, and is in honor of the oculist, Andrea Vecca, who died in 1826. Two more modern celebrities are commemorated, the fabulist and *littérateur*, Professor Lorenzo Pignotti (d. 1812), and the singer, Angelica Catalani (d. 1849). Among the miscellaneous articles of interest stored in this national museum, are the chains of the ancient harbor of Pisa, captured by the Genoese in 1632, and restored only eighteen years ago, when both cities became joint parts of the new kingdom of Italy.

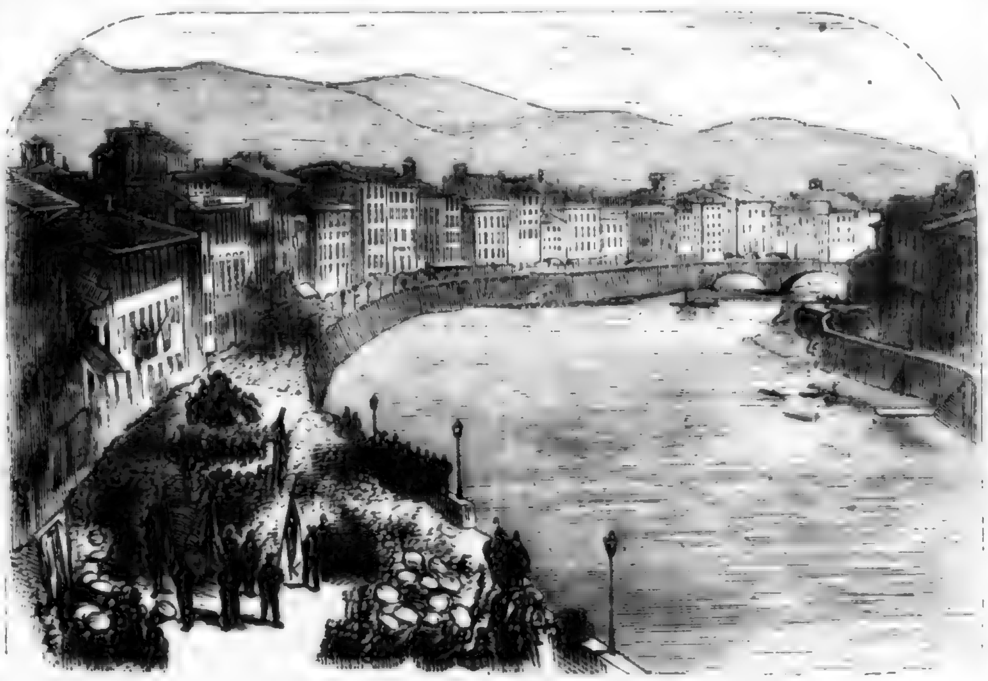
As usual in Italian cities, the environs are full of villas,



THE CATHEDRAL AND CAMPANILE, PISA.

gardens, ruins. A pine wood, a mile and a half from Pisa surrounds what is now a royal shooting-lodge, but once a farm belonging to the Medici, and now a common resort of the population on fine evenings; while three miles north of Pisa is the little bathing-place, Il Gombo, where Shelley was drowned. On the old post-road to Leghorn, stands a very old basilica, San Pietro in Grado, built in the tenth century, and still possessing some of its original columns and capitals. Here, says tradition, is the spot where St. Peter first landed in Italy, and consequently, the ancient shrine was at one time an often-visited goal of pilgrimage. Moreover, it stood almost within the harbor, and at the estuary of the Arno; although at present the coast-line has been so changed by alluvial deposits, as to put a belt of nearly six miles between Pisa and the sea, as has happened to many a similar place in the south of France.

Five miles inland, on the other side of the town, are the Pisan hills—*monti Pisani*—covered with chestnut groves, and crowned by one mountain nearly 2,000 feet high, on which stand the ruins of a fifteenth century stronghold. Down in one of the many abrupt, picturesque hollows, called the *Valle dei Calci*, or the Valley of the Barefooted, lies the Carthusian Abbey, built in the year 1367. This we had no time to visit; but, though it is not fair to give an imaginary picture, we can almost reproduce the best features of the monastery from the analogy of others of the same Order—an Order distinguished by its love of beautiful spots and its lavish encouragement of religious art. The very words "*La Certosa*" conjure up a scene of mountain beauty, rocks covered with clinging shrubs and vines, tufts of old trees making a rampart of green; a teeming garden and prosperous farm sheltered by the high hills, a marvelous greensward, and within the building, elaborate carving and a monster library. Add to this, one of the most statuesque costumes in the world, for the heavy, yellow-white folds of the Carthusian habit suggest rather a figure stepped down from an antique tomb than a common man.



THE BANKS OF THE ARNO.

Although Rome was our destination, I do not think the Eternal City made half the instant impression upon me which Pisa did. Grander in her history and her destiny, cosmopolitan in her interests and her influence, central as regards religion, imperial as regards ceremonial, she yet has an outer modern shell which Pisa has not; and the beauty of Pisan architecture is also of a less mixed type, which went for much in the estimate of one of the school of Pugin.

In Rome you have to hunt carefully after the relics of Early Church ritual, and the buildings of Constantinian era, while the flaunting riches of the sixteenth century and the half-pagan vail thrown over the Church by her gorgeous Renaissance patrons and decorators, dazzle and bewilder you. This grievance meets you everywhere, most of all at St. Peter's, and the memory of the Pisan churches comes as a refreshing substitute.

At least that is how I look back upon the contrast at present, when time and distance have only intensified my appreciation of the city on the Arno, while they leave me more and more indifferent to Rome, with all her memories and greatness.

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THE ROSARY OF MY YEARS.

By Father Ryan.

Some reckon their age by years,
Some measure their life by art;
But some tell their days by the flow of their tears
And their life by the moans of their heart.

The dials of earth may show
The length, not the depth, of our years;
Few or many they come—few or many they go—
But our time is best measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silvery gray
That creeps through the sunny hair,
And not by the scenes that we pass on our way—
And not by the furrows the finger of care

On the forehead and face have made;
Not so do we count our years;
Not by the sun of our earth—but the shade
Of our souls—and the fall of our tears.

For the young are sometimes old,
Though their brows are bright and fair;
While their blood beats warm and their heart lies cold
O'er them the Spring-time—but Winter is there.

And the old are sometimes young,
When their hair is thin and white;
And they sing in age as in youth they sung,
And they laugh, for their crown was light.

But bead by bead I tell
The rosary of my years;
From a cross to a cross they lead—'tis well,
And they're blessed with a blessing of tears.

Better a day of strife
Than a century of sleep;
Give me instead of a long stream of life,
The tempest and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may foam
On the billows of all the years;
But never the foam brings the bark home—
It reaches the haven through tears.

AMONGST SHADOWS.

THREE girls sat side by side on the sofa. Facing them, Mr. Frederick Dorchester regarded them attentively; but not more so than they him. Mr. Dorchester, who was a man of handsome presence and singular features, deserved an attentive consideration; and so, in an unusual degree, did the three young ladies opposite him. It would, indeed, have been hard to find a group more distinguished by uncommon beauty and peculiar characteristics than these four. Mr. Dorchester was slightly above the middle height, and, though well made, extremely slender; his figure possessing a supple grace which might have been pleasant or not, according as it did or did not remind the observer of anything tigeresque or serpentine. His face was very swarthily dark, and pale; eyes black—not dark-brown, but *black*—and bright as velvet, lightened by a central diamond; hair, mustache and whiskers all jet black; brow rather narrow, head somewhat flat; nevertheless, the suave line of benevolence and the gracious heights of ideality were each marked in a high degree.

Into his face Ada Cameron, Cornelia Fletcher and Alice Roulhac gazed with differing expressions—curious, incredulous, and timid. He had evidently just made some announcement which startled them. Cornelia Fletcher broke the little pause with a remark more relevant than it seemed.

"And you are *really* the seventh son of a seventh son Mr. Dorchester?"

Mr. Dorchester smiled.

"I really am, Miss Fletcher. Whether that has any thing to do with the power I have just professed, I cannot say. I have met with one other person circumstanced as to birth as I am myself, and he also possessed a curious gift. If allowed to look steadfastly into your own eyes for some minutes, he could relate with absolute exactness the details of your past life. To him every face was a history. To me every face is a prophecy."

Alice Roulhac trembled a little. Cornelia Fletcher smiled. Ada Cameron gazed at the speaker with drawn brows and piercing intentness. It was she who spoke next.

"You can really tell us, then—to use the common expression—our fortune? Sitting here, looking at us as you can do now, you really can see what Heaven has apportioned us? You know whether our days are to be the routine days of most lives, whether they are to be happy, or wretched, or stained with crime?"

Again Alice Roulhac trembled. Again Cornelia Fletcher's fine lips curved with good-natured derision; yet she, too, was interested and attentive.

"Yes; I can tell you all that you wish to know," Mr. Dorchester answered, easily confident.

"Well then, tell us! Girls, are you willing? The others are busy—they will not heed what we are doing."

"Very well," said Miss Fletcher; "I am agreed, for my part. You know, Mr. Dorchester," she added, laughing, "we need not believe you if we do not find your pictures of life so pleasant as our own. But you, Ada, must be first."

The four sat in the further corner of a large, brilliantly lighted drawing-room. At the piano a lady played some sparkling dance-music, two pretty little girls circling gleefully about the room in time to it. At the upper end of the apartment were two card-tables, and here and there couples or small groups entertained themselves with vivacious after-dinner talk. It was a bright and pleasant scene, as any one might have had time to remark before any further words were spoken amongst the quartette with whom we have to do.

These minutes of silence Mr. Dorchester had occupied in looking steadfastly into Ada Cameron's eyes, which met his with an open and fearless glance.

He saw before him a fair face, square in contour, crowned with vast quantities of light-brown hair, which crinkled and sparkled as though dusted with glittering metal; a low brow, unusually broad and full for a woman, and indescribable eyes—large, liquid, well-shaped, but of a gray which shaded into green, into black, into hazel, with differing emotions; aquiline features, well-cut and full of character; and that peculiar fullness above the eyes which commonly denotes a highly emotional nature.

Under Mr. Dorchester's intent and searching gaze she sat perfectly quiet. The silence seemed to last so long that it grew oppressive; yet in reality it had continued not more than two or three minutes.

"Please, Mr. Dorchester," said Miss Fletcher, presently, "don't keep us in suspense any longer than the necessities of magic absolutely require. You know we are mere common clay, and very full of curiosity.'

Mr. Dorchester paid no heed to this remark, by word or glance. Another minute or so passed in silence, and then he spoke to Miss Cameron very slowly, and with an accent which seemed to have been carefully rendered commonplace.

"Miss Cameron," he said, "if you will allow me to withdraw from my promise, we will not pursue this amusement any further. Probably my self-confidence betrays me into a foolish delusion. I really prefer——"

"*I* really prefer that you should tell me all you think you see. With permission, I shall not consent to your withdrawal."

"Pray do not insist, Miss Cameron. For once, I am sure that my art must be at fault. I beg, I even entreat, that you will not hold me to a foolish promise made without any imagination of such a result as this."

Mr. Dorchester's voice was no longer commonplace. He had grown even paler than was usual to him.

And, naturally, Miss Cameron's face answered the emotion of his. There is nothing more contagious than sincerity; and the earnestness of his belief in himself was so evident that it could not but produce some like effect in those who saw and heard him. Nevertheless, Miss Cameron was resolute.

Still, Mr. Dorchester made no revelation. There was unmistakable horror in the wild, fascinated glance with which he gazed into her eyes—her eyes, full, translucent and changing, that clung helplessly to his.

"I am sure you will keep your word!" said Miss Cameron, in a low voice, after several fruitless minutes had passed away. Then she added, presently: "I will spare you the details, Mr. Dorchester; only let me have the outlines. I will wait patiently for time to fill in the sketch."

As she spoke, a change passed over the face of the seer. He covered his eyes with his hands, as though to shut out some sight of terror.

Alice Roulhac laid her soft hand pleadingly upon her friend's shoulder, and whisperingly entreated her not to insist further. But Miss Cameron put her friend's hand aside, without seeming to hear her.

"Does it most concern myself, or others, Mr. Dorchester?" she said—"this vision that afflicts you so. Am I to be a scourge to my friends, or to myself?"

With a determined effort of self-control, Mr. Dorchester recovered himself, and spoke in a natural tone.

"My vision to-night, Miss Cameron, forces me to disbelieve in the gift that hitherto has never deceived me. I must premise that no one can be more convinced of the frightful absurdity of this revelation than I am myself. But, since you still insist, you shall hear it. I foresee for you, Miss Cameron, neither a happy nor a common future. The best traits of your character—your steadfastness, your courage and generosity—will be made the instruments of your doom. It is your fate to blast two lives that are dear to you. You are to cause death and misery to two who love and trust you. You will mourn for ever the acts that fate fastens upon you. And that is not all, nor the worst. Miss Cameron, shall I proceed?"

At that question, and the tone of it, even Miss Fletcher ceased to smile. She murmured some caution beneath her breath.

"If you will be kind enough, I prefer to hear all," said Ada, quietly.

"Let it be so. Miss Cameron, your hand looks to me stained with that stain which all the rivers upon earth cannot wash clean. I cannot name the name which men will call you. And it is for my sake that they will call you so."

Nobody interrupted, for minutes, the silence that followed this extraordinary prediction. Ada Cameron presently whispered, with difficulty:

"Do you mean that my hands are to be guilty of your blood, Mr. Dorchester?"

"God forgive me! That is what I see in your eyes."

As he said these words (she afterward related), all the pleasant, homelike scene faded from around her. A vague, indescribable horror overwhelmed her. Her vision showed her a fair, sunlit landscape, shadowed softly by the mists of Autumn, that floated around a solitary figure. One moment she saw and knew him; the next the mist obscured his form—then passed again, and Mr. Dorchester lay dead before her, a thin red stream staining the grass.

A suppressed exclamation escaped Miss Cameron's pale lips, and the next moment she had swooned in Miss Fletcher's arms.

Others now saw the agitation of the group, and gathered hastily about them; but, finding cause enough in Miss Cameron's sudden indisposition, asked no questions. And, with a dozen restoratives, the young lady soon recovered consciousness, and with it her usual self-possession.

The next day, all this was matter for laughter and wonder amongst the three friends; and in a little while they thought no more of it all. Mr. Dorchester resumed in their eyes his ordinary character of pleasant gentleman and amiable friend; and his peculiar birth and pretensions, when they were recalled, were only mentioned to provoke a smile.

Growth, or lapse, however, is the law of all things earthly, and friendships wax or wane, as their relations change, as do all other things; and as the Summer days went by, these three friends grew more and more closely bound, through the peculiar circumstances which threw them more and more closely together. Different as were their characters—opposite as seemed the tastes of Ada Cameron, earnest and decided; of Cornelia Fletcher, light-hearted and cynical; and of Alice Roulhac, tender, timid and trustful—they yet found a keen and constant pleasure in the interchange of ideas at once so different and so well agreeing.

There was another change, too, not unnoticed by any of them, but unmentioned between them—for, in spite of their intimacy, they practiced that reserve which is the savor of all friendship.

Frederick Dorchester was no longer the friend, he was the lover, of Ada Cameron. Alice Roulhac was no longer the friend, but, timid and self-afraid, the lover of Frederick Dorchester.

Sitting alone, one afternoon, and thinking sorrowfully of these things, Ada Cameron reviewed the steps by which they had reached this pass. Self-sacrifice and self-blame were the impulses of her generous soul; and she searched her conduct, keenly and critically, to discover her wrongdoing—if she had done wrong.

Alice Roulhac was knit to her by a thousand ties, and pity doubled them all; and it is not too much to say that Miss Cameron preferred her friend's happiness to her own. And, alone with her fate this Autumn evening, she formed a plot to compass one at the expense of the other. She knew her own strength, and she knew the weakness of her friend. "I," she said to herself, half proudly and half sadly—"I am one of those who grow stronger through suffering. As the gladiators were fed on bitter fennel in the olden times, I should feed my soul on pain. The sacrifice that will strengthen me would kill her. I shall teach him to forget his passion for me, and to devote to her gentler spirit a more constant and perfect love."

I do not think she considered enough the temperament of the man whom she *might have* loved. Or, it may be that she had too great confidence in her power over him. Or, again—and most probable of all—she perhaps walked

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merely in the path appointed for her, while she flattered herself that it was she only who said, "Thus far, and no further."

However, having reached her decision, her face and her heart grew calm. Only those to whom it is familiar know what a secret and keen pleasure dwells in self-sacrifice. Its light irradiated her face; she looked up with a smile that was absolutely beaming, as Cornelia Fletcher entered the room. Her expression was so unusual that Miss Fletcher stopped and gazed at her in surprise.

"My dear Ada, your face dazzles one! Have you been standing upon the Mount of a new Covenant?"

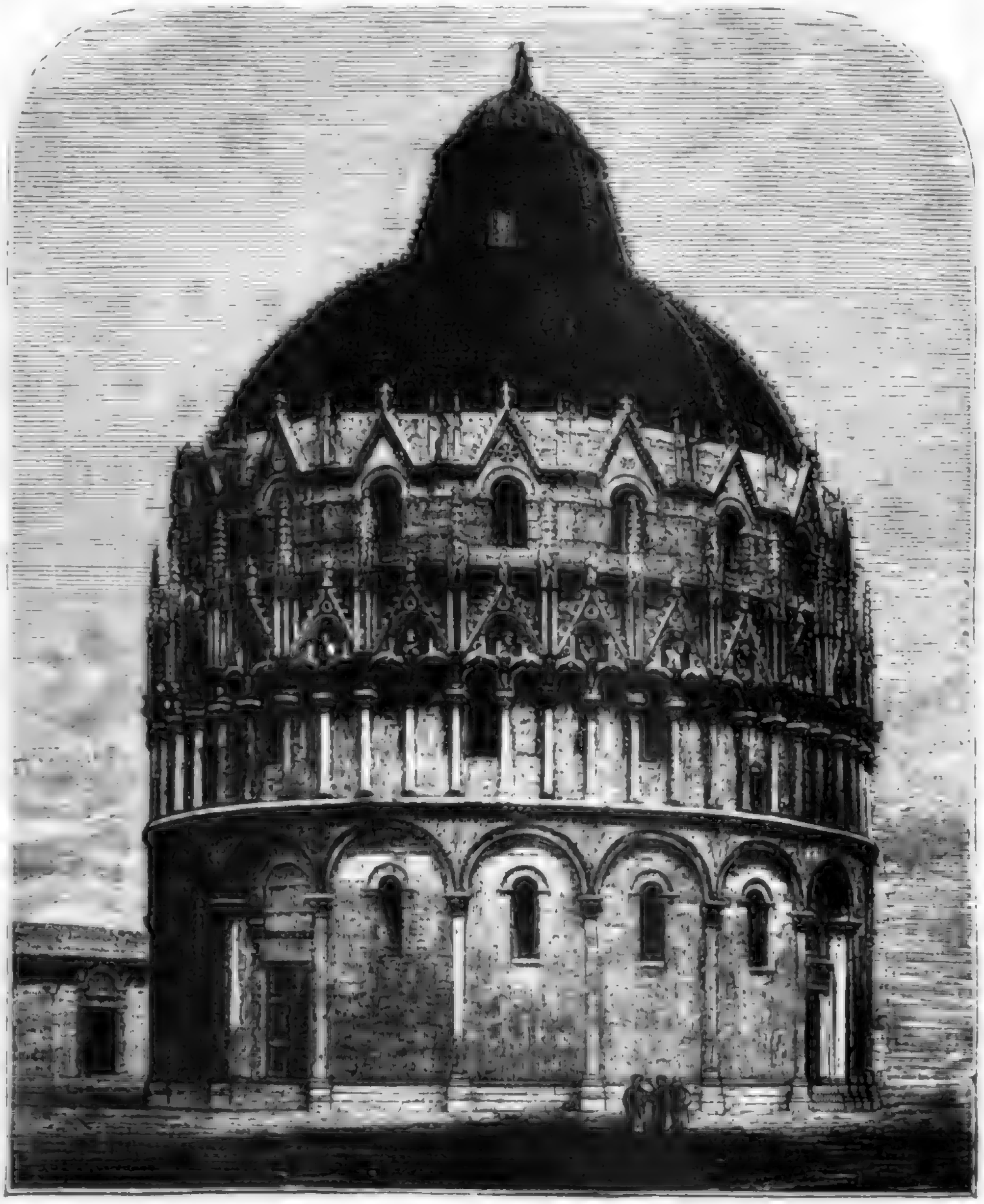
"I think it must be, because I am so happy," said Ada. "But 'I wist not that the skin of my face did shine.' Sit down, dear, and let us talk awhile."

Miss Fletcher seated herself as she was bidden, but the talk did not follow for some time. She regarded Ada with a curious air of apprehension. Finally she said, with an abruptness that was not disagreeable in her:

"I am sorry, Ada, that you *are* 'so happy.' I augur no good from it. I am apt to suspect unusual emotions."

"My dear Cornelia, what is it that you suspect?"

"I think that your happiness may mean the lifelong misery of that sweet, simple child, Alice Roulhac." Miss Fletcher's face flushed, half with the knowledge that a moment's impulse was undoing the work of months of discretion, half with a consciousness of the impossibility of restraining herself from further speech; for she continued, agitatedly, "Forgive me, dear Ada. I have no right—no one has a right—to ask you to sacrifice yourself for her. But this disappointment—poor, foolish child!—will go near to killing her. I could scourge myself for saying such things to you. I feel as if I were betraying you both. But I love you both, and I cannot endure to see either of you made wretched by the other. It is such a terrible complication! But, Ada, you have so much more strength than she."



THE BAPTISTERY, PISA.— SEE PAGE 464.

Miss Cameron's face was exceedingly beautiful, so heavenly was the smile with which she regarded her friend.

"You have no need to ask my forgiveness," she answered, gently. "I am greatly obliged to you for what you have said. You convince me that I am right. Alice shall never be made unhappy through me, dearest—that I have resolved."

They looked at each other in silence. In silence Miss Fletcher comprehended all the meaning of her friend. Tears sprang to her eyes. She leaned forward and kissed Miss Cameron, and the salute seemed almost to have a character of sanctity; for in it was sealed the promise and the recognition of the greatest sacrifice that one woman can make for another.

"I shall tell you now without fear what I came to tell you," said Miss Fletcher, presently. "Mr. Dorchester has called, and wishes to see you."

This interview proved to be all that Miss Fletcher had feared. Mr. Dorchester had come determined to speak, to make himself heard fully, and to know his fate decisively.

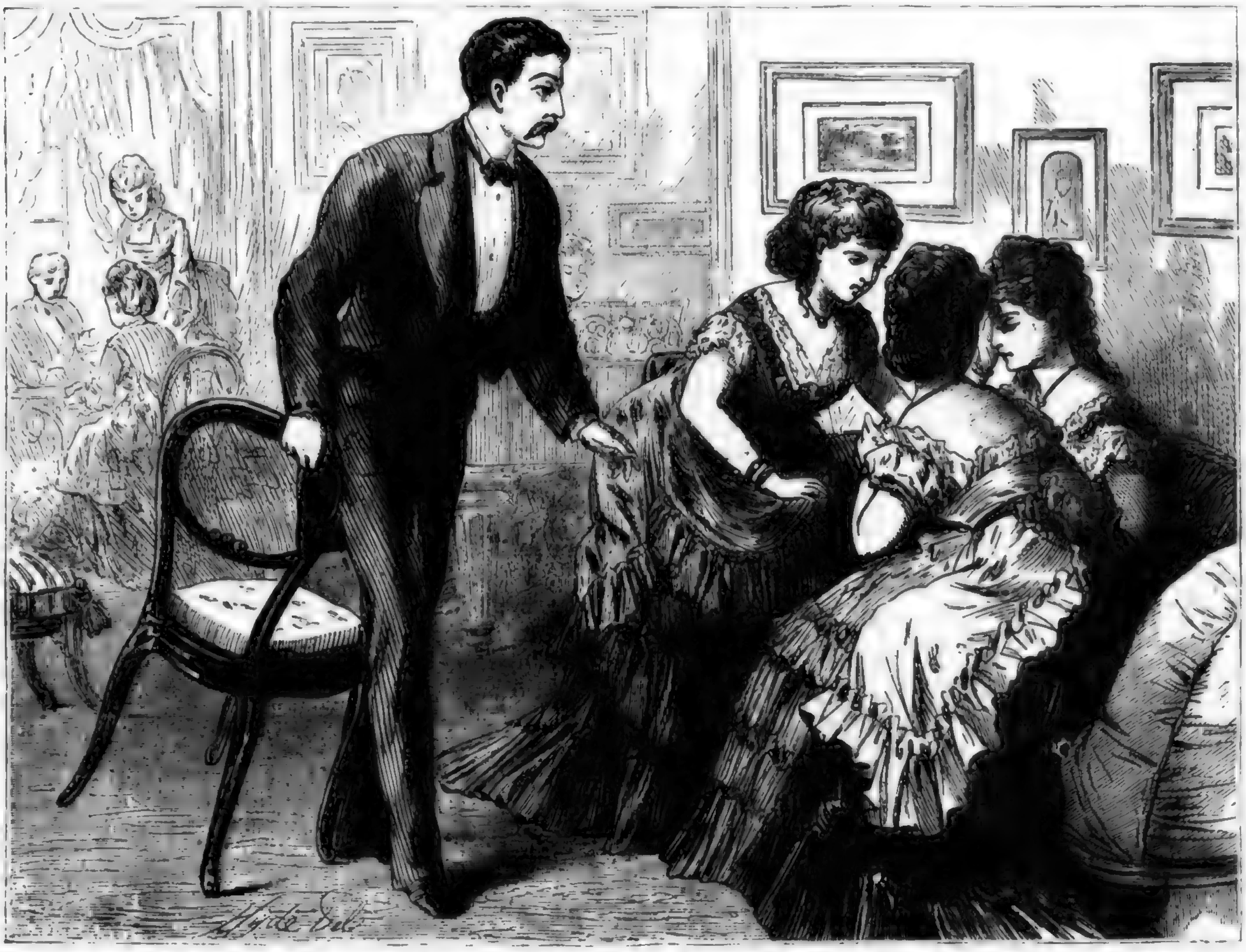
All this he accomplished. Yet even then he did not go. There was in his manner no apparent determination to insist upon his suit, no reproach, nor any violent despair; yet, seeing him, no one could have doubted that he was agitated by such a depth of emotion as few men are capable of feeling.

Miss Cameron also suffered. Of the two, she certainly betrayed uneasiness. But she was no longer a girl, and her nature was thoroughly well poised. She held herself in check, and, though pale and cold and tremulous, her words had been self-possessed, kind and decided.

Mr. Dorchester preserved for some time a silence that Miss Cameron would not break.

At last he rose to go, and came and took her hand—both of her hands in both of his—looking long and deeply into her eyes.

"You mean it all?" he asked, gently.



AMONGST SHADOWS.—"A SUPPRESSED EXCLAMATION ESCAPED MISS CAMERON'S PALE LIPS, AND THE NEXT MOMENT SHE HAD SWOONED IN MISS FLETCHER'S ARMS."—SEE PAGE 470.

Two tears rolled down Miss Cameron's cheeks.

"My friend, I mean it all, and all for your happiness and your good. One day you will comprehend, and forgive me. If Heaven is kind to me, you will even be grateful."

"You find in me nothing to love? I am quite incapable of touching your heart? Your soul makes no answer whatever to mine?"

"There is very much in you to love," Miss Cameron answered, with great difficulty, "and I see it plainly. But I see also that I do well to answer as I have answered you. I entreat you to spare us both further pain." She added this, feeling it impossible to sustain her present position quietly. "Tell me good-by. When we meet again, each will be calmer and happier."

"You speak truly," said Mr. Dorchester, with an expression that was almost a smile, it was so confident and so serene. Each will be calmer, and, I doubt not, happier."

But his face moved her to tears, despite its calm.

"My friend, forgive me," she said, almost unconsciously.

"At least," he added, presently, "you cannot forbid my worship. My love is my religion, and it shall never be debased to a meaner deity. Farewell, my love. May God eternally bless you!"

He stooped, kissed her on both cheeks, and left her.

When Miss Cameron reached her own room, she found it vacant. Miss Fletcher had understood that solitude would speak to her more wisely than could any human voice. With a heart-broken sob, and yet not at all unhappy, Ada Cameron sank upon her knees at her bedside. She murmured but one thought aloud:

"Forgive, O God, whatever has sprung from the human vanity of determination! Forgive me, and make him and make her happy!"

Let us also leave her.

October was now golden on the hills. Dreamy days of soft light and mellow mists glided along the land. And Mr. Dorchester came no more. Alice Roulhac, ignorant of what had been done for her, sat much alone, pale and patient, and wondered silently at his absence. The others awaited the healing of time, in the hope that it would make all things well.

At least, it wrought its usual changes.

The first sense of disquiet, of unrest and nameless fear, faded from Ada Cameron's heart. She believed fully, at last, that she had done right, and gradually she regained her old bright, steadfast cheerfulness; and, from the sense that she had at least helped her friend's sacrifice, Miss Fletcher was with her more constantly than ever.

One afternoon they sat together as usual, working and talking, or silent, as the mood pleased them. Miss Fletcher's head was bent down over her embroidery.

"Lilac is certainly your color, my dear," she said, continuing the irresistible subject upon which they had lighted. "That wonderful hair of yours looks almost divine, relieved by some of its tints——"

She raised her eyes, and stopped, looking in terror at the face of her friend—awfully changed since she had last glanced toward her.

Miss Cameron sat bolt upright before her, rigid as a cataleptic, and pallid as a corpse. Her eyes were distended, and fixed in unutterable horror. Her lifted right hand seemed to point toward the object that attracted this

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frightful, stony stare. One word passed her motionless, livid lips. Miss Fletcher distinguished Mr. Dorchester's name.

This unaccountable and dreadful state did not long continue. Miss Cameron's appearance changed. A faint color gradually tinted her cheeks and lips, and her whole figure seemed somehow *to wilt.* She cowered, as it were, trembled violently, and her bosom shook with hysterical sobs.

Miss Fletcher recovered herself, and flew to her, clasping her in her arms.

"My dearest," she cried, tenderly, "what is it? What has happened? Ada, Ada! be yourself—command yourself! For Heaven's sake, tell me what is the matter with you?"

Miss Cameron's head sank upon her friend's shoulder, and now she wept with the helplessness and *abandon* of a child.

"You cannot understand my folly, I know," she sobbed. 'But it was too horrible! Oh, God, how fearful it was!"

"What was fearful, Ada? Confide in me. I know you too well to fancy you foolish or weak. Trust me, darling. What was it?"

"You remember the night of Mr. Dorchester's prediction, Cornelia? Oh, it will kill me if it ever comes again!"

"I remember, dearest. If *what* ever comes again? Be calm, my Ada."

"I have told you what I saw that night. I saw it again. I saw it far more plainly," said Miss Cameron, trembling violently, in spite of the most strenuous efforts to command herself. "I saw him fall, bleeding and dying, and I saw my own hand plunge a dagger into his heart."

Miss Fletcher pressed her friend silently in her arms.

"My darling," she said, at last, "you are not well. I have seen it for weeks. You need change, and must have it. Your nerves have been taxed, of late—that, dearest, is the true explanation of this dreadful fancy. You must try to think so, and dismiss it utterly."

And thus she talked on, and partly humored Miss Cameron, and partly persuaded her, until she had won at least a qualified assent to her own views. No other, indeed, seemed possible. And Miss Cameron's native strength of mind, and her resolution, were very efficient aids to this explanation; and before the day had faded, she was again —at least in outward seeming—her quiet self.

It was the next day—the next afternoon—that gave to this a different meaning, that threw upon it that mysterious light which only confuses our gross apprehension of what we cannot understand. And it was Miss Fletcher herself who presented herself before Miss Cameron with awful tidings which she dared not trust to a less cautious tongue.

At her entrance Miss Cameron rose, and stood facing her. There was a terrible silence between them, and across the gulf of that silence they gazed into each other's eyes like images of death.

"Tell me all, my friend," said Ada, at last, in a quiet voice. "There can be no pain blacker than my thoughts."

"Ada, how shall I say what I have to say!"

"He is dead. I knew that he was dead."

"God be his Judge. Ada, he is dead. His own hand——"

"No, my friend. Mine was the hand that pointed the dagger to his breast. His was only the hand that held it. I saw it all."

"Oh, poor Ada! Oh, darling, don't look so!"

Miss Fletcher burst into tears; but Ada Cameron was as calm as marble.

A sudden wild scream behind them, full of mortal pain, disturbed their own anguish. Coming up the steps unseen, humming low the notes of a song unheard, Alice Roulhac had seen and heard all. She fell prone upon the floor, and these two lifted her to the bed, and knelt beside her.

It was true. Alone in the golden afternoon, he had offered his life on the altar of his worship. He had planted a sting in two hearts that time could not soothe, nor memory erase from its tablets.

But together they comforted each other, when the kindly flight of time had brought the days in which comfort was not a mockery, and each found that not in the gratification of our wishes, nor in the fulfillment of our own plans, is the secret of the content of life.

Alice Roulhac has loved again, and married. Ada Cameron will live single for his sake.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.

A SKETCH OF THE CELEBRATED HOUSE.

A SHORT time after the battle of Jena, in which Napoleon broke down the armed opposition of Prussia, William I., Elector of Hesse-Cassel, flying through Frankfort, summoned to an audience a prominent banker of that city.

"I am one of those," he said, "who trusted to the faith of that faithless perjurer and enemy of his race, Napoleon Bonaparte. He promised to preserve my territory from violation, and to treat me as a neutral prince: he has forced me to fly from my own domain, has already seized it, is to obliterate it and make it a part of the Kingdom of Westphalia. I have with me about five millions. Take them; keep them in security until my rights are restored and recognized. How much interest will you allow me?"

"In the disturbances of the time," replied Mayer von Rothschild, "I can promise nothing. It must be a very low rate, if any. You will have to trust me to pay what I can, when I am able to afford it."

"Very well," replied the Elector; "my chief purpose is to secure them. From what I learn of you, I cannot do better than to trust you. I must bid you adieu."

Rothschild departed, received the Elector's treasure on deposit, was enabled to loan it and reloan to some advantage, but paid no interest on it for eight years; after which he paid two per cent. for nine years, and returned it to the Elector's son in 1823.

Such, at least according to the legend, is the origin of that wonderful house of Rothschild, whose existence and operation are surrounded with something of the mysteries and dazzling spectacular display found chiefly in fairy romances and Arabian Nights' tales.

During all the troubles of Europe in the early part of the century, Rothschild remained undisturbed. He negotiated two loans of four million dollars each for Denmark, which, contemptible now, were enormous then. A large wholesale "Yankee notions" or dry goods house might surpass them to-day. Mayer Rothschild had the faculty of turning all chances to good account.

Just before his death, in 1812, he called together his six sons—Nathan, Solomon, Anselme, Karl, Mayer, and James—and said to them:

"I want you to promise me on your solemn oaths always to remain united in carrying on the operations of our house."

They swore as he asked, but after his death separated—or, rather, they divided Europe between them. They established their houses at Paris, London, Frankfort, Vienna and Naples. Each one shared in the general operations of the house, but had individual supervision over his particular field. It was not a central bank with different branches; there were five different houses, which, if occasion required, acted as one.

The Emperor of Austria ennobled all of them as if they were all the eldest, which is an Austrian custom. Their arms are five golden arrows. By a remarkable coincidence, an ancient writer predicted that Charon, who, according to the old myth, ferried people over the Styx, or River of Death, and who gets his pay from the passengers, would have a large income in the year 1855, and in that year Nathan, the eldest, and Solomon and Karl all died. Everybody expected, as each one dropped off, to learn at least the secrets of that enormous banking-house. But there was not the smallest chance to look into their big books. Another Rothschild stood ready to take them from the dead men's hands. The firm is a dynasty. You can learn from it only that it has a secret of making money.

One of the great strokes of the Rothschild house was made when Nathan, the London banker and an English citizen, followed close in the rear of Napoleon, in 1815, as if he foresaw the fall of that giant. The sun had not set on the battle of Waterloo before the banker was well on his way to London. He bought English consols, at that time very low in price. When London heard the great news, consols rose and Rothschild sold. This transaction was entirely Rothschild-like. In their transactions chance is eliminated as much, perhaps, as it is possible in human affairs. The conception of these grand schemes is clear and simple, however vast. The accomplishment alone is difficult, because it requires a rapid glance over the whole field, and large capital. But there is in them indications of genius. In most of these first great operations there is the peculiarity of Christopher Columbus's famous egg trick. Dollars, like soldiers, need to be hurled *en masse* and at once against a designated point. The Rothschilds, in this respect, have been the greatest captains of the century.

Capital has displaced men in the world of industry. Formerly a man was a producer or a negotiator, a borrower or a lender. Now, by the substitution of capital, he may be all of these at the same time. In Belgium and Spain the Rothschilds are producers of coal and quicksilver. By virtue of the railroads they own they are also carriers; to-day they will be the largest buyers, to-morrow the largest sellers, in Europe. Speculation is the fairy of the nineteenth century, and the Rothschilds are its god-sons. Life at the present day has been almost tripled in intensity. A man who dies at forty years of age has certainly lived more than centenarians of the seventeenth century.

Money no longer has a country. The Rothschilds would lend it to Belgium and to Holland when they were mutual enemies; to Austria and to Italy; to France and to Germany; to Antonelli or Victor Emmanuel. Though empires go down with a crash, the house of Rothschild remains unmoved. They furnish the money to make war; they furnish it to make peace. The conqueror owes them for his guns; the conquered owes them for his ransom.

Only once was there any disagreement known to have arisen between them. When Naples ceased to be a capital the Baron Adolphe de Rothschild removed his banking-house from that city, and demanded, in cash, his share of the common funds—fifteen millions. But, perhaps, recollecting the oath required by the founder of the house, the affair was arranged; and the different Rothschilds, in all times of confusion and trouble, have continued to utter the same distinct watchword of business, even as at night the clocks of large cities, regulated by one hand, strike the hours at the same moment.

When steam and electricity came into use, the former great strides of speculation were no longer possible. But the Rothschilds anticipated these inventions. The Baron James at Paris, it is said, hastened to seize and use these new levers, which otherwise would have destroyed him. He was the principal projector of the French railways, and is said to have wept tears of joy on sending the first telegram to San Francisco. He had calculated the difference in time between Paris and San Francisco, and knew that the answer would come during the day. He awaited it in feverish silence. It came at the hour he had calculated.

The Rothschilds are for the most part Jews. The tomb of the Paris family is opposite that of Rachel in the cemetery of Pere Lachaise. An R is sculptured in relief on the white stone of the modest chapel. The inclosure in front is sown with pebbles. Every Jew who visits a grave leaves a stone.

The project of buying Palestine and reinstating the Jews has been attributed to the Rothschilds, but as they have never taken any steps toward it, it is probable that they either never thought of it or speedily abandoned it.

Many stories are told of their shrewdness, and while some of them are true, more are legendary.

One of the best known is that of the Paris banker, who, when two communists entered his bank and demanded that he share his property with them, gave them each a five-franc piece, and told them that was their share as near as he could calculate it.

It was a Rothschild, too, who, while playing cards, was much annoyed by another player, who stopped the game in order that he might find a piece of money that had fallen upon the carpet. Rothschild thereupon folded a bank-note, lit it, and held it for him, saying: "There, my good man, hurry up while I hold the light."

The thistle, the dandelion and the cotton bush provide their seeds with long tufts of light hair, thin and hairy as gossamer, by which they are carried on the wings of the winds to bare spaces, away from the shadow of their plant, where they may root themselves successfully in the vacant soil. The maple, the ash and the pine supply their embryos with flattened wings, which serve them in like manner not less effectually. Both these we may classify as wind-dispersed seeds. A second set of plants have seed vessels which burst open explosively when ripe, and scatter their contents to a considerable distance. The balsam forms the commonest example in European gardens; but a well-known tropical tree, the sand box, displays the same peculiarity in a form which is most alarming, as its hard, dry capsules fly apart with the report of a pistol, and drive out the disk-shaped nuts within so forcibly as to make a blow on the cheek decidedly unpleasant. These we may designate as self-dispersed seeds. Yet a third class may be conveniently described as animal-dispersed, divisible once more into two sub-classes—the involuntary and the voluntarily aided. Of the former kind we have examples in those seeds which, like burs and cleavers, are covered with little hooks, by which they attach themselves to the fur or wool of passers-by. The latter, or voluntarily aided sort, are exemplified in fruits proper, the subject of our present investigation, such as apples, plums, peaches, cherries, haws and bramble berries. Every one of these plants is provided with hard and indigestible seeds, coated or surrounded by a soft, sweet, pulpy, perfumed, bright-colored and nutritious covering known as fruit. By all these means the plant allures birds or mammals to swallow and disperse its undigested seed, giving in as it were the pulpy covering as a reward to the animal for the service thus conferred.

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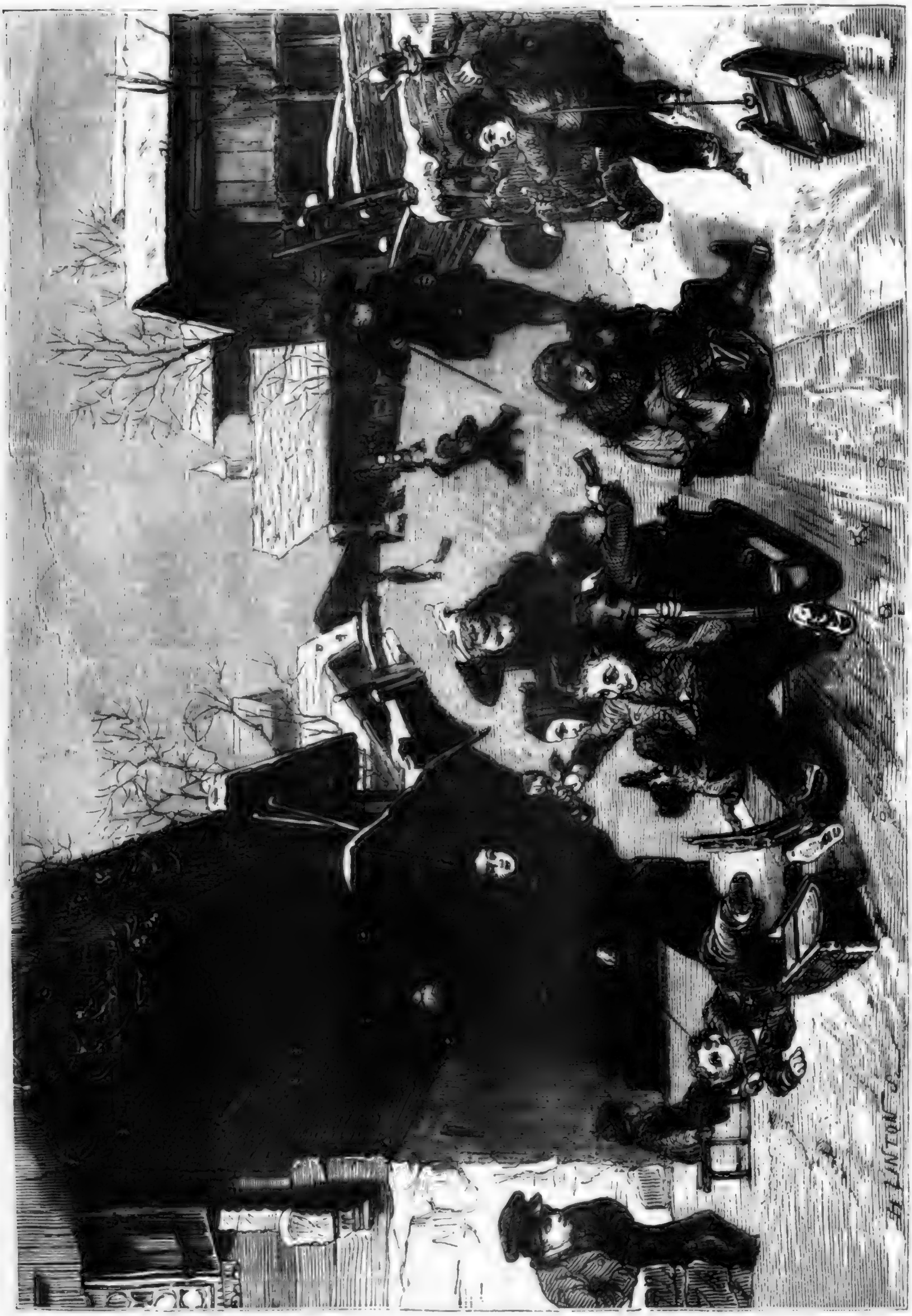
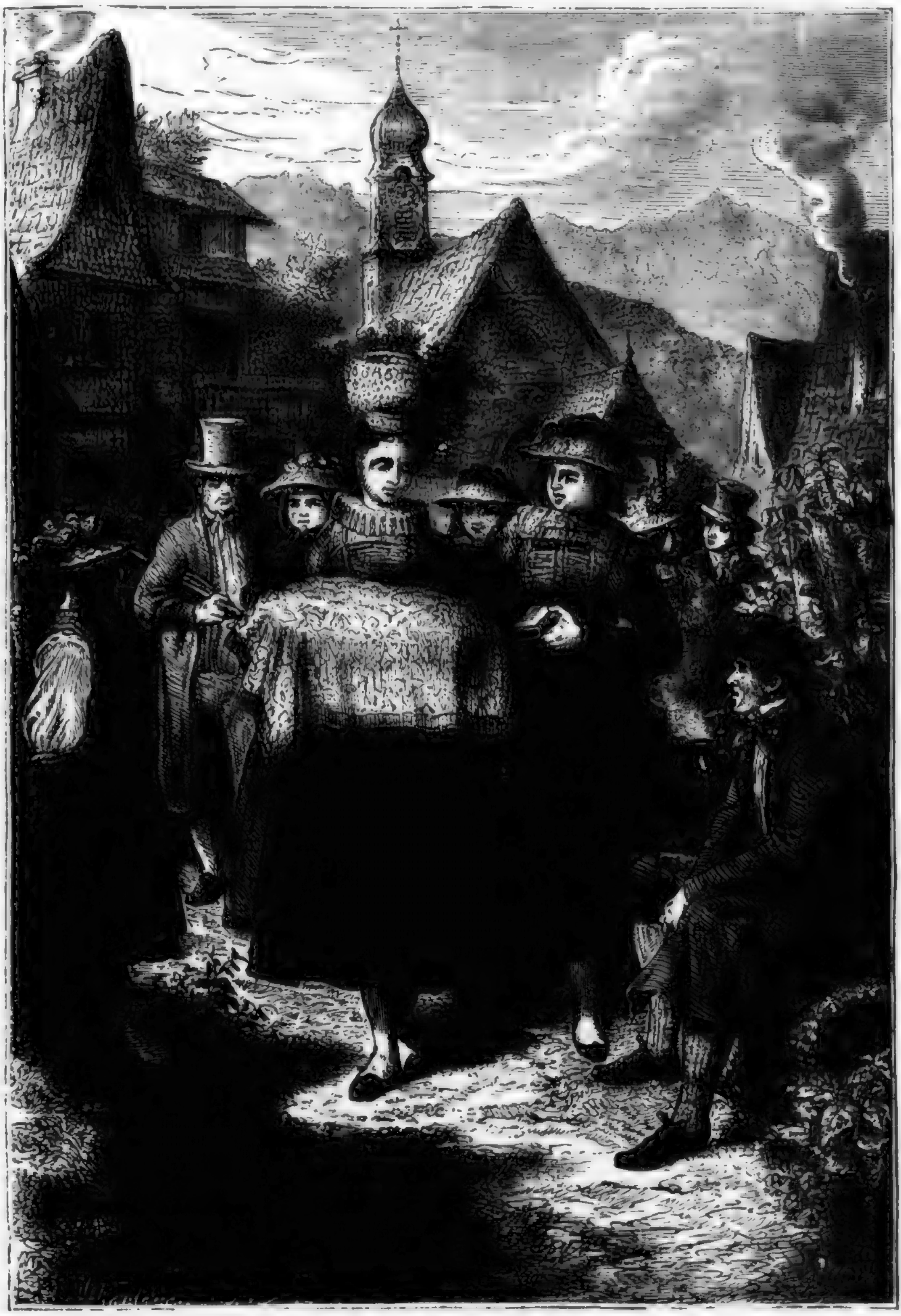


SOCIAL HABITS OF GERMANY.—BOYS COASTING.

SOCIAL HABITS AND CUSTOMS IN MIDDLE AND SOUTH GERMANY.

Each nation has its own peculiar habits and customs, and sometimes different localities in the same country differ so much in their social peculiarities, as to almost compel the belief that they are not portions of the same nationality. This is especially so in Germany, and a traveler through that country would be very much amused and instructed in comparing the social habits and customs of the northern, middle, and southern portions of the German land.

It is only within the last decade that all Germany has been united under one central government. Before the Franco-German War, Germany was divided and split up into numerous petty kingdoms, dukedoms, and principalities. There were the kingdoms of Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Hanover, the latter having been absorbed by Prussia and annexed to that kingdom in September, 1866; a large number of duchies and grand duchies, and smaller states, *ad libitum;* and each one of them has its own peculiar customs. One reason for this may be found in the fact, that the different portions have different origins, and the customs of centuries ago still are kept up.



GOING TO THE CHRISTENING, SAXONY.

An American traveler in Middle and South Germany, viewing the habits and customs of the people there from an American point of view, is impressed with a feeling that he has been suddenly transported several centuries back in the world's history and dropped in the Middle Ages. Everything to his eye appears antiquated and strange.

The bustle and ceaseless worry of the ordinary American life is strangely absent, and the quiet and old-fashioned ways which he meets affects him very peculiarly. The people seem to him to be walking anachronisms, belonging more to the fifteenth than to the nineteenth century; the houses are old, and very frequently he sees an old and half-ruined castle upon the summit of some hill, which turns his thoughts back to the days of chivalry, when knights fought with each other for a lady's smile, and the old barons in feudal days ruled the land with a rod of iron. The habits and customs of the German people are the legitimate outgrowth of the system of feudalism, but they are gradually becoming modified by the incoming of strangers and the intercourse, by the telegraph and the newspaper, with the rest of the world.

The large cities of Germany, such as Bremen, Hamburg, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, and Frankfort, all are now really cosmopolitan in their nature. The old and true German customs have either become changed, or been abrogated entirely in these places. The constant influx of foreigners has destroyed the primitive habits; but in the interior of the country, these old habits may still be witnessed.

The young German maiden of high degree would look with wonder and amazement at the American girls of her own age. She has been kept at home, close under the eyes of her parents, and as for receiving the visits of a young man, such a thing is unheard of. A virtuous young maiden may not be seen walking or riding with a young man unless she is accompanied by her father or brother, or is engaged to the one who accompanies her. And this engagement is always known, for it is a custom to make the betrothal public. Indeed, the betrothal is almost paramount to the wedding, and when a daughter of a family has accomplished her destiny in this wise, cards are sent to all the friends informing them of the fact, and the young couple are looked upon almost as man and wife. He is called the *brautigam*, or betrothed one, and as for her, her fate is sealed. If an engagement is by any possibility broken off, terrible is the scandal. It is almost as bad as is a divorce in America; nay, it is even worse than a divorce is in some of the Western States.

A bride must bring a dowry to her husband, be it large or small; and when a young maiden is so unfortunate as to be the daughter of parents too poor to give her a dowry, she may consider that her lot in this world is to be one of single-blessedness; and as the acme of human existence, from a feminine point of view, is marriage, one can readily see the doleful fate of such unfortunates as are unable to command a dowry. The natural result of this custom is illicit love; and it is no uncommon thing among the lower classes to find young maidens, otherwise estimable and virtuous, the mothers of one, and perhaps more than one, child. In the country villages this is frequently the case, and is looked upon with by no means as harsh an eye as in America. With us, one who is known to have wandered from the path of virtue is socially ostracised—an ostracism from which no subsequent course of rectitude can redeem her.

Marriage is considered in a far holier light than in America. In South Germany, which is principally Catholic, it is a sacrament, and the wife becomes—not, as with us, the simple companion of her husband, but—truly his helpmate. Whether she be high or low born, she takes the station in life of her husband, and henceforward is become a part of him and of his family. The further north, the less this is so, and in some parts of Saxony, which is about the middle, the wife and husband are about equal in regard to each other.

We often hear of breach of promise cases in America, but the plaintiff is always the lady. In Germany this is not always so, and the suits for breach of the betrothal are brought by the man as well as the woman. A journeyman once recovered one hundred thalers against a maiden who had broken her engagement with him.

Some of the marriage customs are very old. In Pfuelengen, in the Kingdom of Würtemberg, it is a custom on Christmas Eve for a number of young men and maidens to meet together, and, having blindfolded a goose, to set it free. Whoever it runs toward will be surely married during the coming year. This is called the marriage oracle.

Marriage customs greatly differ in the different localities. In the Swabian villages the happy pair walk to the church preceded by the priests and followed by the friends; while in the vicinity of the Spreewald the old custom of going to church by water, in a boat, prevails.

The age at which marriage may be made differs in various countries. In Thuringia the man must be twenty-four; the girl may marry at any age after her confirmation. The marriage is usually published by banns three times in the churches; but by paying an extra fee, the banns may be called once for all. Although the ceremony usually takes place in the church, still an extra fee will cause it to be held in a private house. Indeed, that extra fee is powerful in Germany, as elsewhere.

After marriage comes infancy and childhood, and throughout all Germany, North, Middle and South, the new-born babe is looked upon as a gift of God, and nothing is too good or too much for it. German parents are the most loving and indulgent of all parents.

When the young babe is about six weeks old, the christening takes place. In Thuringia it is a custom that any young woman or man who is newly confirmed must become sponsor to the child of the first poor person who asks him or her to do so. The sponsor pays the christening expenses, and presents a silver spoon to the child; and in Saxony it is customary for the sponsor to present a new suit of clothes to the child on the first Christmas after its birth. After the christening ceremony is over, the whole company goes to the sponsor's house, and an early evening meal is served. Friends are invited to this feast, and a good time is had.

The next event in the young child's life after the christening is the confirmation. This is a rite both in the Catholic and Lutheran creeds, and so prevails throughout nearly all Germany. It takes place anywhere between the ages of ten and fourteen, and is a very important event. If the young boy or girl is at school, the preparation is given by the schoolmaster, who is usually a priest or clergyman; if at home, the village pastor prepares the young child for the ceremony, by studies in the catechism and Bible. On the day of the ceremony the young girl is clad in white, with a confirmation vail falling from a green crown on her head. The young boy has an entire new suit of black, which is generally given to him by the one who was his sponsor at his christening. Thus attired, the young children march in procession from the schoolroom to the church, the girls and boys each by themselves, under the guidance of the teachers. In South Germany, where the Catholic religion prevails, the priests bless these young Christians; and after confirmation, they are prepared for their first communion.

German school life is very complete. The thoroughness of German education is proverbial. In every city and village there are several schools of all grades. The *kindergarten* is for the youngest scholars; then comes the village school, then the gymnasium, which is, not as its name might imply, a place for athletic development, but a high school of academic instruction; and finally the university. A full course through all their schools would occupy from fifteen to twenty years. Of the universities—the highest type of colleges throughout the world—there are twenty-seven in Germany; and a careful computation reveals the fact that about one boy in every five hundred in Germany receives a collegiate education. The most celebrated universities are those of Berlin, Vienna, Prague, Munich, Heidelberg, Jena, and Leipsic. Since the war of 1870, Strasburg University must be added to these.

In the village schools, the instruction consists of almost everything, and music forms a part of the curriculum. One can always see the singing-master there, and often the violin and piano teachers. The result of this early and general instruction in music is seen in the fact that Germany furnishes the majority of the music and musicians of the world. In every German town there are singing societies. A very large quantity of music is written in Germany for the voice, and a particularly large proportion of that is for male voices. Male quartettes and choruses abound everywhere, and there is scarcely a single man in the whole German Empire but who knows some of these quartettes.

Every house and every beer-saloon possesses a piano, and in almost every city there is an opera season, which generally commences after the Easter holidays, and is always highly patronized and prosperous. Everybody attends. The rich have, of course, the best places, but there are places and prices suitable for the poor. In America opera is an expensive luxury. In Germany it is a necessity, and one may see the boys walking along the streets singing and whistling operatic airs—not picked up from some traveling organ-grinder, but learned from having heard them in the opera house.

The German *volkslieder*, or popular songs, are sung everywhere. Each petty State has its favorite air, some of which are exceedingly beautiful. Among those sung in Saxony and Bavaria, are "Muss i denn," and "O Tannenbaum." The latter is sung to the melody known to college students as "Lauriger Horatius," and which was so popular during our late war, as "Maryland, my Maryland." It has been beautifully translated by Longfellow (see his poem "The Hemlock Tree"). The majority of the German *volkslieder* are full of the sentiment of love, and the music almost invariably correctly interprets the meaning of the words. The authors of the most of them are unknown, but the melodies themselves live in the hearts of the people. Who was it that said, "Let me make the song of a people, and I care not who makes their laws?" He was a wise man, whoever he was, for the molding of national character depends, in a very great measure, upon these songs and ballads. The greatest German poets have written many such little songs—see the poems of Goethe and Schiller, for instance; they are full of them. Heine, Eichendorf, Rueckert, and indeed almost all of the poets have written many such poems, which are adapted to melodies and sung by everyone.

The love for and knowledge of these simple melodies permeates all classes. The driver of the postal wagon, which, in the small cities runs from the post-office to the railway-station, back and forth on the arrival and departure of almost every train, generally carries a bugle, which he blows upon leaving or arriving at the post-office; sometimes he blows simply a bugle call, at others, he plays some of the popular German melodies; and the writer has heard some of these beautiful little songs rendered very well indeed by this musical driver.

A country-town in America, however noisy it may be by day, is generally very quiet at night; but the small German cities are much quieter by day and much noisier by night. Many of these cities were fortified places in the Middle Ages, and the old watch-towers still exist. These are now often used for bell-towers, in addition to the church-bells. The writer has lain in his bed in a German country inn, and heard the hour struck on eleven different bells.

Many of the bells strike not only the hours, but also the quarters—one at the first, two at the half hour, three at the third, and four at the hour—upon a smaller bell, and then peal forth the hour upon a large one.

Through the streets of these same small cities, the night-watchman passes; at every hour he blows a horn—either a ram's horn or a cow's horn—and sings a verse of a popular song. Following is a translation of one of them:

10 P. M.

"Ten o'clock says yonder steeple,
Ten o'clock, worthy people.
Now say your prayers and go to bed—
The innocent have naught to dread;
The eye of Heaven is ever bright,
And watches you through all the night.

11 P. M

"Eleven o'clock says yonder steeple,
Just eleven, worthy people.
Good folks who sit up working still,
And not at cards their time to kill,
I bid you now from labor rest—
When bedtime comes, then sleep is best

12 M.

"Twelve o'clock says yonder steeple,
Twelve o'clock, worthy people.
If some there be whom sorrow keep
From sweet repose and healthful sleep,
On those may Heaven its peace bestow,
And may they wake relieved from woe.

1 A. M.

"One o'clock says yonder steeple,
Late for good and honest people.
If led by Satan's wiles astray
Some thief is on his wicked way,
I think it right to let him know
That Heaven looks down on deeds below.

2 A M.

"Two o'clock says yonder steeple,
Soundly sleep, happy people.
If any wicked wights there are
Who lie awake a prey to care;
Poor souls, their chance of sleep is gone,
I leave their care to Heaven alone.

3 A. M.

"Three o'clock says yonder steeple,
Soon will day dawn, good people.
Let all who've passed a peaceful night
And lived to see the morning light,
Thank gracious Heaven, who gave you rest,
And go to work and do your best."

This little song gives but five hours for sleep, and the lower classes rarely get any more sleep than that. The peasants must be up early, to till the fields, milk the cows, get the farm produce to the markets; the women are employed in numberless ways. In Germany the women do as much hard work as the men, and work that would be scorned by the humblest and poorest of the women of this country. They sow the seed in the earth, they weed the plants, they dig, they follow the plow, they trudge along the highways to and from the market towns, carrying on their backs baskets of farm produce or bundles of wood or faggots; large tubs, sometimes filled with earth, water, grain or whatever else they may be in need of. The weight

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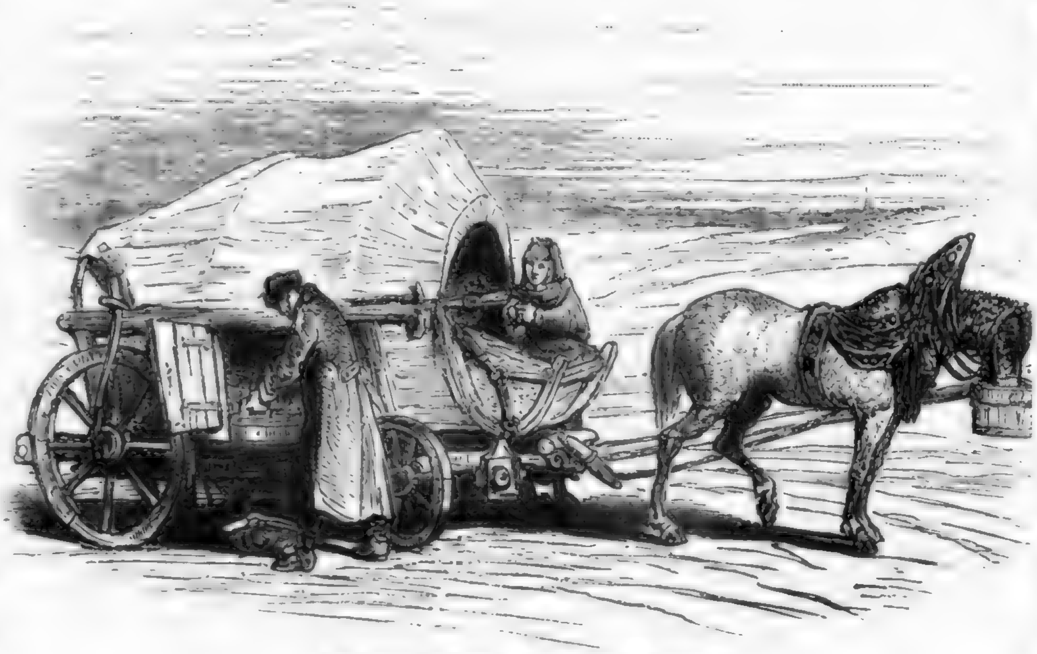
is frequently so great that even men in America would hesitate before undertaking it.

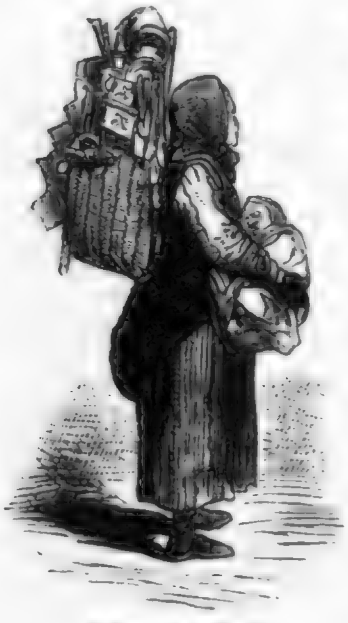
These tubs and baskets are strapped on the back in a somewhat similar manner to a soldier's knapsack. The women trudge along cheerily and uncomplainingly, and seem to be happy. They are not troubled with the idea that it is men's work and not theirs, having been brought up to it.



A MARKET-WAGON ON ITS WAY TO TOWN.

When the farmer takes his produce to the market, he does not ride on his wagon himself, but walks along, placidly smoking his pipe. The wagons are all drawn—not by horses, nor yet by oxen, but—cows, yoked by the horns, with traces extending therefrom and attached to whiffletrees in a very similar manner to that in which horses are harnessed. The driver walks in front, with his whip in his hand, and when he wants his team to turn a corner, he takes hold of the pole himself and pulls it around, and the cows follow him. It is said that cows are more docile than oxen, and women, and even children, may often be seen driving them. Horses are comparatively few, and, although harnessed very similar to ours, with reins, etc., are mostly trained to mind the word. The driver usually walks by his team, whether his wagon be loaded or empty.

When the farmer has disposed of his load, he goes to the beer saloon, where he meets others of his occupation, and there they discuss any subject which may have the interest of the day. Everybody goes to the beer saloon. Beer is the universal drink for man, woman and child, and it is no uncommon thing to see the father, with his wife and children, in a beer saloon—the father with his newspaper, the mother with her sewing or knitting, and each with their mug or glass of beer.



A BASKET-SELLER.

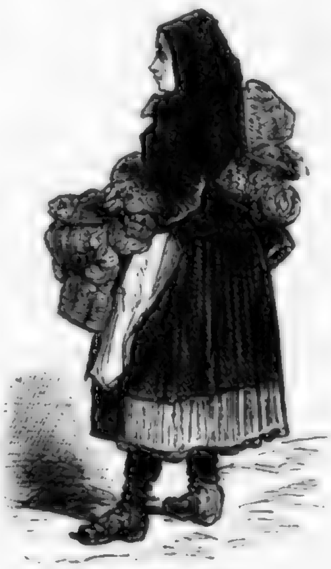
In the morning, everybody attends to his business, and the beer shops are empty; but along about three o'clock they begin to fill up, and from then until evening one may be sure of meeting his acquaintances at one or the other of them. Men bring with them books, chess-boards and cards to these saloons, and there pleasantly pass away the time, reading, playing, smoking and drinking beer.

In addition to the numerous beer saloons, there are in almost every city in Germany concert saloons, where drinking, smoking and similar pleasures may be had, and at the same time good music be listened to? In some of these concert gardens, very fine orchestras may be heard. The gardens of Vienna are celebrated in this regard.

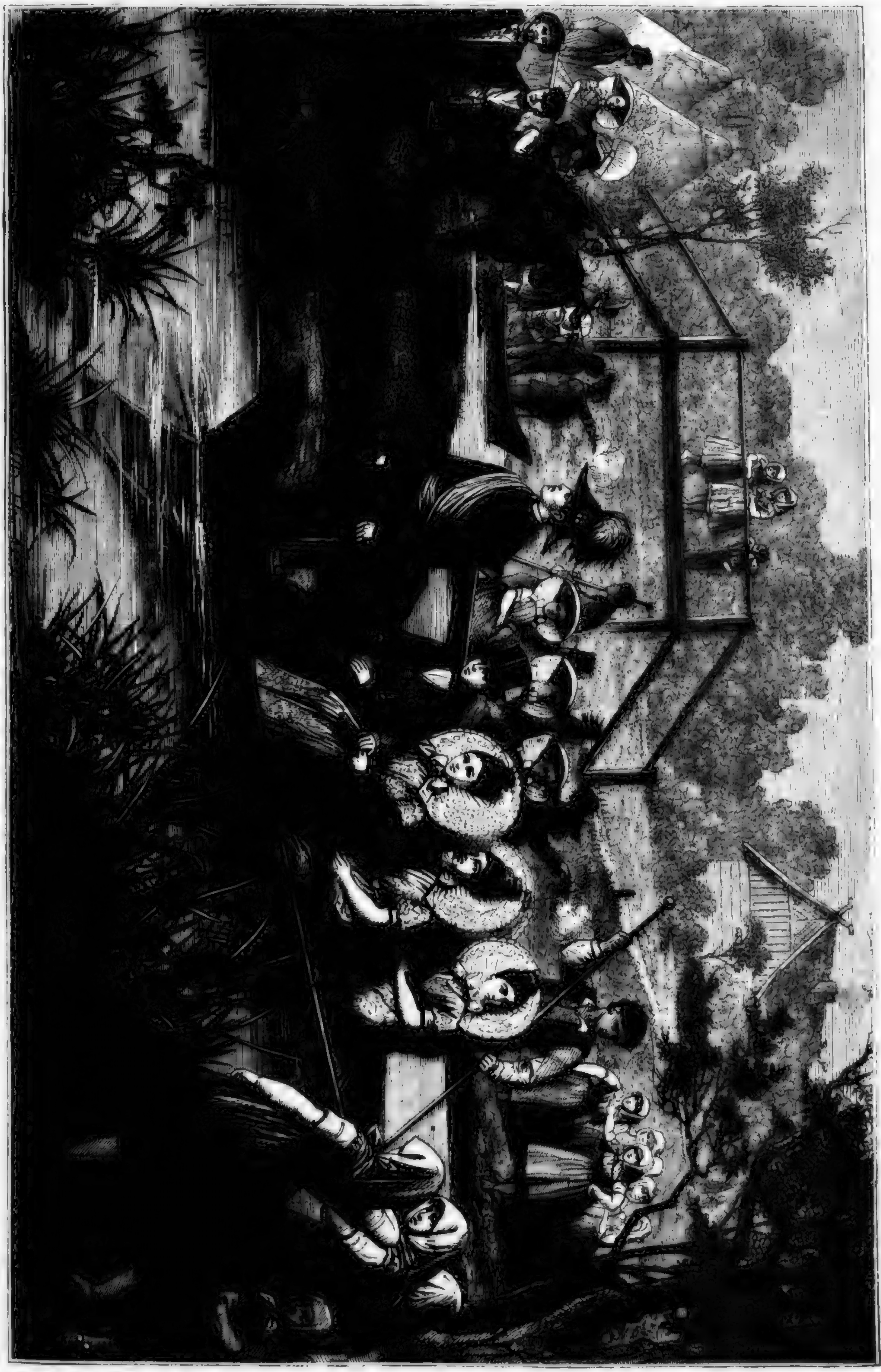
When the weather is fine, large numbers of people go out walking in the public gardens and parks, and there is scarcely any place in Germany, however small, which does not possess its public walks and gardens, where one may pleasantly while away an afternoon, walking about or sitting under some shady tree. To be out of doors as much as possible seems to be the rule, and, as a necessary consequence, the people are healthy and happy. Children grow up robust and hearty, and in this open-air existence lay the foundation of a hardy and healthy long life.

Among the higher classes, the women have a custom, which is somewhat analogous to the frequenting of beer saloons by the men, and perhaps originated as an offset to that habit. Although the women often go to the saloons, they are always attended by their husbands or brothers; but this custom is one in which the male portion of the family is rigidly excluded. They call them *kaffee-gesellschafts*, or coffee companies, and when a lady gives one she sends invitations to those of her friends whom she wishes to honor.

They generally assemble together at about three o'clock, sometimes bringing their sewing or knitting—for the German women are ever industrious—and sit pleasantly talking and drinking coffee and eating cake until about half-past six or seven o'clock; then, wishing each other their adieux, separate, and each goes to her own home. Men are under no circumstances permitted in the room, and there are known instances where the unfortunate *homo* was excluded even from the house during these sacred hours of feminine privacy. The women are very close-mouthed as to the subjects which are discussed in these meetings. Perhaps the



A STREET VENDER.



MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN SPREEWOLD, GERMANY.

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fashions; perhaps they are match-making conclaves; perhaps they are—— but the imagination refuses to conceive what they may possibly be. The quantity of coffee which is drunk, however, and the cake which is eaten, is simply prodigious. The meetings are held perhaps once in a week or so, and a lady who has been invited to one feels herself bound to return the compliment by asking her friends to meet her at her own house. Those whom she invites reciprocate in a similar manner, and soon the meetings become very frequent; and whenever a wife announces to her husband that a *kaffee-gesellschaft* will be held at home that afternoon, he knows that he must either stay later at his business or meet his friends and talk politics in a beer saloon.

There is the greatest difference between the habits of eating in Germany and in America. There the great meal of the day is dinner, which is eaten about the middle of the day; and there is no such thing as breakfast, such as we have. When one arises in the morning he takes a cup of coffee and a roll, and starts out to his business or pleasure, as it may be; but about noon he sits down to his dinner of four (never less), five or six, and may be seven, courses, and makes up for his abstinence in the morning. After dinner he usually takes his cup of coffee and his cigar. Thus always an hour, and frequently longer, is occupied in dining.

The amusements of the German people are as many and various as those of other countries. The concert-garden, theatre and opera are always well patronized in the cities; but out in the villages and country towns, where these things cannot be, other sports take their place. The love of outdoor sports prevails throughout Germany, and, though particulars may differ, yet the same general characteristics are to be found all over the country. A special delight is taken in shooting, and in the various Kingdoms and States shooting societies and rifle-clubs abound; and this sport is so prevalent that Weber founded his opera "Der Freischütz" on the fortunes of a member of one of such bands.

In Bavaria a game called *hakeln* is very popular. This consists of drawing a line on the floor, and then two men locking their fingers together, each one endeavoring by sheer strength to draw his opponent over the line. These contests usually take place in a beer saloon, and the loser has to pay for the entertainment of his friends. *Stemmen* is the reverse of *hakeln*. In it the two clinched fists are put together, and each one strives to push, instead of pull, the other over the line. In the Tyrol a similar sport is practiced, with the difference that the contest takes place over a table, which is frequently upset in the struggles of the contestants.

"Tilting the bucket" is another favorite sport. A huge bucket filled with water is suspended from a cross-bar over the road. From one side of the bucket a board comes down, through which is a hole. The player rides in a dog-cart rapidly under the bucket, with a long wooden pole, which he endeavors to thrust through the hole as he passes under it. If he misses, he strikes the board with the pole, and tilts the bucket, emptying its contents over him.

Although the carnival is generally thought to be indigenous to Italy, yet it flourishes to a large extent in Germany, and there are several carnival associations. The season of the carnival is just previous to Lent.

Young girls, too, have their out-door amusements. In Baden and the Rhine provinces it is a frequent thing to see girls racing on stilts; and so expert are they in the use of stilts, that they rarely, if ever, fall.

In the Winter time, when the snow is on the ground, the boys of Germany are as fond of coasting as the boys of America are; but there is this essential difference—the German boy does not run any of the risks that his American brother does. Pleasure is pleasure to him, without needing to have the spice of danger added. Then, too, the German boy takes along his little brother or sister to enjoy the sport.

A curious custom, the necessity for which has long passed away, is still kept up in several places. This is the town-crier. When anything is to be made known to the people, the town-crier goes into the streets, rings a bell, and then makes his proclamation to the people, passes on, and repeats it in another part of the town. In some towns a bulletin board is put up on the market place, divided into two portions, headed, "*Verloren*," and "*Gefunden*" ("Lost," and "Found"), and on this board articles lost and found are advertised. The writer knows this to have been the case in a city in which a daily paper was published.

In this same city, the principal hotel furnished its guests with a bed, of which the feather bed was on top of the sleeper.

Sunday is regarded in a very different light in Germany from that in which Americans look at it. We consider it a day of abstinence from all secular work and amusement—they look upon it as a day of recreation and relaxation. The finest operas are given on Sunday evenings. The toil of the week is over, the mind is at rest concerning the things necessary to existence, and Sunday is given up to pleasure. The churches are generally well attended in the mornings, but in the afternoon and evening the people flock to the beer-gardens, the theatre and opera. Throughout Catholic Germany the season of Easter is kept with great particularity. On Good Friday services are also held in all the Lutheran churches; and all the stores are closed, and on Monday after Easter too, the stores are closed, and the day is celebrated as holy.

It is very touching to go through a German churchyard or cemetery. The graves are placed side by side—not laid out in lots, like our cemeteries, but the dead lie side by side, sleeping quietly. A most beautiful trait of German character is the affectionate remembrance of the dead. Some of the inscriptions on the tombstones read like poems in prose: "Here rests in peace, our never-to-be-forgotten ——." "In silence and hope, here waits ——." Very many of the graves are covered with flowers and evergreens; and those who are too poor to buy fresh flowers to decorate a grave with, adorn them with artificial ones. One might suppose that the graves of the recently buried were only thus adorned, but often those who have been long dead are thus affectionately remembered. The writer saw, in 1871, a tombstone which bore the date 1850, which was profusely covered with wreaths and crosses of real flowers and evergreens. It was the resting-place of a "beloved and unforgotten wife and mother." For over twenty years the grave of this "beloved and unforgotten wife and mother" had been kept green and beautiful by her affectionate husband and children.

There were many handsome monuments, and many covered over with boards, to protect them from the storms of Winter—they not yet having been taken down for the Summer. The nobility had mostly vaults, which were ranged along the walls of the graveyard, and the simple family name, with perhaps the armorial bearings and family motto inscribed on the door.

The dead-house stood off at one side. Everybody when he dies must be taken to the dead-house. There he lies until the day appointed for his funeral, with a bell-cord in his hand, so that, should he be alive and only in a trance, the slightest movement would ring the bell and so make it known to the keeper, who is ever within hearing. Instances have several times occurred where this bell has been rung, and the person thus saved from a horrible fate.

J. R.

IT was beyond any doubt that, some eight or nine years since, when I was barely twenty-two, I was generally considered a deuced good-looking fellow. At any rate, the fairer half of my acquaintances were accustomed to say so. As for their thinking so or not, it is not for me to determine. It is true that Cousin Gregory always declared I owed their admiration more to the fact of the thirty thousand dollars of annual income left me by my deceased sire—of whom I have no particular or kindly remembrance, seeing that he was comfortably buried, with no end of funeral "fuss and feathers," when I was barely eight months old—rather than to my own personal appearance.

But then, you know, cousin Gregory is exceedingly plain and unprepossessing—indeed, some of his best friends call him ugly. So I think I may fairly set his adverse criticism down to jealousy.

Well, it is a little story of my first misadventure in what such tender young idiots as I was then, denominate the tender passion, that I am about to put upon paper. Perhaps I might have said that it had soured my life, and made me a confirmed old bachelor, unless—but I see no reason for entering upon private concerns at present, which certainly can neither interest my readers nor point any moral. Now, the facts which I am about to tell have a moral. The recital of them may be very useful to the younger male branches of the tree of "good society." Yes! "Good society!" I have always moved in it, and, upon my word, I think it a very comfortable section of life to move in, all things considered.

However, I feel that my reader must be yawning at my prosing so much before I begin.

He ought, therefore, to be informed that I am not, and never wish to become, a professional scribbler. In fact, I consider the whole fact of writing, and being paid for it at so much a line or column, as very low. Consequently, if I do on this occasion rush into print, why, hang it! it is "for this time only." So, having stated this, here goes.

SOME eight or nine years since, Jerome Rigby and myself were fast friends. He was a deuced fine-looking fellow, with a beard and mustache which I greatly envied, although I flatter myself I now grow a much finer crop of both of them than he did then. At any rate, Cæsar Jackson, the barber who attends to them, says that "they really is superb"—and I think he ought to know something about the matter. But then, Jerome Rigby was some ten or twelve years older than I was, and as I said he—no!—*I* was *his* fast friend.

This was how it all came about:

Somehow, it strikes me that I am getting on too fast. I ought to explain who and what he was.

He was not, by any means, remarkably well off. In fact, he had only twelve hundred dollars a year, although he generally contrived to enjoy much more than the pleasures such a sum could buy.

I have been told since by my cousin Gregory that this fact was entirely owing to such—well! I may as well use his own words—such well-to-do asses as myself. If so, on my honor, I don't much blame him. By Jove! only think what I should do if I had only twelve hundred dollars a year! I couldn't keep a fast team, and a thorough-bred saddle-horse, and a villa at Newport. Consequently, I should have to use such of these goods as my friends had, and I should be right, as he was.

J. R. dined with me whenever he had no other invitation. He breakfasted with me six mornings out of seven. He smoked my cigars, wore my Jouvin kids—his hands were the same size as my own—shared my cobblers and Cognac, and, in fact, treated me as if he owned me.

It was on one splendid September evening at the time I am writing about, that we were seated in my rooms at the Clarendon—a capital *suite* they were, too. I had not yet set up house, intending to—but, as I said before, there is no necessity for saying any more than what I start to say. So, I had not yet set up house, and we were seated in my dining-room at the Clarendon.

The waiter had just removed the cloth, and had left us a good bottle of Chambertin, asking when he should bring the coffee.

"We will ring, Ned, when we want it," replied J. R.

You see he did not even refer to me in the matter. But I was accustomed to his ways.

When the waiter had left the room and closed the door, he took a cigar from the box upon the buffet, and lit it.

Having done so, he offered me the box.

"Won't you smoke, my dear boy?"

It was a way J. R. had, of always calling me "his dear boy." I took a cigar and lit it.

For some few moments both of us puffed on in silence. I was stretched at full length upon the lounge, with one of my heels resting upon the back of it, considerably higher than my head. J. R. was in the easy chair.

After a time he again spoke:

"I tell you what it is, my dear boy, something is the matter with you."

I did not reply.

"Something is the matter with you, and I mean to know what it is. You know I am older than you, and my head—I wish it was my purse—shall always be at your service."

His head was at my service, very assuredly, some few months later. However, it is of no use anticipating my story.

"So tell me all about it. Have you been gambling!"

"Haven't you been with me every night, Jerome, for the last week?"

"Have you been betting, then?"

"How could I, without your knowing? What could *Damon* do, that *Pythias* didn't know?"

The names they had bestowed upon us at our club were *Damon* and *Pythias.*

"Then you must be ill?"

No answer.

"Or in love?"

"Now," said I, jumping bolt upright upon the sofa, "I should very much like to know how you found that out. For I'm sure I kept my own counsel."

"Never mind how I discovered the secret," he replied, with his usual sardonic grin—the only thing I detested in him. "What is her name?"

"Little Kittie Herbert!" I replied, somewhat sullenly, for I scarcely liked either his tone or his sneer, when he spoke.

"How? Who?"

He seemed so thoroughly astonished, that I became more comfortable.

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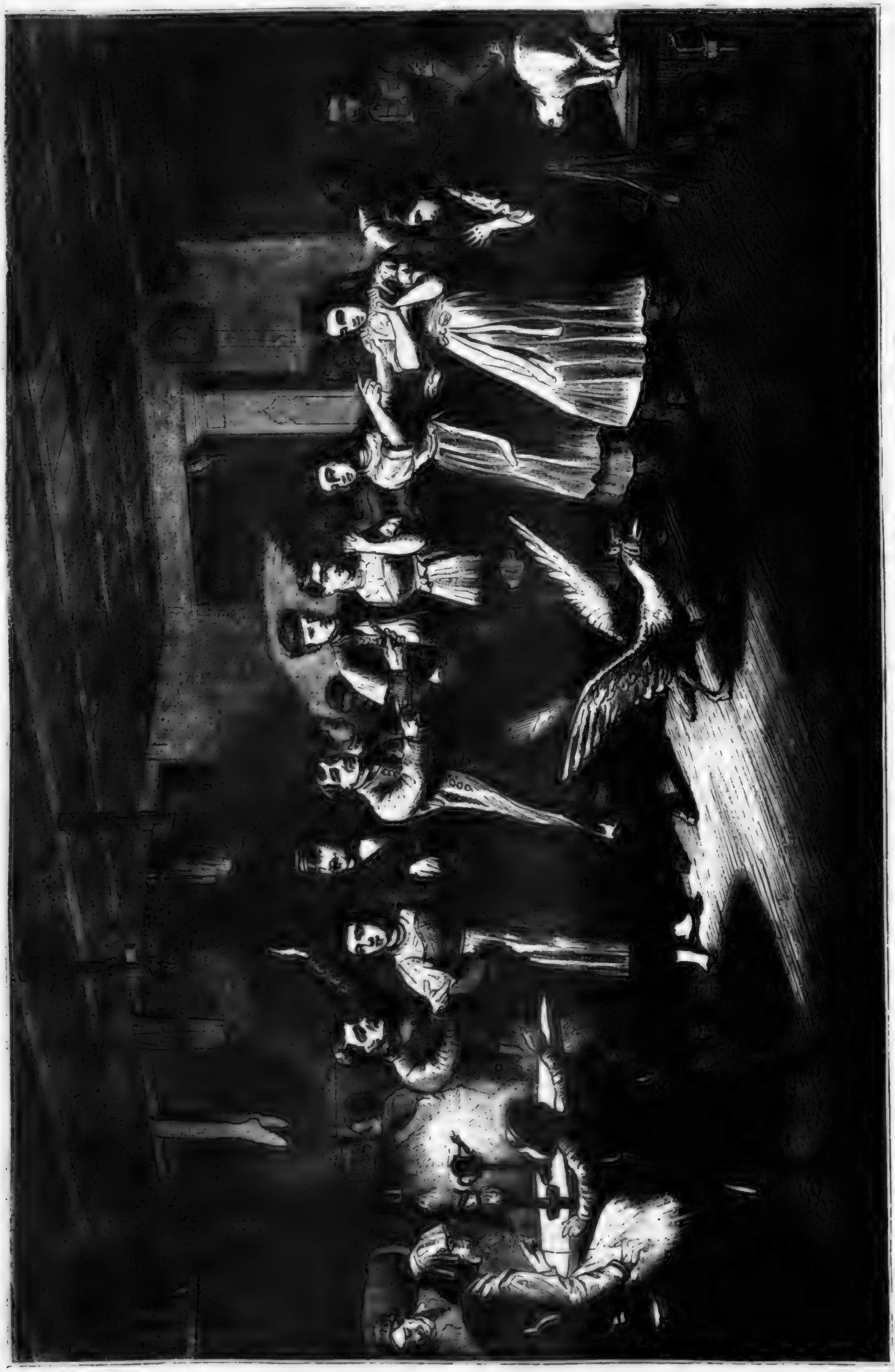


SOCIAL HABITS OF GERMANY.—THE MARRIAGE ORACLE, ON CHRISTMAS EVE IN PFUELINGEN.—SEE PAGE 477.

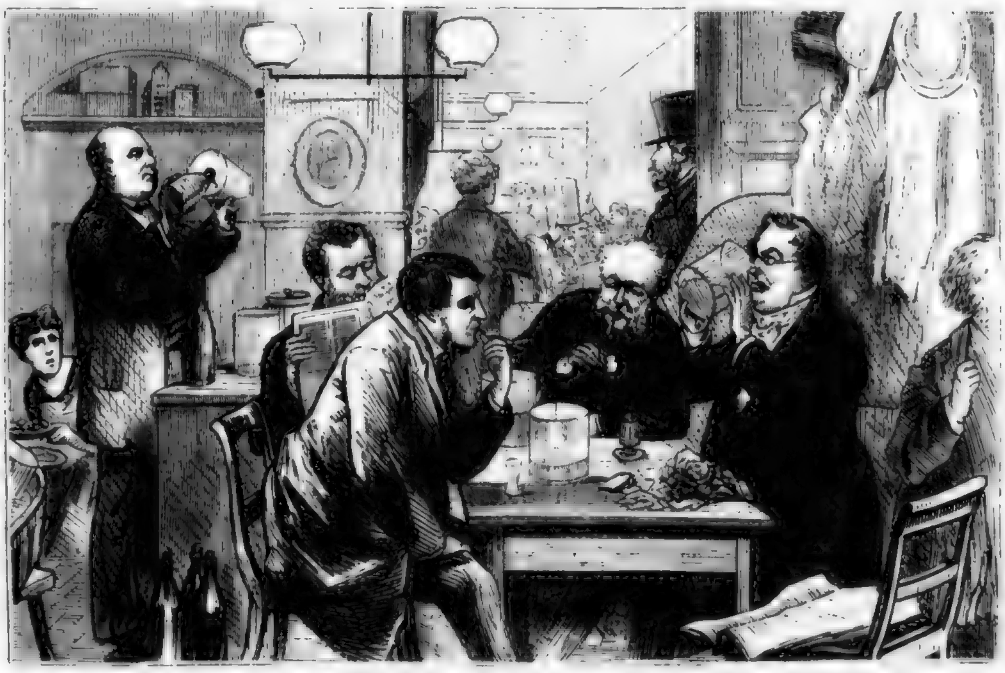
"Miss Kate Herbert!" was my answer. "Is there anything wonderful in that?"

"She is so very young."

"More than fifteen," I said. "Besides, we knew each other when I was a boy and she was a little toddle; and old Herbert knows it, and was talking to me at the club about it, while you were playing *écarté* with Gus Trevor, and slapped me on the shoulder, and told me to 'go in and win'; and so I rather think it is all right."

"She will have a large fortune," observed J. R., abstractedly.

"A hundred thousand dollars whenever she marries, and twice or three times as much at the old gentleman's death."



A GERMAN BEER SALOON.

"You are in luck, my dear boy!"

"Yes! Pretty good!" was my answer.

"Then why on earth have you been so gloomy this evening?" he asked.

Then it all came out.

"You see she has written to me."

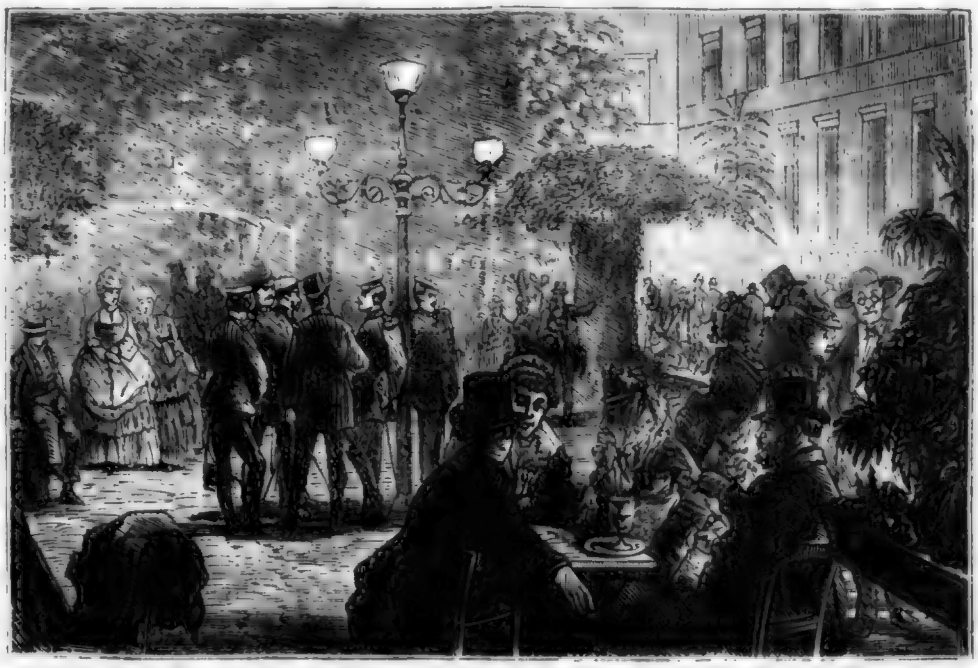
"Indeed!"

J. R. opened his eyes.

He had some reason to do so, as he generally saw, and read, too, for the matter of that, all my letters.

"Oh! you needn't stare so, Jerome! It was purely a letter of business. We haven't yet got so far as to correspond about anything else."

"Business!"



SOCIAL HABITS OF GERMANY.—A GERMAN CONCERT-GARDEN.—SEE PAGE 477.

He again grinned sarcastically.

"You know she and her cousin have humbugged old Herbert into allowing them to make fools of their friends in some private theatricals, next Christmas, at the old boy's country-seat."

"May I ask what the play is the ladies have selected?"

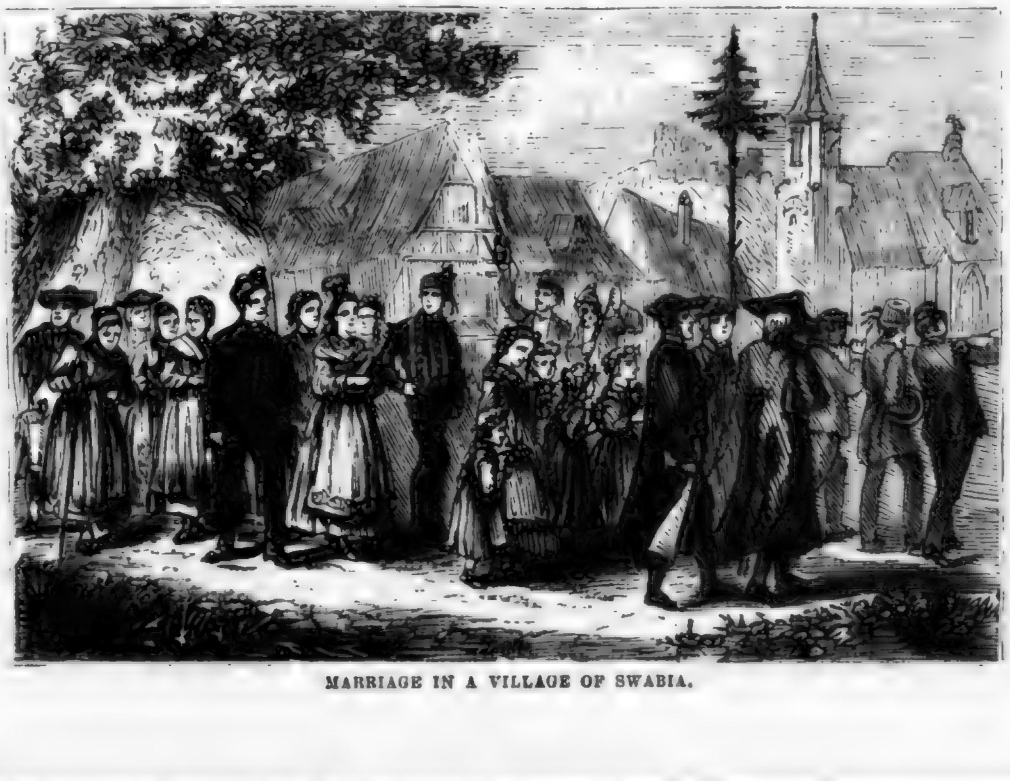
"'Virginius.'"

"A tragedy!"

He might have been excused even for laughing when he said this. Much to my astonishment, however, he did not.

"Of course, Miss Herbert takes the part of *Virginia*. Are you to be *Virginius?*"

"No!" I said, indignantly. "I should rather think not. I'm going to be *Icilius*. I want



MARRIAGE IN A VILLAGE OF SWABIA.

to have some bigger donkey than myself in the affair. *Virginius* will do for him."

"But, my dear boy," said J. R., "sad as it may be for you to play even *Icilius*, it is some three months to Christmas yet. Be mournful when the time comes. Till then—"

"What do you mean, Mr. Rigby?" I exclaimed.

"I thought you were melancholy on the score of your having to act."

"Not at all. I was simply thinking."

"What about?"

"Why, you see, she has written to me to secure old Herbert a respectable stage-manager. She wants one to 'coach' her for it, and all that, you know."

J. R.'s eyes flashed for a moment, and then were quiet again.

"Well!" he said.

"It's a deuced difficult thing to know whom to select; for, hang me, if she hasn't placed the whole matter in my hands!"

"May I, my dear boy, recommend you some one?"

"Of course you may, Jerome; and, by Jove! I shall be a thousand times obliged to you," I replied, somewhat astonished that he should ask me such a question, when he saw the difficulty I was in.

"Then, allow me to offer myself."

"Your—self!"

"Yes, my dear boy."

"Why! What on earth do you know about acting and stage-business?"

"Some little. I acted in that very play when at college, and in several others. Indeed, but for my father's bitter opposition to the idea, I had at one time serious thoughts of going upon the stage."

"The deuce you had! I'm very glad I spoke to you. Do you know the old gentleman?"

"Slightly."

"That will do, then. I'll take you there to-morrow."

And so, as far as I and J. R. were concerned, all was settled. Nor, indeed, can I see, even now, what I did wrong in the matter, at all. Mr. Jerome Rigby was received in "good society"—that is, among men. At that time I had heard nothing of bills that could not be collected from him—did not know how he had "plucked" young Latham in Philadelphia, nor that, as my friends said afterward, he had made up his mind to "pluck" me. In fact, I would have bet "my pile" upon his being a gentleman and a man of honor; and when Heaven seemed to offer him, at that very moment, to get me out of a scrape, how the deuce was I to imagine that his intention was to get me into a far worse one?

But what is the use of thinking about it any more? Fate or the Deuce had settled the affair to their own liking. What has been done, is done. It is no use whining over the past. I was very sorry for it on little Kitty's account, as well as my own. It was a deuce of a shame for her father to visit it upon her, although he had certainly some right to kick up a row with me.

However, I am again anticipating my story.

WELL! I took J. R. to the old Herbert's house on the following day, and introduced him to Miss Herbert and her mother.

J. R. behaved in an exemplary fashion.

Hang me, if I would not positively have pawned my soul on his honor. However, I was then very young. At thirty, which is my age at present, one ought to be a little better judge of human nature than at twenty-two; and, considering that the old gentleman was a remarkably hale and sensible individual of fifty-seven, upon my word, I think he was a much greater fool than I was.

At all events everything, then, went lovely—or, at any rate, it seemed to do so.

Our study began. J. R. offered to play anything or everything. How it happened I can't take it upon myself to say, but somehow, he managed to get cast for the part of *Virginius*. *Appius* was allotted to Gus Trevor. Little Ned Harkaway and William Hopkins also had parts.

Full rehearsals were held once a week, after which we dined with the old gentleman, and punished his Green Seal and Burgundy considerably. Of course, the "coaching" myself and Kate Herbert took considerable more time at J. R.'s hands than he expected. He thought I was a quick pupil, but when alone with me, he deplored "little Kitty's" stupidity. The first time he called her by this very familiar title, I did not make any remark.

However, the second time he did so, I took him to task.

"My dear boy," he replied, "you call her so."

"But I intend to marry her."

"I forgot that," he said, with the same sardonic twinkle in his eye and curl of his lip I have previously commented upon. "I will endeavor to forget you have ever given her that endearing appellation."

When he said this, I got mad. Perhaps I should not have done so, had not Gus Trevor, on that very morning, cautioned me respecting the "plucking" process to which he and my other friends believed I was destined. Therefore I told J. R. a considerable bit of my mind. Perhaps I half hoped he would kick up a row with me, in which case I should—but we ought never to talk of what we should, yet haven't done; so I'll let that slide.

However, to my intense astonishment, the "considerable bit of my mind" had very decidedly a proper effect upon him—at least, it apparently had, for he actually offered me an ample apology.

"My dear boy," he exclaimed, "I most deeply regret my inadvertence. Must I say more?"

By Jove! as he said this, a tear actually seemed to be trembling in the corner of his eye.

He then told me that he had undertaken to have all the scenery for the play painted, and was going down with the scene-painter to Mr. Herbert's country-seat on the following day, to make arrangements with him.

I was partly ashamed of having got mad with him, in consequence of his handsome apology, and volunteered to accompany him; but this he would not hear of. "Stage-painters were such awful bores and such nuisances," he explained, that it was useless exposing myself to the annoyance of a day in a house where no preparations had been made to receive me. As I was glad to be excused, I took his apologies in good faith, and, hang it! actually thanked him for being so unselfish.

When I called in the evening, however, upon the Herberts, and found that they, too, had gone down to their country-seat with two of their servants, and were to stop there for the whole night—little Kitty with them—then I grew mad in earnest. By Jove! I swore like a perfect lunatic. Had I come across him then, I believe I would have horsewhipped him—and richly would J. R. have deserved it at the arm of his "dear boy."

When I returned to my hotel a note was waiting for me. The handwriting was his, and I at once tore it open. It ran thus:

"MY DEAR BOY—Come down at once by steamer. Mr. and Mrs., as well as Miss Herbert, are here, and intend stopping the night.

"Yours, J. R.

"Two o'clock, P. M."

Yes, it was a mistake! I repented having sworn at him.

J. R. was a good fellow, after all, to think of me when he must have been in ever so much business with the scene-painter all day.

It was too late for the steamer. I looked at my Breguet. The hour at which the last train on the Hudson River Railroad left was already past. Once I thought of going to the depot and hiring a special engine. That, I thought, would be too "spooney." Then I went to the office of the Clarendon, and asked at what time the note came.

"Half an hour since, by a special messenger, sir," said the clerk, looking up oddly at me.

"And the scoundrel took seven hours to bring it!" I said.

"It is a wonder he brought it, sir, at all."

"Why, pray?"

"He was so drunk he could scarcely speak."

"Drunk!"

"Yes, sir. He said the gentleman had given him ten dollars to insure its delivery."

"It was too deuced kind of him," I said, shrugging my shoulders. "The money," I muttered, "must have come from old Herbert. J. R. is never so very liberal."

So I walked off to Chamberlain's, in Twenty-fifth Street, and played faro to reconcile myself to my disappointment. The loss of some four hundred dollars, and drinking a considerable quantity of champagne, pacified my feelings. I was enabled to sleep soundly on my return to the Clarendon, about four o'clock A.M., and was woke up a little after midday by J. R.

He was apologetic to a profusion—that, by Jove! ought to have made me suspect him. But, you know, I really liked the scamp. Besides, I was only twenty-two. Had I been as old as I am now, I don't think I should quite so fully have—yet, as I have previously said, it is no use speculating on the possibility of having acted differently. How the deuce can any one tell anything about what he would do, supposing the moon were really made of green cheese? I might have believed him just the same, in spite of maturity, and been just as big an idiot, although I don't really think I just should.

Well, old Herbert had put the whole matter of having the scenery painted in his hands, and he afterward told me—J. R. didn't say a single word about the transaction—it was to cost two thousand dollars.

What two born idiots I and the old boy must have been! Don't you think so?

It seemed to me a little—just a little—queer, that about this time I could never get any opportunity of saying a single word alone to Kate. It appeared almost as if she didn't want to talk to me. I mentioned this to J. R.

"Oh, my dear boy! you must be mistaken," was his answer.

Deuce take it! he shook his head so gravely, that if I hadn't been as blind as a bat I must have guessed or known that something was up. Somehow, we are all the same—what we don't wish to see, we won't choose to see; and so I wouldn't see what I ought to.

Things went on pretty much in this way until some three weeks before Christmas. Then the old lady—Mrs. Herbert, of course—thought it high time to send out the invitations. On this momentous subject she called me in, and J. R. was left out in the cold.

Of course Miss Kitty wrote the notes, after due consultation with her two proprietors had decided upon the names. I folded and sealed them. You must remember that this occurred some years ago, before such affairs had grown used to steel-plates and the graver's tool.

I had the chance of being occasionally alone with her, and determined upon using it.

One afternoon we were sitting in the Herberts' drawing-room, engaged in this somewhat monotonous, yet charming, occupation, and I had just burnt my dexter thumb with the sealing-wax, which caused me—*sotto voce*, be it understood—to utter a rather profane exclamation, and little Kitty to look up in wonder. Naturally enough, she did not exactly understand, you see, what led to it.

Then I took heart of grace.

"I have just burnt my finger, Miss Kate," I said, extending to her that unfortunate digit.

"Oh, I am so sorry!"

As she uttered this, she pursed up her charming lips in such a delicate and cherry-like oval that, on my honor, I was half tempted to snatch a kiss from them. And deuced glad am I that I didn't do so. If I had, she could, with some justice, have argued that the whole matter was my fault.

"But what, my dear Miss Kate, is a drop of melted sealing-wax upon my finger, even if it should cause a blister, when compared with the scorching of my heart, which burns like the lava at the bottom of Etna, or Stromboli, or the volcano in Honolulu?"

Now, I really think this was very pretty and very effective; but, hang it! if she didn't burst out into a merry peal of laughter, which acted on my feelings much in the manner that a wet blanket would upon a fire.

"Nonsense!" she replied, as it appeared to me, in a hurry, and perhaps a little confusion, after she had done laughing; "we have business to attend to, Bob." She had always called me "Bob," since the first time she could speak a dozen words; and, although it was not particularly respectful, I must own I rather liked it. "There are two dozen more notes to write, seal and direct."

"But I must really tell you——" I began.

"Not till after Christmas."

She looked mockingly in my face, and shook her white forefinger under my very nose, in the most bewitchingly seductive manner. Deuce take it! I could almost have bitten it off.

"Oh, Kitty——" I broke in again.

"Miss Kate Herbert, sir!" she said; cutting me short in the coldest tone you can imagine.

Upon my soul! I felt as if a stream of iced water was being poured down my back.

The little chit saw her power. She used it, too, and I was sufficient of a born donkey not to understand her reasons for doing so.

"You see, my good Bob," she continued, in quite another accent to that she had before employed, "business before pleasure. I shall be actually delighted to talk with you about Honolulu or Stromboli as soon as we have laid 'Virginius' upon the shelf."

"I only wish he was there now."

"He very soon will be," she replied.

And so we went to work again, scribbling—yet, I must confess, Kitty Herbert wrote a beautiful hand—folding, sealing and directing, until, what with burning my fingers with the wax, and folding the letters, I was so deucedly worn out, that if it had been the old boy, instead of little Kitty, I had been assisting, I should have sworn like any Trojan, or, what is worse, a regular Britisher.

That evening, however—I dined at the house—I told her paternity what had passed after dinner, just as he had ordered up a bottle of some prime Madeira he had in his cellar—a deuced sight better than any hotel wine that they charge you eighteen dollars for. It is needless to say that when I did so the two ladies had left the table.

"I'm uncommonly glad to hear it, my dear young friend. You know she is a little skittish, and I was beginning to

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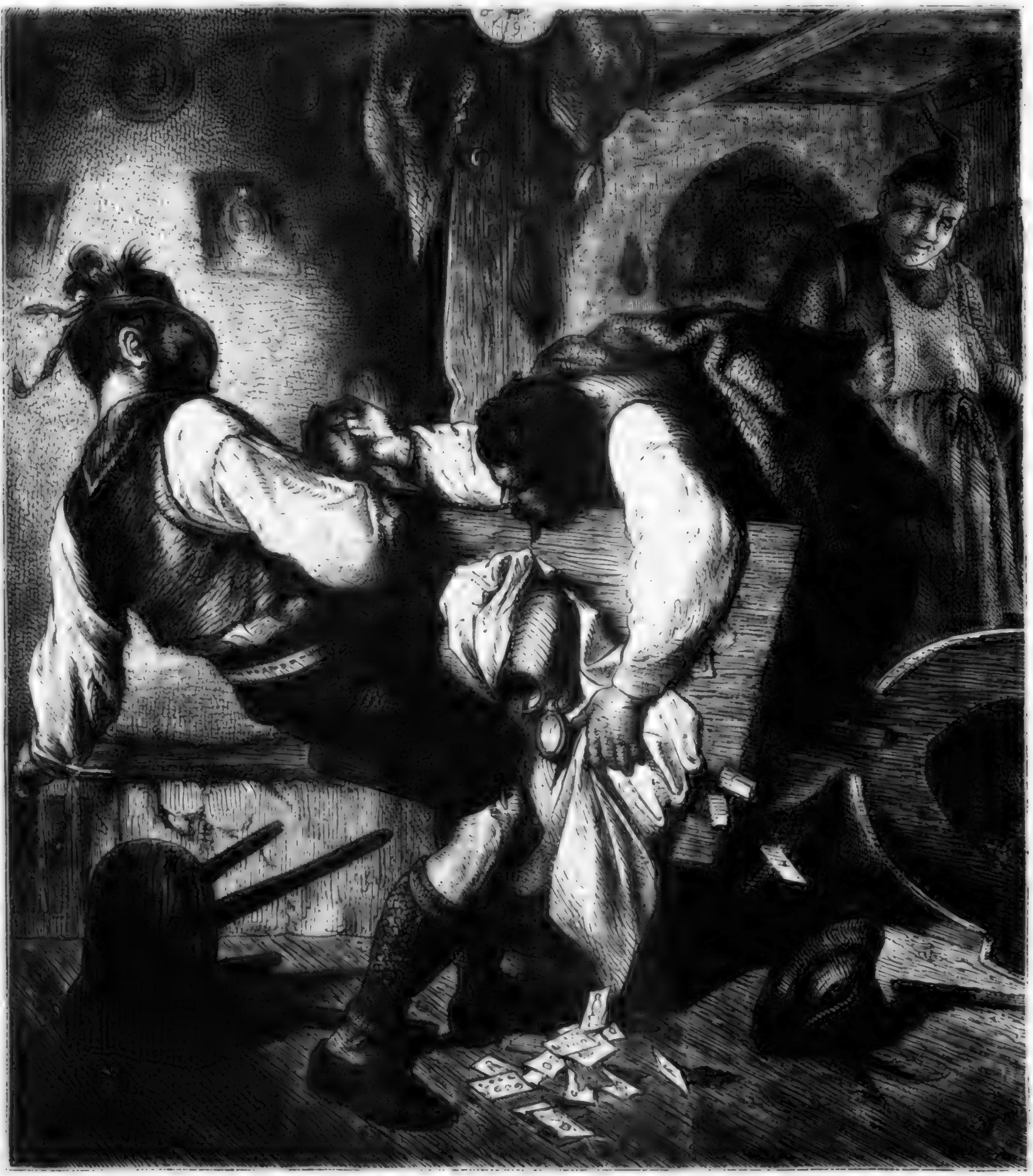
be afraid—— However, if you are to talk it over when this cursed 'Virginius' is done with, it's all right."

"But, Mr. Herbert, what were you afraid of?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all, my lad."

After which he filled his glass, and drank me and Kitty all sorts of happiness, and then we finished the bottle between us.



SOCIAL HABITS OF GERMANY.—A TYROLESE FINGER DUEL.—SEE PAGE 477.

The company—I suppose I should say the amateur company who were to perform upon Christmas Eve the play of "Virginius," and not the spectators—had gathered together at the old gentleman's country-seat, some four days before the evening in which they were to show their friends and acquaintances what thorough jackasses men and women—no! this sentence is very much muddled; a woman couldn't very well be a jackass—what thorough donkeys men and women can make of themselves. However, I don't know.

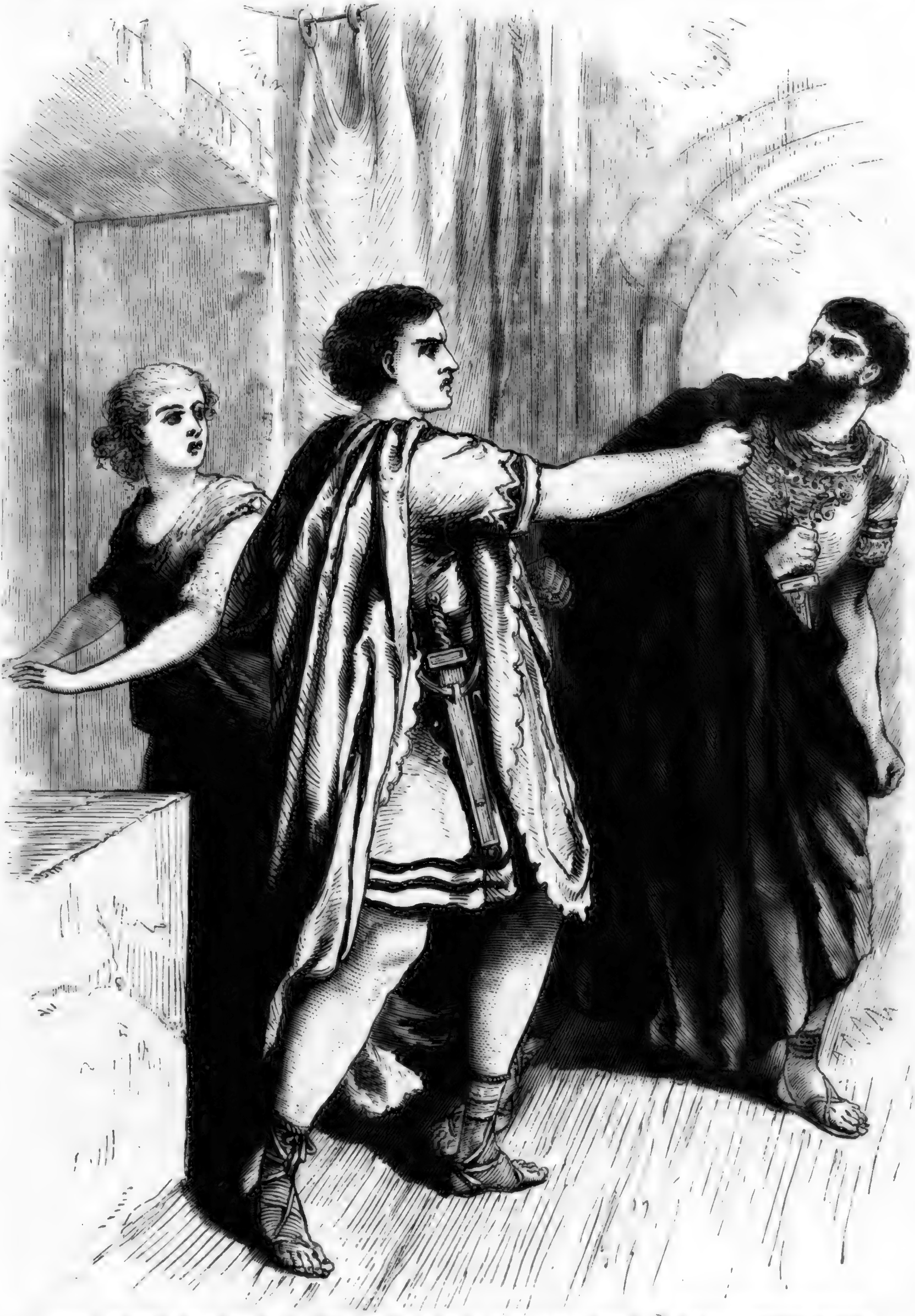
I am sure Gus Trevor would have acted as badly as I should.

Justice ought, nevertheless, to be done to J. R. and little Kitty. The scamp did know something about the stage, and, thanks to him—in this case, at any rate—the girl would have acted pretty finely. So I oughtn't to consider us all as "muffs," in the respect of attempting what we couldn't carry out.

It was the night after our arrival.

This day we had dined early, and were to have a dress rehearsal at night—the last rehearsal but one before the performance.

The old gentleman had that morning appeared to me to



J. R.—"'But who will give you the soundest thrashing you ever had in your life, you rascal!' I shouted, leaping between them and catching him by the mantle."—See page 483.

XUM

be somewhat uncomfortable in mind, and had seemed to keep his eye pretty constantly upon J. R. What for, I couldn't tell. I only know that it annoyed me to see the paternal Herbert looking so sharply after him. Hang it all! He could very certainly scarcely imagine that any friend I had introduced within his doors could by any chance be after either his spoons or his plate.

Nevertheless, I didn't bother myself much about this.

To tell the truth, that little duck, Kitty Herbert, looked very delightfully unclassical.

This was in spite of her being undeniably garbed in the classical attire of the modern stage. Her deliciously tiny feet were soled and sandaled by one of the best ladies' French shoemakers in all New York. Her *pallium*—isn't that the right word for it?—fell over her shoulders, gently swelling along one of the most gracefully rounded virginal bodies to be met with between Long Island and the Golden Gate. By Jove! she was, in every respect, a "stunner."

I told her so

When I did, she blushed.

Wouldn't any man have been justified in taking that blush for a good omen? Wouldn't Gus Trevor have done so? Just you bet that he would! Wouldn't J. R., the scoundrel? Deuce take it! as I approach the catastrophe of this matter-of-fact account, if I don't feel in a rage again—a pretty tall and considerable rage. This, too, although I am going to be—my reader has nothing to do with my future. It is enough to say that I have written myself into a deuce of a fury.

We had just finished the Third Act, and Mrs. Herbert and her lady's-maid, as well as the lady's-maid of Miss Kate, had bestowed upon the whole of us the most satisfactory and undiscriminating applause possible, for I played, as I frankly acknowledge, like a calf, and Gus Trevor—who had been talking with me only a week before as to whether he would lose *caste* or not if he took to the stage—acted like a pig. The old Herbert alone applauded nothing. I felt convinced that he had been "riled" about something, and so he was.

My turn was to come next.

The curtain had been down for some four or five minutes, and I and Gus Trevor, whose throats had become somewhat parched by so much tongue exercise, had gone to the pantry, where we knew the old gentleman had ordered his butler to place some capital rye, in case any of us might require moistening his mouth. Let me own up. I had complimented Gus, and Gus had complimented me—each knowing how much each lied, yet swallowing the whole of it, along with the rye.

When we had swallowed, Gus turned and looked me full in the face.

"I am going to my room," he said.

"So, I think, I will, too, and wait for my call."

"Don't be a fool!" he answered.

"What do you mean?"

"Go and look after your friend."

"What friend?"

"Great heaven, Bob! Don't be so stupid! Who can it be but Mr. Rigby?"

Then he was gone, passing the door of the back drawing-room which had been fitted up for our stage, and singing at the top of his voice—it was a fairish baritone—an air from *Rigoletto*. Upon my soul, I don't know how it was, but I stepped after him very quickly, and looked into the room, through the crack of the door. I was unable to see anybody, nor did I hear anything. The next minute, however, I did hear one voice. It proceeded from the corner of the room close to the door. Let me candidly say that I listened! Neither am I ashamed to own it. You would have done so, too, if you had loved the only Kitty in that house, and you had heard the voice of a man who had breakfasted, dined and wined on you, and used your tailor, hatter and bootmaker for more than two years, saying:

"My darling Kitty!"

Yes—these were the exact words!

"My darling Kitty—my little darling! your father is determined that you shall marry that lout, Bob Dacres."

What do you think of that?

"But I won't, dear Jerome!" was the reply.

When she said this, I heard one of her little sandals stamp upon the green baize which had replaced the carpet.

"Look here, Kitty!" he said; "there is but one way of outmanœuvring them, and saving me from a lifelong despair or my own pistol-bullet."

When I heard this I could scarcely refrain from laughing, boiling over as I was with rage, but I heard the poor little chit tremble.

"No—no, Jerome! For my sake you must not!"

"I will not, Kitty, if you promise to run away with me, immediately after the performance is over, and become my wife'"

"Oh, I dare not!"

"Then you will stay, and marry such an egregious dolt as Bob Dacres—a fool, who can't go an inch without leading-strings; a numbskull, whose brain is fashioned by his tailor, and whose whole stock of heart resides in his stomach!"

"But who will give you the soundest thrashing you ever had in your life, you rascal!" I shouted, leaping between them, and catching him by the mantle.

One little scream was heard.

Kitty Herbert looked at J. R. and myself for a moment, and then, being quick-witted, and knowing what a blazing fury her paternal proprietor would get into when he heard of the matter, decided upon the best thing she could do.

She ran away.

Then J. R. jerked himself from me, leaving his mantle in my grasp. I think he would have run away, too, had he not, just at the minute, received a very neat facer from my left—the blow had been taught me by Ned Price—which knocked out two of his front teeth, and floored him.

"Get up, you infernal rascal, and take the rest of your whipping like a man!" I roared out in my fury.

"Don't make quite so much noise, my good young friend!"

It was the old gentleman's voice.

I looked round, and there stood the father of little Kitty!

Feeling that I had taken an unwarrantable liberty in commencing to thrash a man in his drawing-room, and that the Lares and Penates of the Herberts might not irrationally feel hurt at my violence, I commenced an explanation.

"There is not the slightest need of any apology, Bob!" said old Herbert. "I heard as much, or more, than you did. Get up, you cur!" he continued, touching the prostrate form of J. R.—not altogether gently, it must be owned—with the toe of his patent-leather boot. "Mr. Dacres shall not touch you again."

J. R. arose, white and livid. He looked really awful. Not in a rage, but completely wilted.

"Now go to your room," added the old gentleman.

At this moment Mrs. Herbert appeared upon the scene.

"What is the matter, my dear?" she asked of her husband.

"Go to Kitty, and she will tell you."

Then he laid his hand on her arm and whispered something, of which all I heard was, "under lock and key"; after which Mrs. Herbert retired.

The old gentleman turned to the place where J. R. had been standing, as I did. To our intense astonishment, no J. R. was there! While our attention had been engaged by the lady, he had quitted the room.

Gus Trevor was with us, and two or three of the others.

"I will go, too——" I commenced.

"No, you won't!" said old Herbert, cutting me short very decidedly. "Gentlemen," he said, in a curt but remarkably kind way, "the illness of my daughter—a very sudden one—will compel me to suspend our entertainment. A house with sickness in it is very dangerous. I fear she has been seized with typhoid fever."

"Good Heaven! I hope not," said one.

"How singular!" observed another.

All of them made some observation except Gus Trevor; and then, with a profusion of regret, and a very undoubted expression of terror and an apparent determination to run away as soon as possible—one by one they quitted the stage. The last had scarcely gone, when Gus Trevor came up to us.

"It may be presumed you wouldn't allow me to stand in the shoes of the absquatulated 'Virginius,' Mr. Herbert; and so I won't ask it. But can I be of any use?"

"You can, Mr. Trevor. If you would be kind enough to see Mr. Jerome Rigby, and request him to leave my house as soon as possible, you will confer an additional favor upon me. Be kind enough also to intimate to him that I shall be obliged to him to inclose me the receipts for the scenery."

"Certainly, Mr. Herbert."

I was about to accompany him, but the paternal proprietor of little Kitty laid a determined hand upon my arm.

"Tell him, Gus," I cried out, "that he knows where to find me!"

"Mr. Trevor will tell Mr. Rigby no such thing! You forget, my dear Bob, how seriously your meeting him would compromise the little perversity—my Kitty."

I certainly had not thought of that.

"My good boy!" continued old Herbert, with a very perceptible quaver in his voice, "this affair causes me a very serious sorrow. I had long made up my mind to have you for my son-in-law. I suppose there is no chance of it now."

What answer could I make him? Had I not known little Kitty's patience under all J. R.'s slanders uttered against me, I might, perhaps—however, what use is there in counting possibilities which have not happened? So I said nothing.

"Very well!" he went on. "You know it was partly your fault. You brought him into our family circle."

It was impossible to deny this, and I felt exceedingly sheepish, and colored as the old gentleman said it.

"If it is any comfort to you, nevertheless, I have been as stupid as you are. I wouldn't mind wagering heavily that the rascal hasn't paid a single bill for the scenery, and will pot those two thousand dollars to pay in part for his failure. Good-night, Bob," he said, squeezing my hand. "Only see if I am not right!"

He was so. J. R. bolted somewhere or other, and left the old man all the bills to pay.

I never heard from him in any shape, way or fashion.

Three years after, Gus Trevor made little Kitty Herbert Mrs. Trevor. It was a great catch for him. He laid pipe for it, and, upon my honor, I think he laid it deuced well.

For one year, however, I knew that the willful little witch had been kept "under lock and key."

THE ICE-SEA.

Dr. Hayes, in his sketch, "What a Snow-flake May Come to," says: "Now it must be borne in mind that an ice-sea, such as that of Greenland, is not a stationary mass, like rock, but is a moving mass like water. What is it but hardened water?

"Take the better known glaciers of the Alps, by way of illustration; there we find the *mer de glace*, from which are many branches extending down the valley on every side. These are usually called glaciers. They are ice-streams, for they flow downward through the valleys, and are the means by which the *mer de glace*, or ice-sea, discharges itself—thus preventing an accumulation which would, but for these ice-streams, become interminable. It is estimated that the mountain-snows of the Alps would gather at the rate of four thousand feet in a thousand years. This accumulation is, however, prevented by natural law, for the Creator, in the all-wise dispensation of His power, has made ice ductile, as if it were fluid. Hence it flows, when on an inclined plane, just as water flows, only, of course, slower.

"An ice-stream is, therefore, in effect, a river, and drains the mountain-ice of the Alps down to the sea, as rivers drain the rains which fall in other places. The Alpine ice-streams become, however, actual rivers in the end; for as they flow down the valleys in a continuous stream from the *mer de glace*, the end reaches the base of the mountains, where the temperature becomes comparatively warm, and the end of the ice-stream is steadily melted off, as a candle thrust slowly into a heated stove. The water thus formed completes the circuit to the sea, as a real river, and not an ice-river; the only difference, however, in the flow and the law of flow being the *rate*.

"The ice molds itself to its bed as the river does. When the bed is wide, it expands; when the bed is narrow, it contracts and thickens; when the descent is slight, it deepens; when rapid, it hurries along and becomes shoal. An ice-stream, like a river, has, therefore, its cascades, its rapids, its broad lagoons (so to speak), and its smooth, steady, ever-flowing places. It carries rocks along with it upon its surface (which have been hurled down upon it from the neighboring crags by the frost) as the river carries sticks of wood, leaves, and other light materials.

"Greenland is only the Alps many times magnified—not in altitude, of course, but in extent of surface, and the quantity of mountain-ice which it has accumulated. The whole interior of that continent, as we have seen, is, in effect, covered with an ice-sea, from which flow ice-streams on either side down through the valleys.

"There is, however, one great point of difference between the Alpine ice-stream and the Greenland ice-stream. While the end of an Alpine ice-stream melts in the warm air, at a lower level than that in which it was formed, the Greenland ice-stream, on the other hand, meets no such fate. The whole of Greenland, from the sea upward to the mountain-tops, has too low a temperature for that. Hence the ice-streams pour all the way down to the sea, which they usually reach at the heads of the deep *fiords*.

"Thus the sea takes the place of the air in the melting process, but not exactly in the same manner. The sea first breaks off a mass from the end of a Greenland ice stream, and gradually melts it, as it floats south with the current. This mass is the iceberg.

"Both these processes, however, have the same result—the final return of the mountain snows to their natural home in the sea."

The only way to make a friend is to be one.

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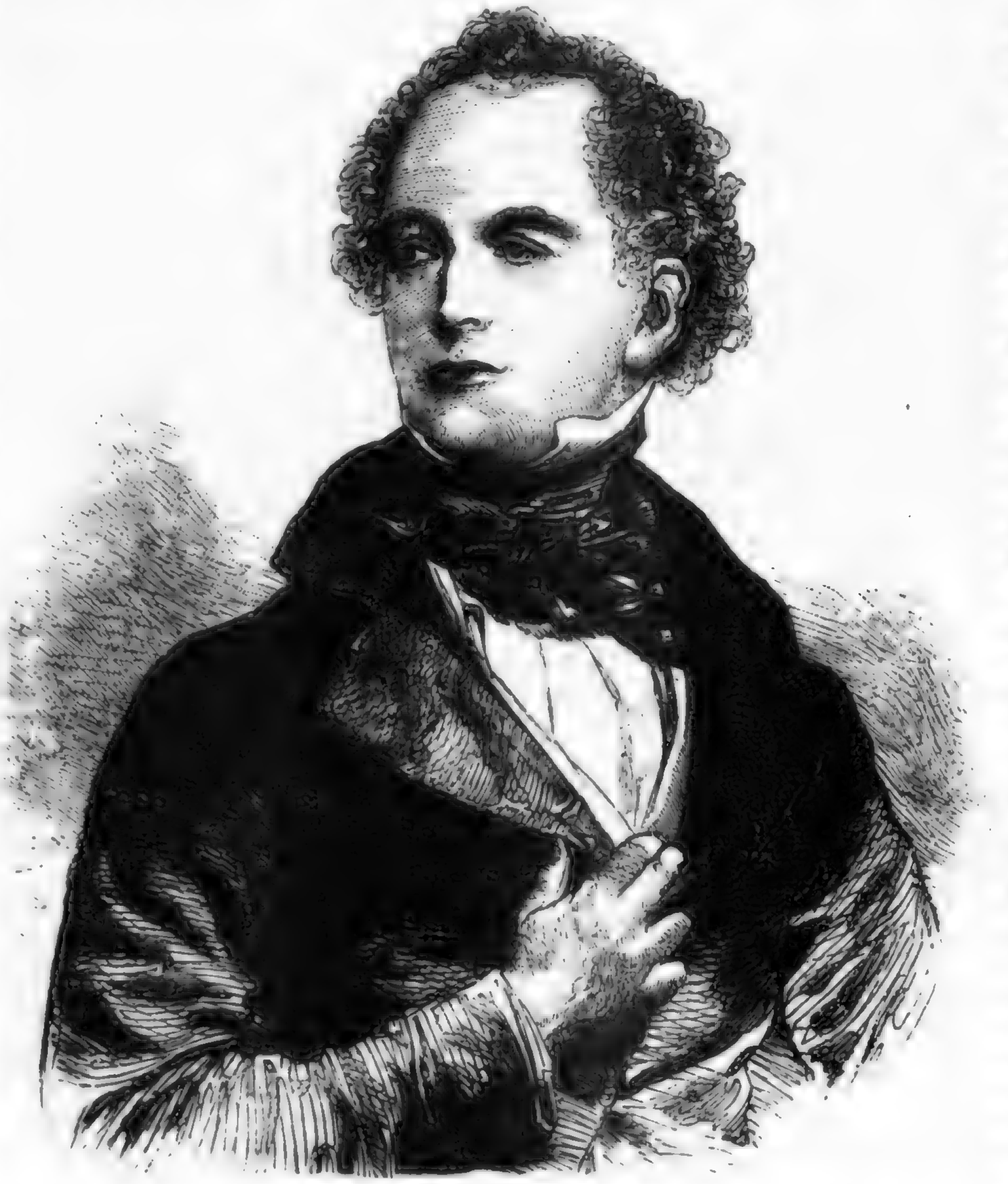
THOMAS MOORE.

Twenty-six years have passed since the flickering light of Moore's genius went out in darkness in his cozy cottage at Sloperton. It had burned dimly for several years, carefully watched by his good wife, Bess, who outlived the little man she had loved so long and well. They had been very happy together—he in London and Paris, she at Sloperton, Mayfield, Marly and elsewhere in France and England—and they had been very wretched together, for they had seen their children perish, one after the other—their eldest son, if I remember rightly, by a violent death.



THOMAS MOORE.

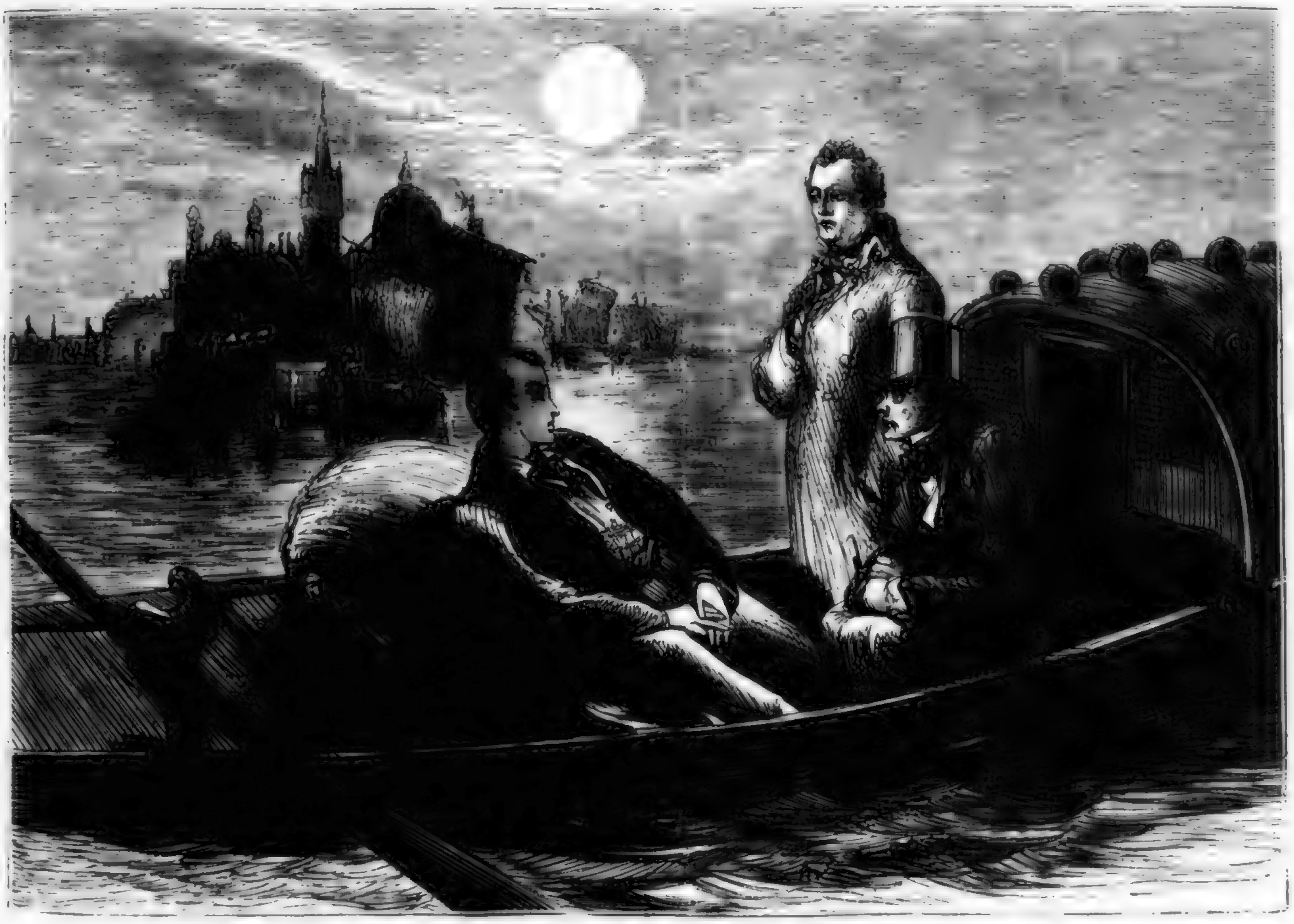
What rank Moore will hold with posterity, can be determined only by that august personage, who will make and unmake reputations at her sovereign pleasure; the rank he held among his contemporaries has been determined by them, and their verdicts are recorded in many volumes. No one, not even his enemies (and he had scores of them), questioned his amazing talent as a writer of *vers de société*, whether the society was that of high-born ladies and gentlemen, that of politicians and tuft-hunters, that of the pretentious ancestors of our Potiphars and Shoddies—the Fudges and their followers, or that of the great pugilistic arena, wherein such gladiators as Jackson and Cribb struggled for honor and supremacy. He was widely known in England and America as a translator of Anacreon, and disreputably known as a scribbler of amatory verses, which he published under a diminutive pen-name. He was everywhere, and gloriously, known as a singer of Irish melodies, which still have a charm for the warm and impressionable hearts of his volatile countrymen and fair countrywomen. Mr. Thomas Moore, the grocer's son, of Dublin, was a great little man in the morning of the present century. So, at least, thought a young gentleman of twenty, who had been cruelly flogged by the pedagogue of the *Edinburgh Review* for a volume of schoolboy rhymes, and who turned in his natural indignation, and ran a muck at his fellow-singers and unneighborly professors of the ungentle craft. Hear this noble lay preacher:

> "Who, in soft guise, surrounded by a choir
> Of virgins melting—not to Vesta's fire,
> With sparkling eyes, and cheeks by passion flushed,
> Strikes his wild lyre, while listening dames are hushed?
> 'Tis Little! young Catullus of his day,
> As sweet, but as immoral in his lay!
> Grieved to condemn, the Muse must still be just,
> Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.
> Pure is the flame which o'er her altar burns;
> From grosser incense with disgust she turns;
> Yet, kind to youth, this expiation o'er,
> She bids thee 'mend thy line, and sin no more.'"

This was written in the Spring of 1808, as near as I can make out, in London, at Dorant's Hotel, Albemarle Street, where Lord Byron was stopping, and estopping the flow of Scotch criticism. Twelve years later he wrote to Moore from Italy, "I believe all the mischief I have ever done or sung has been owing to that confounded book of yours!"

That Byron and Moore became friends, everybody knows; and that Byron was epigrammatic at the expense of all his friends, everybody knows also. Moore wrote a comic opera, "M. P., or the Blue Stocking," which was produced at the Lyceum Theatre in the Autumn of 1811, apparently without much success. Moore was anxious about the criticism he might receive, and wrote to Leigh Hunt, who was then the editor of the *Examiner:* "If the child's plea, 'I'll never do so again,' could soften criticism, I may be depended upon, from this moment, for a most hearty abjuration of the stage, and all its heresies of pun, equivoque and claptrap. However humble I may be in other departments of literature, I am quite conscious of being contemptible in this."

Byron agreed with Moore in this mock-modest depreciation of his clever trifle, and scribbled the following characteristic six lines about it:



MOORE VISITING BYRON AT VENICE.

ON MOORE'S LAST OPERATIC FARCE, OR FARCICAL OPERA.

Good plays are scarce,
So Moore writes farce;
The poet's fame grows brittle—
We knew before
That *Little's* Moore,
But now 'tis *Moore* that's *little.*

Hunt sincerely admired Moore at this time, and later, and paid him graceful compliments in his "Feast of the Poets," which was published in the *Reflector* in the Summer of 1812, and very grateful Moore was for them.

As these compliments have grown small by degrees and beautifully less in recent editions of Hunt's Poetical Works, I am sure the readers of both poets will be glad to see what Hunt originally wrote. Here it is, copied from a little collection of his verses, the dedication of which is dated from Surrey Jail, January 10th, 1814:

Apollo had been saying pleasantly sharp things to Campbell.

"The poet to this was about to reply,
When Moore, coming in, caught the Deity's eye,
Who gave him his hand, and said, 'Show me a sight
That can give a divinity sounder delight,
Or that earth should more prize from its core to the poles,
Than the self-improved morals of elegant souls.
Repentant I speak it—though when I was wild,
My friends should remember the world was a child—
That customs were diff'rent, and young people's eyes
Had no better examples than those in the skies.
But soon as I learnt how to value these doings,
I never much valued your billings and cooings;
They only make idle the best of my race;
And since my poor Daphne turned tree in my face,
There are very few poets whose caps or whose curls
Have obtained such a laurel by hunting the girls.
So it gives me, dear Tom, a delight without measure
To find how you've mended your notions of pleasure;
For never was poet whose fanciful hours
Could bask in a richer abstraction of bowers,
With sounds and with spirits, of charm to detain
The wonder-eyed soul in their magic domain;
And never should poet, so gifted, so rare,
Pollute the bright Eden Jove gives to his care;
But love the fair Virtue for whom it is given,
And keep the spot pure for the visits of Heaven.'"

Such was the friendly admonition of the young journalist to the older poet, who was still, however, a young man. Moore visited Hunt in Surrey Jail, as did also Byron, and many liberal men of letters; and Hunt was, of course, grateful for the attention.

Thirty-six years later, when they were both old men, and had become enemies, Hunt wrote tenderly of Moore, remembering their early friendship, and drew this life-like portrait of the light-hearted singer of Erin: "Moore's forehead was bony and full of character, with 'bumps' of wit large and radiant enough to transport a phrenologist. Sterne had such another. His eyes were as dark and fine as you would wish to see under a set of vine-leaves; his mouth generous and good-humored, with dimples; and his manner as bright as his talk, full of the wish to please and be pleased. He sang and played with great taste on the pianoforte, as might be supposed from his musical compositions. His voice, which was a little hoarse in speaking—at least, I used to think so—softened into a breath, like that of the flute, when singing. In speaking he was emphatic in rolling the letter *r*, perhaps out of a despair of being able to get rid of the national peculiarity. The structure of his versification, when I knew him, was more artificial than it was afterward; and in his serious compositions it suited him better. He had scarcely faith enough to give way to his impulses in writing, except when they were festive and witty; and artificial thoughts demand

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a similar embodiment. Both patriotism and personal experience, however, occasionally inspired him with lyric pathos; and in his naturally musical perception of the right principles of versification he contemplated the fine, easy-playing, muscular style of Dryden with a sort of perilous pleasure."

As an admirer both of Moore and Hunt, I cannot but regret that the latter so ruthlessly destroyed the redundant vines of his early poetry, particularly the vines which ran over the rosy arbors of Moore. I pick up an edition of his Poetical Works, and run my eyes over its indices. In the index to the second volume I find three epistles, addressed to William Hazlitt, Barron Field and Charles Lamb. I turn to the index to Hunt's "Foliage" (1818), and find seven epistles—the three that I have just named, one to Byron, and three to Moore. I am sure that my readers would like to see one of them, so I will give here the second, which is the shortest of the trio, and is mottoed from Dante, "Per me si va nella città dolente":—

"Would you change, my dear Tom, your old mode of proceeding,
And make a dull end to a passage worth reading—
I mean, would you learn how to let your wit down,
You'd walk some fine morning from Hampstead to town.

"What think you of going by gardens and bowers,
Through fields of all colors, refreshed by night showers—
Some spotted with hay-cocks, some dark with plowed mold;
Some changed by the mower from green to pale gold—
A scene of ripe sunshine the hedges betwixt,
With here and there farm-houses, tree-intermixed,
And an air in your face, ever fanning and sweet,
And the birds in your ears, and a turf for your feet;
And then, after all, to encounter a throng of
Canal-men, and hod-men, unfit to make song of,
'Midst ale-houses, puddles and backs of street-roads,
And all sorts of rubbish, and crashing cart-loads;
And so on, eye-smarting, and ready to choke,
Till you end in hot narrowness, clatter and smoke?

"'Tis Swift after Spenser, or daylight with candles,
A sea-song succeeding a pastoral of Handel's,
A step unexpected, that jars one's inside,
A shout-raising fall at the end of a slide,
A yawn to a kiss, a flock followed by dust,
The hoop of a beauty seen after her bust,
A reckoning, a parting, a snake in the grass,
A time when a man says, 'What! come to *this* pass!'"

Veracious but tedious Crabb Robinson mentions Moore several times in his diary. On April 4th, 1823, he dined at the table of his friend Monkhouse, where he met five poets, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Moore, and Rogers. "The only one of the poets who seemed not to enjoy himself was Moore. He was very attentive to Coleridge, next to whom he was placed." This is how the party looked to Robinson. Moore himself saw it through his own eye-glasses, and thus: "April 4th, 1823. Dined at Mr. Monkhouse's (a gentleman I had never seen before), on Wordsworth's invitation, who lives there whenever he comes to town. A singular party. Coleridge, Rogers, Wordsworth and wife, Charles Lamb (the hero at present of the *London Magazine*) and his sister (the poor woman who went mad in a diligence on the way to Paris), and a Mr. Robinson, one of the *minora sidera* of the constellation of the Lakes; the host himself, a Mæcenas of the school, contributing nothing but good dinners and silence. Charles Lamb, a clever fellow, certainly, but full of villainous and abortive puns, which he miscarries of every moment. Some good things, however, have come from him." There is a third account of this memorable dinner, and it came from one of the five poets who were present—Lamb. "Dear Sir," he wrote to the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton, "I wished for you yesterday. I dined in Parnassus with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Rogers, and Tom Moore; half the poetry in England constellated in Gloucester Place!" (Lamb seemed to have forgotten Byron, Campbell, Hunt, Darley, Proctor, and Beddoes, who were living, though not all in England, as well as Shelley and Keats, who were recently dead!)

Robinson's comment on Moore's allusion to Lamb was made more than thirty years later, and is to this effect: "Lamb was in a happy frame, and I can still recall to my mind the look and tone with which he addressed Moore, when he could not articulate very distinctly: 'Mister Moore, will you drink a glass of wine with me?'—suiting the action to the word, and hobnobbing. Then he went on: 'Mister Moore, till now I have always felt an antipathy to you, but now that I have seen you I shall like you ever after.' Some years after I mentioned this to Moore. He recollected the fact, but not Lamb's amusing manner. Moore's talent was of another sort; for many years he had been the most brilliant man of his company. In anecdote, small talk, and especially in singing, he was supreme; but he was no match for Coleridge in his vein. As little could he feel Lamb's humor." I may be mistaken, but Crabb's dry comment about Moore's capacity and incapacity seems to me asinine.

But I must not allow myself to trace Moore through the diaries and letters of his contemporaries, or I shall never accomplish my purpose, which is to introduce his uncollected and hiterto inedited writings to the great world of readers. The editor has performed his task carefully and judiciously, and I leave it without further comment. My task, which is partly performed, is to say what I think of these writings, and I can heartily say that I am amazed at their cleverness, and at the immense versatility of their author. There are, among the satirical and humorous poems, as brilliant examples of Moore's wit as any that he has preserved in the collected edition of his "Poetical Works." His contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* are astonishingly good of their kind, critically acute, thoroughly learned, and politically sagacious.

To convince themselves how excellent the paper on "The Fathers" is, I advise my readers to turn to a paper on the same subject, and the same victim, which was contributed as a series of articles to the *Athenæum* by Miss Elizabeth Barrett, and which may be found in the collected edition of the writings of Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Miss Barrett was a very learned young lady, but she had no taste and no judgment. Moore had both, and quite as much learning as Miss Barrett, I think, without her pedantic affectations. Lovers of the French novels of to-day should read the paper on "French Novels," and compare their present favorites with the favorites of their ancestors fifty years ago. Lovers of fun should read the rollicking papers on "Lord Thurlow," and "The Round Towers of Ireland," and thank their stars that they did not make themselves ridiculous in books when Moore was alive to review them. The paper on "Lord Thurlow" is very unjust, however, for with all his nonsense he was a true poet. The paper on "Anne Boleyn" has preserved the memory of a forgotten poet, as well as the memory of the not very distinguished poet, Milman. "Private Theatricals" is a delicious chapter of gossip, and "German Rationalism" a monument to Moore's scholarship and religious impartiality.

I am able to add to these notes two trifles which have escaped the researches of Mr. Shepherd. The first consists of four lines, which were taken down, I think, by Luttrell, when Moore was asked to sing one night at Holland House; the other is a little lyric which was written in

Lord Holland's album. It disappeared from Holland House about the time that the manuscripts of Petrarch were stolen, and presumably by the same hand.

JON BENSON DOCTORED.

Thomas, this wine you've brought is wrong,
It's very warm, and isn't nice;
I can't sing so Jon Benson's song—
"Drink to me only with thine ice!"

FROM THE ITALIAN OF METASTASIO.

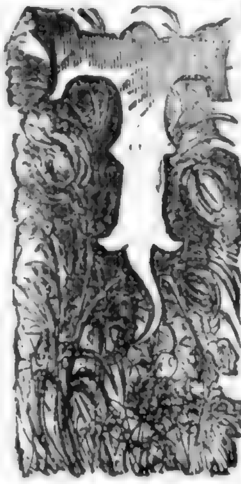
One Summer morning early,
When the dews of night were pearly,
And the wee, white roses were blowing,
Like snow-buds slowly growing,
Through a garden I stole creeping,
And found Love sleeping, sleeping!

When that Summer evening darkened,
I waited for him, and harkened;
The moon clomb up through the starlight,
And my cottage-fire was a far light,
Toward which I went sadly creeping—
Love had left me weeping, weeping!

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET;

OR,

THE CUBAN PATRIOT'S BRIDE.



THAT "Truth is stranger than fiction" cannot be doubted; and that the *realities* of our lives are often like the strangest *romances*, is alike true—at least such has frequently been the experience of my life, kind reader, as the following really truthful sketch will verify:

In the early part of the Cuban struggle, when the patriots were fighting to free their "Ever Faithful Isle" from the galling yoke of tyrannical old Spain, circumstances caused me to become a volunteer in their service; and a few romantic incidents I was brought in contact with I will now relate, giving them as they occurred, and only withholding the actual names of the parties interested.

Upon a pleasant moonlight night, of the year '69, I stood at the wheel of a swift, seaworthy schooner-yacht, of sixty tons, and, before a fair wind, was rapidly flying seaward, from the harbor of one of our Atlantic coast cities.

Though only carrying fore and mainsail, with jib, the graceful little *Sunset* danced over the waters merrily, and rapidly distanced a small merchant schooner, which, crowded with canvas, was following in the yacht's wake.

Standing upon the yacht's deck, besides myself, were five others—two Cubans, two Americans and a negro cook.

We were all watching, with pleased interest, the good qualities of our little vessel, and at the same time keeping a bright lookout for any of Uncle Sam's cruisers which might be following us with suspicious eye, to protect the neutrality laws. But we were in luck—none were in sight; and having gained a good offing, we hove-to, and awaited the coming of the schooner, from which we had so easily run away.

On she came, driving the foam from her square bows, and with her decks filled with men, whose eyes were bent upon our graceful yacht, as she lay-to upon the ocean.

"Schooner, ahoy!" I called out, when in hailing distance.

"Ahoy, the yacht!" came, in the commanding tones of an officer, in reply.

"What schooner is that, and whither bound?"

"The *Cuban Patriot*—bound to succor the revolutionists!"

"Ay, ay, sir! Come-to under our quarter!" And springing into a boat, I was soon alongside of the schooner.

The *Sunset* was *en route* to the coast of Cuba, and the vessel under her quarter was loaded with arms and men to aid the patriot cause; and to prevent breaking the neutrality laws, the transfer of loads was made out of the jurisdiction of the United States—the distance of a marine league was observed, and thus, "the devil was whipped round the stump."

A few hours' hard work, and two small howitzers, with carriages and caissons, and five thousand stands of arms, with ammunition, besides many useful articles, were transferred to the yacht; and a force of twenty-five men having come aboard, we set sail, and stood away to the south, leaving the schooner to continue on to some other port.

After a rather rough run, the Cuban coast was sighted, and waiting until dark, we then stood slowly in, and anchored beneath the shadow of a heavy point of rocks.

Then the unloading commenced; but, daylight coming on, I was compelled to run out to sea again, leaving the force of men that I had brought, to guard the stores on land.

Again toward nightfall the yacht stood in, and the work of unloading once more began.

A party of patriots, under the command of General R——, a person as conspicuous now in New York as he was then in Cuba, had come to the coast, and the stores from the *Sunset* were placed under his charge, he declaring that, with his own force of fifty men and the reinforcements I had brought him, he could safely carry the arms and stores to Jordan's camp; and I may as well add here that, after innumerable hardships and skirmishes with the Spaniards, he, in part, was successful.

Accompanying the band of patriots to the coast was Major Sota Juarez, with his wife and mother; and General R—— particularly recommended me to favor them, as they had been great sufferers by the cruelty of the Spaniards.

The young officer had been a planter of wealth, and was one of the first to take up arms in the defense of his native Island, and freely had he given of his money to support the cause.

Ruin had at last overtaken him, his plantation was set on fire, and his mother had fled to the woods to save her life, and a few days after had joined her son, who was serving under Jordan.

Upon the neighboring plantation to the Juarez, lived Don Erleban Moro, with his son and daughter.

Nita Erleban was one of the most beautiful of Cuban maidens, and she and the gallant Major Juarez had been engaged for a year, although she was only between sixteen and seventeen at the time this story opens.

A few days after the arrival of his mother in camp, a refugee from her home, Sota Juarez was startled by seeing poor Nita Erleban enter his quarters, half-clothed, and bearing evidences of severe sufferings.

Hers was a sad story. Her brother and father had been murdered by the Spaniards, and she had only escaped through the faithful services of her old negro nurse, who conducted her to the patriot camp.

A few days after her arrival, and the lovers were married, and then Major Juarez determined to seek some means of leaving the Island with his mother and wife, and after finding them a pleasant home in the United States, to purchase,

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from ample means he still possessed at a banker's in New York City, a supply of arms and stores, and with them return to the Island.

Far sooner than he had anticipated, the opportunity offered for his leaving Cuba, and thus it was that he sought the coast with the force under General R——.

Having heard the circumstances of their case, I at once offered them the opportunity of returning in the yacht, although I was compelled to be very particular in whom I carried from the Island, my orders being very severe upon that point.

"I will partially accept your kind offer, sir; but for my mother and wife only, as, under existing circumstances, when Cuba needs every arm to aid her that can wield a sword, I cannot leave. Had you only brought men, then I would have gone, and endeavored to return with arms; but here are now sufficient for present uses, and it is of the utmost importance that they should reach our camp, and I shall lend my aid to the general here to protect them, while to your care I intrust my young wife and mother. They have means; and if you will kindly see that they find a comfortable home when they reach New York, it is all I can ask."

A LITTLE DIFFERENCE.

MA—"*Come, children, the bed's the place for you.*"
SISSY—"*Ugh! And to-morrow morning, ma, you will say it 'tain't the place.*"

Thus spoke the noble Cuban patriot; and though his mother's face paled, and the beautiful wife's dark eyes filled with tears, they were too loyal to utter one word of remonstrance.

At length the load of the yacht had been landed, and General R—— and the major accompanied the two ladies on board, to take a last farewell, and see that they were comfortable in the little cabin.

The two Cubans, whom I have before mentioned as forming a part of my crew, could not resist the temptation, when again upon their native land, and with arms in their hands, to remain, and strike a blow for freedom.

In vain did I argue with them, and say that they were serving their country by bearing arms to her defenders; they would not listen to me, and I was forced to part with the brave fellows, and call for two volunteers in their place.

Two came, men that I had taken to Cuba with me, and whom I did not like; but it could not be helped, so I engaged them, and gave orders to prepare the yacht for running out.

The heavens were overcast, and a low muttering and roar of the waters betokened a coming storm, one I did not like to face in the lightened condition of the yacht; but to remain until the next day might, nay, was almost certain to cause discovery from some passing war vessel of Spain, who could safely blockade, and then our capture would be certain; and capture by Spaniards means—*death!*

Soon the last words of parting were said, and Major Juarez came on deck and joined the general and myself; the boat was in readiness, they sprang into it and were rowed ashore; the boat returned, and, in the darkness and storm, the *Sunset* was headed seaward. Then, in all its fury, the gale broke upon the devoted yacht, and lying over, gunwale under, she darted forward.

For a mile we rushed on, and then another danger, worse than the storm, faced us, for the lookout forward cried:

"Sail, ho!"

"Where away?"

"Dead ahead, sir. Look; there are a dozen of them!"

I glanced ahead, and, as we rode a mighty wave, plainly saw the lights of a number of vessels, and knew that we had a fearful gauntlet to run.

"Stand by, men, ready to trim sail!" and they sprang to their duties while I remained alone at the wheel.

"Can I aid you? Please allow me to," and the beautiful young wife of Major Juarez stood by my side.

"I fear we are going to have a hard run of it, señora, and think you had better return to the cabin," I said.

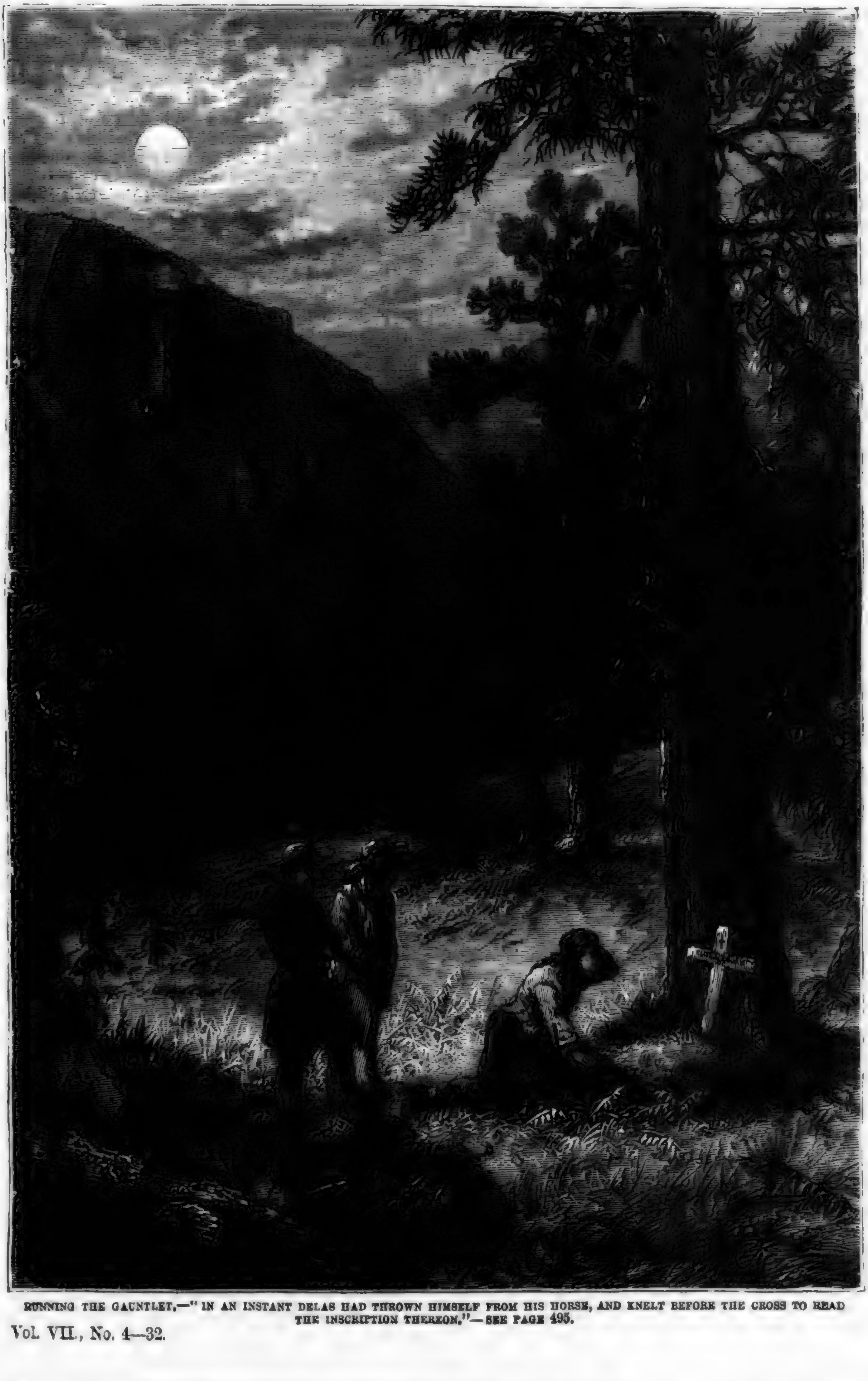
"You will need my aid, sir. My mother is reclining in her stateroom; and, besides, two of your men are treacherous," said the beautiful woman.

"Treacherous!—what do you mean?"

"I overheard them conversing together a few moments since, and they both are prepared with dark lanterns to show, should you run near any of those vessels."

"I thank you. Indeed you can aid me; but hold firmly to the wheel, or you may be washed or blown overboard," and I again kept my eye on the lights ahead.

Rapidly we dashed on, carrying far more sail than was



RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.—"IN AN INSTANT DELAS HAD THROWN HIMSELF FROM HIS HORSE, AND KNELT BEFORE THE CROSS TO READ THE INSCRIPTION THEREON."—SEE PAGE 495.

safe, yet determined to trust to the speed of the yacht, and the confusion of the gale, to run the dangerous gauntlet.

Nearer and nearer we drew to the vessels, and could see that they were steamers, under a good head of steam, and, while riding out the gale, the men were on the alert to catch sight of us should we attempt to break through.

No light was visible upon the *Sunset;* her black hull and wet canvas was, therefore, not discernible at a short distance off, and my hopes arose as I noticed that we had not been discovered.

Suddenly, one of the two men whom I had been compelled to take as volunteers, walked aft and approached the wheel, and I observed the other one slowly following him.

"What do you wish, sir?" I asked, sternly.

"Now, Pedro, come!" was his reply, as calling to his companion, he drew from beneath his peajacket a bright bull's-eye lantern, and turning the glare full in my face, sprang toward me.

To grapple with him was to swamp the yacht, for I would have had to let go the wheel, and, as it was, my whole strength was needed to keep the vessel on her course; and thus, with the blinding light in my eyes, my whole powers taxed, and a desperate villain rushing upon me, I knew not what to do.

But the quandary did not last long, for a light, as bright as the blaze of the lantern, flashed o'er the deck, a sharp report, and the Spanish spy fell dead at my feet, while the brave tones of Señora Juarez cried:

"See! the other is upon you! Give me the wheel!" and as I let go my hold, the man addressed as Pedro sprang toward me.

Quickly I raised my pistol and fired, and just in time, for the glittering knife was descending, and another instant would have been too late.

Without a groan the Spaniard tumbled headlong to the deck, and a lurch of the vessel rolled him into the ocean.

Hastily I again turned to the wheel, and relieved the overtaxed powers of the brave Cuban girl, for she was such in years, who, with a strength almost supernatural had held the yacht upon her course.

The lantern and the two pistol-shots had discovered our whereabout to the war vessels, and as we dashed on, having passed between two, until then unseen by them, there came the hoarse hail:

"Schooner ahoy! What schooner is that?"

"The American yacht *Grant*, Secretary Fish owner," I answered, in Spanish.

"Come to, or I'll fire into you!"

"Fire, and go to the deuce!" I earnestly rejoined, and then came the flash, the boom and the shrieking shot above our heads.

Although the brave woman by my side was gazing upon the dead body of the man whom her unerring aim had slain; although we were driving through the wild waves at a rate that threatened to run us under, and the dark hulls of the Spaniards were looming up near, and their iron hail sweeping above us, not a shadow of fear dwelt upon the face of the little female patriot, and her true courage gave me confidence.

"It will be accident if they hit us. See! they have already lost sight of us, and are firing at random," I said, as a shot flew wide of its mark.

"Do not fear for me, señor. I will prove myself worthy of my brave husband. He hears those heavy guns, and knows I will not flinch."

A few of the other cruisers, feeling in duty bound to waste powder, opened fire, but we soon saw that they also fired at random, as their shot fell far from us, and, still holding upon our former course, in another half-hour we had run them out of sight.

True to my promise, I obtained, upon reaching the port in the United States for which I was destined, a comfortable home for the wife and mother of Major Juarez, and from time to time visited them; but, being again ordered to Cuba, I had no time to visit them to say good-by.

Again I was in command of the noble little *Sunset*, and once more, crowded with men and stores, she shaped her course for the "Ever Faithful Isle."

So closely did the Spaniards watch their erring Island's shores, that days passed ere we could effect a landing, and then, as I found a safe hiding-place for the yacht in an indenture of the coast, I determined to go myself to Jordan's camp, and ask him for an escort for the arms into the interior, for no troops had met us when we landed, as we expected they would.

Accompanied by a youth of seventeen, who had proven himself a gallant and industrious little fellow during our outward run, and a negro guide, whom we had found upon the coast, and who had procured us horses, I set forth upon my perilous trip to the patriot camp.

My youthful companion was a handsome little fellow, almost womanly in his beauty, and with a sad look in his face that had drawn me toward him when we had first met—the day of sailing from the United States—and as we rode along the lonely road, lit up with beauty by a full moon, Delas was continually asking questions about the battles that had been fought, and how the patriots had borne themselves in the different engagements.

Thus we rode on until midnight came, and two more hours would bring us to the patriot camp, when the negro guide, suddenly halting his mule, pointed down into a glen, and said:

"There's where they had it hot a few weeks ago, and the Spaniards got it bad, though the patriots lost their commander."

We had halted, and were gazing silently down into the lovely glen, serenely beautiful in the moonlight, when Delas asked:

"Who was the commander, guide?"

"I don't remember his name; but he's buried down there in the glen, and the patriots put a board at his head, with his name upon it."

"Señor!" and Delas's tones, so abrupt and earnest, stabbed me, "will you favor me? Please ride down to the grave, for I wish to see the name."

Without a word I turned down the glen, and soon we came to where a mound here and there denoted the last resting-place of the slain.

Further on, and beneath the shelter of a tree, a small white cross glimmered in the moonlight, and toward this spot the guide led us.

There we halted, and noticed that a rude wooden cross, painted white, had been erected, and dark letters were visible upon it.

In an instant Delas had thrown himself from his horse, and knelt before the cross to read the inscription thereon.

Suddenly he staggered to his feet, his hands were clasped tightly to his heart, and, with an appalling shriek that echoed through the glen, he fell forward upon the new-made grave.

In a moment I was by his side, had raised him in my arms, and glanced at the cross, to see what had so moved him, and there read:

"Sacred to the memory of Colonel Sota Juarez, a Cuban patriot."

Then I knew all. Delas was the devoted wife, who had fled from her home in a foreign land to join her husband in Cuba, to cheer him in the long and bitter struggle. She had come to him to find his grave.

Tenderly I rested the fair form in my arms, and both the negro and myself strove to restore her to consciousness; but it was of no avail; the heart had ceased to beat—the shock had killed her.

Again I mounted my horse, and the negro handed up to me the slender form of the woman, beautiful in death, and before me on the saddle I carried the body those long, weary miles, until the patriot camp was reached.

The next day, accompanied by an escort of men going to the coast to guard the arms and stores brought by the yacht back into the interior, I set out upon my return, and carried upon a litter was the dead patriot woman.

There, in the glen, we halted; a new grave was now dug, and beside the husband she loved so well she now rests in peace.

The arms and stores were safely landed from the yacht, and were started for the interior, but, alas! never to reach the patriot camp, as an overwhelming force of Spaniards attacked the guard, who were, after a brave resistance, forced to abandon their much-needed supplies to the enemy.

Again the little *Sunset* spread her white wings, and, homeward bound, flew

> O'er the glad waters of the deep blue sea,"

to drop anchor, two weeks after, in the harbor from which she had flown to aid the cause of Cuban independence.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

Although we certainly have no reason to complain of the infrequency of attempts in newspapers, etc., as well as in scientific journals, to explain the principles on which electric lighting depends, it does not seem that very clear ideas are entertained on this subject by unscientific persons. Nor is this, perhaps, to be wondered at, when we observe that in nearly all the explanations which have appeared, technical expressions are quite freely used, while those matters about which the general reader especially desires information are passed over as points with which every one is familiar.

Now, without going quite so far as to say that there is no exaggeration in the picture presented some time back in *Punch*, of one who asked whether the electric fluid was "anything like beer, for instance," we may confidently assert that the very vaguest notions are entertained by nine-tenths of those who hear about the electric light, respecting the nature of electricity. Of course we are not here referring to the doubts and difficulties of electricians on this subject. It is well known that Faraday, after a life of research into electrical phenomena, said that when he had studied electricity for a few years he thought he understood much, but when he had nearly finished his observational work he found he knew nothing. In the sense in which Faraday spoke, the most advanced students of science must admit that they know nothing about electricity. But the greater number of those who read about the electric light are not familiar even with electrical phenomena, as distinguished from the interpretation of such phenomena. We are satisfied that there is no exaggeration in a passage describing an electric light as obtained from some new kind of gas, carried in pipes from central reservoirs, and chiefly differing from common gas in this, that the heat resulting from its consumption melted ordinary burners, so that only burners of carbon or platinum could be safely employed.

We do not propose here to discuss, or even to describe, the various methods of electric lighting which have been either used or suggested. What we wish to do is to give a simple explanation of the general principles on which illumination by electricity depends, and to consider the advantages which this method of illumination appears to promise or possess.

Novel as the idea of using electricity for illuminating large spaces may appear to many, we have all of us been long familiar with the fact that electricity is capable of replacing the darkness of night by the light of broad day over areas far larger than those which our electricians hope to illuminate. The lightning flash makes in an instant every object visible on the darkest night, not only in the open air, but in the interior of carefully darkened rooms. Nay, even if the shutters of a room are carefully closed and the room strongly illuminated, the lightning flash can yet be clearly recognized. And it must be remembered that though the suddenness of the flash makes us the more readily perceive it (under such circumstances, for instance), yet its short duration diminishes its apparent intensity. This may appear a contradiction in terms, but is not so in reality. The perception that there has been a sudden lighting up of the sky or of a room, is distinct from the recognition of the actual intensity of the illumination thus momentarily produced.

Now it is quite certain that the eye cannot assign less than a twenty-fifth of a second or so to the duration of the lightning flash, for, as Newton long since showed, the retina retains the sensation of light for at least this interval after the light has disappeared. It is equally certain, from Wheatstone's experiments, that the lightning flash does not actually endure for the 100,000th part of a second. Adopting this last number, though it falls far short of the truth—the actual duration being probably less than 1,000,000th of a second—we see that, so far as the eye is concerned, an amount of light which was really emitted during the 100,000th part of a second, is by the eye judged to have been emitted during an interval 4,000 times as long. It is certain, then, that the eye's estimate of the intensity of the illumination resulting from a lightning flash is far short of the truth. This is equally true, even in those cases where lightning is said to be for a while continuous. If the flashes for a time succeed each other at less intervals than a twenty-fifth of a second, the illumination will appear continuous. But it is not really so. To be so, the flashes should succeed each other at the rate of at least 100,000, and probably of more than 1,000,000 per second.

While the lightning flash shows the brilliancy which the electric illumination can attain, it shows also the intense heat resulting from the electric discharge. This might, indeed, be inferred simply from the brilliancy of the light, since we know that this brilliancy can only be due to the intense heat to which the particles along the track of the electric flash have been raised. But it is shown in a more convincing manner to ordinary apprehension by the effects which the lightning flash produces where—in the common way of speaking—it strikes. The least fusible substances are melted. Effects are produced also which, though at first not seemingly attributable to intense heat, yet in reality can be no otherwise explained. Thus, when the trunk of a tree is torn into fragments by the lightning stroke, though the tree is scorched and blackened, a small amount of heat would account for that particular effect, while the destruction of the tree seems attributable to mechanical causes.

It is, indeed, from effects such as these that the idea of the fall of thunderbolts has doubtless had its origin, the notion being that some material substance has struck the

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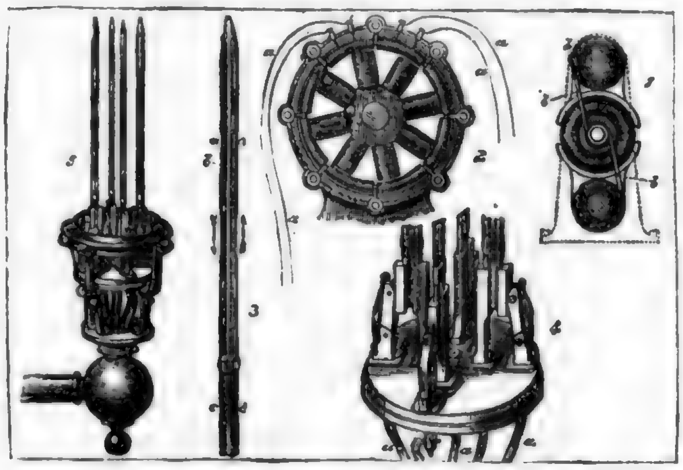
body thus shattered or destroyed. In reality, however, such destructive effects are due entirely to the intense heat excited during the passage of the electricity. Thus in the case of a tree destroyed by lightning, the shattering of boughs and trunks results from the sudden conversion of the moisture of the tree (that is, the moisture present in the substance of the tree) into steam—a change accompanied of course by great and sudden expansion. The tree is as certainly destroyed by the effects of heat as is a boiler which has burst, though in each case the expansive power of steam directly works the mischief. It is the more useful for our present purpose thus to note at the outset both the illuminating and the heating power of the lightning flash (or rather of the electric discharge), because, as will

TOUCHING UP THE OLD BOAT.



JABLOCHKOFF'S ELECTRIC-LIGHT APPARATUS.

presently be seen, the electric light, while in all cases depending on intensity of heat, may either be obtained in the form of a series of flashes succeeding each other so quickly as to be, to all intents and purposes, continuous, or from the incandescence of some suitable substance in the path of the electric current.

Let us now consider briefly the general nature of electrical phenomena, or at least of those electrical phenomena which are related to our present subject.

Formerly, when light was supposed to be a material emanation, and heat was regarded as an actual fluid, electricity was in like manner regarded as some subtle fluid which could be generated or dispersed in various ways. At present, it is safer to speak of electricity as a state or condition of matter. If it were not that some very eminent electricians (and one, especially, whose eminence as a practical electrician is indisputable) are said to believe still that there is such a thing as an electric fluid, we should have simply asserted that in the present position of scientific research, with the known velocity at which the so-called electric current flows, and the known relations between electricity, heat, and light, the theory of an electric fluid is altogether untenable. It will suffice, under the actual circumstances, to speak simply of electrical properties, without expressing any definite opinion respecting their interpretation.

A certain property, called electricity, is excited in any substance by any cause affecting the condition of the substance, whether that cause be mechanical, chemical, thermal, or otherwise. No change can take place in the physical condition of any body without the generation of a greater or less amount of electricity; although in far the greater number of cases there may be no obvious evidence of the fact, while in many cases no evidence may be obtainable even by the use of the most delicate scientific tests.

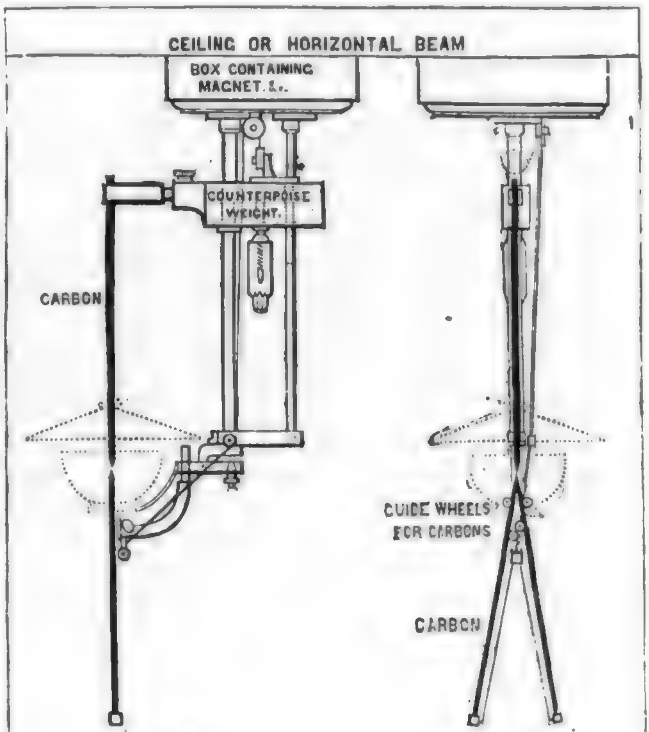
We have spoken here of the generation of a greater or less amount of electricity, but in reality it would be more correct to speak simply of a change in the electrical condition of the substance. Electricians speak of positive and negative electricity as though there actually were two distinct forms of this peculiar property of matter. But it may be questioned whether it would not be more correct to speak of electricity as we do of heat. We might speak of cold as negative heat precisely as electricians give the name of negative electricity to a relative deficiency of what they call positive electricity; but in the case of heat and cold it is found more convenient, and is more correct, to speak of different degrees of one and the same quality.

The difficulty in the case of electricity is that at present science has no means of deciding whether positive or negative electricity has in reality the better claim to be regarded as absolute electricity. Making comparison between electrical and thermal relations, the process which we call the generation of positive electricity may in reality involve the dispersion of absolute electricity, and so correspond to cooling, not to heating. In this case the generation of what we call negative electricity would in reality be the positive process. However, it is not necessary to discuss this point, nor can any error arise from the use of the ordinary method of expression, so long as we carefully hold in remembrance that it is only employed for convenience, and must not be regarded as scientifically precise.

Electricity may be excited, as we have said, in many ways. With the ordinary electrical machine it is excited by the friction of a glass disk or cylinder against suitable rubbers of leather and silk. The galvanic battery develops electricity by the chemical action of acid solutions on metal plates. We may speak of the electricity generated by a machine as frictional electricity, and of that generated by a galvanic battery as voltaic electricity; but in reality these are not different kinds of electricity, but one and the same property developed in different ways. So also of what is sometimes called magnetic electricity, of which we shall presently have much to say. It is electricity produced by means of magnets, but is in no respect different from frictional or voltaic electricity.

Of course, however, it will be understood that for special purposes one method of producing electricity may be more advantageously used than another. Just as heat produced by burning coal is more convenient for a number of purposes than heat produced by burning wood, though there is no scientific distinction between coal-produced heat and wood-produced heat—so for some purposes voltaic electricity is more convenient than frictional electricity, though there is no real distinction between them.

Every one knows that when, by means of an ordinary electrical machine, electricity has been generated in sufficient quantity and under suitable conditions to prevent its dispersion, a spark of intense brilliancy, and greater or less length, according to the amount of electricity thus collected, can be obtained when some body, not similarly



THE RAPIEFF REGULATOR (IMPROVED).

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electrified, is brought near to what is called the conductor of the machine. The old-fashioned explanation, still repeated in many of our books, ran somewhat as follows: "The positive electricity of the conductor decomposes the neutral or mixed fluid of the body, attracting the negative fluid and repelling the positive. When the tension of the opposite electricities is great enough to overcome the resistance of the air, they re-combine, the spark resulting from the heat generated in the process of their combination."

This explanation is all very well; but it assumes much that is in reality by no means certain, or even likely. All we *know* is that whereas before the spark is seen the electrical conductor and the object presented to it were different, they are no longer different after the flashing forth of the report. It is as though a certain line (straight, crooked, or branched) in the air had formed a channel of communication by which electricity had passed, either from the conductor to the object, or from the object to the conductor—or *possibly* in both directions, two different kinds of electricity existing (before the flash) in the conductor and the object, as the old-fashioned explanation assumes. Again, we know that the passage of electricity along the air-track, supposing there really is such a passage, but in any case the observed change in the electrical conditions of the conductor and the object, is accompanied by the generation of an intense heat along the aërial track where the spark is seen.

In the case of electricity generated by means of a galvanic battery, we do not note the same phenomena unless the battery is a strong one. We have in such a battery a steady source of electricity; but unless the battery is powerful, the electricity is of low intensity, and not competent to produce the most striking phenomena of frictional electricity. For instance, voltaic electricity, as used in telegraphic communication, is far weaker than that obtained from even a small electrical machine. What is called the positive extremity of the battery neither gives a spark nor attracts light bodies. The same is true of the other, or negative, extremity. The difference of the condition of these extremities can only be ascertained by delicate tests; the deflections of the needle, in fact, by which telegraphic communications are made, may in reality be regarded as the indications of a very delicate electroscope.

But when the strength of a galvanic battery is sufficiently great, or, in other words, when the total amount of chemical action brought into play to generate electricity is sufficient, we obtain voltaic electricity not only surpassing in intensity what can be obtained from electrical machines, but capable of producing spark after spark in a succession so rapid—so infinitely rapid, one may almost say—that the light is, to all intents and purposes, continuous.

Without considering the details of the construction of a galvanic battery, which would occupy more space than can here be spared, and even with fullest explanation would scarcely be intelligible except to those already familiar with the subject, unless illustrations unsuited to these pages were employed, let us consider what we have in the case of every powerful galvanic battery, on whatever system arranged. We have a series of simple batteries, each consisting of two plates of different metal placed in dilute acid. Whereas, in the case of a simple battery, however, the two different metals are connected together by wires to let the electric current pass (the current ceasing to pass when the wires are disconnected), in a compound battery, in which (let us say) the metals are zinc and copper, the zinc of one battery is connected with the copper of the next, the zinc of this with the copper of another, and so on; the wire *to* the copper of the first battery and the wire *from* the zinc of the last battery being free, and forming what are called the poles of the compound battery—the former the positive pole, the latter the negative pole. When these free wires are connected, the current of electricity passes; when they are disconnected, the current ceases to pass, unless the break between them is such only that the electricity can, as it were, force its way across the gap. When the wires are connected, so that the current flows, it is as though there were a channel for some fluid which flowed readily and easily along the channel. When the circuit is absolutely broken, it is as though such a channel were dammed completely across. If, however, while the poles are not connected by copper wires or by other freely conducting substance, yet the gap is such as the electricity can pass over, the case may be compared to the partial interruption of a channel at some spot where, though the fluid which passes freely along the channel is not able to move so freely, it can yet force its way along, with much disturbance and resistance. Just as at such a part of the course of a liquid stream—say a river—we find, instead of the quiet flow observed elsewhere, a great noise and tumult, so where the current of electricity is not able to pass readily we perceive evidence of resistance in the generation of much heat and light—if the resistance is great enough.

It will be observed that we have spoken in the preceding paragraph of the passage of a current along the wire connecting the two poles of a powerful electric battery, or along any substance connecting those poles which possesses the property of being what is called a good conductor of electricity. But the reader is not to assume that there is such a current, or that it is known to flow either from the positive to the negative pole, or from negative to positive pole; or, again, that, as some have suggested, there are two currents which flow simultaneously in opposite directions. We speak conventionally of the current, and for convenience we speak as though some fluid really made its way (when the circuit is complete) from the positive to the negative pole of the compound battery. But the existence of such a current, or of any current at all, is purely hypothetical. We should be disposed, for our part, to believe that the motion is of the nature of wave-motion, with no actual transference of matter—at least, when the circuit is complete. According to this view, where resistance takes place we might conceive that the waves are converted into rollers or breakers, according to the nature of the resistance; actual transference of matter taking place through the action of these changed waves, just as waves which have traversed the free surface of ocean without carrying onward whatever matter may be floating on the surface cast such matter ashore when, by the resistance of the shoaling bottom or of rocks, they become converted either into rollers or into breakers.

We may also notice, with regard to good conductors and bad conductors of electricity, that they may be compared to substances respectively transparent and opaque for light-waves; or, again, to substances which allow heat to pass freely, or the reverse. Just as light-waves fail to illuminate a transparent body, and as heat-waves fail to warm a body which allows them free passage, so electricity-waves, if electricity really is undulatory, as we imagine, fail to affect any substance along which they travel freely. But as light-waves illuminate an opaque substance, and heat-waves raise the temperature of a substance which impedes their progress, so waves of electricity, when their course is impeded, produce effects which are indicated to us by the resulting heat and light.

A powerful galvanic battery is capable of producing light of intense brilliancy. For this purpose, instead of taking sparks between the two metallic poles, each of these is connected with a piece of carbon, which is nearly as good a conductor as the metal, and the sparks are taken between these two pieces of carbon, usually set so that the one connected with the negative pole is virtually above the one connected with the positive pole, and at a distance of a tenth of an inch from each other, or more, according to the strength of the battery. Across this gap between the carbons an arc of light is seen, which in reality results from a series of electric sparks following each other in rapid succession. This arc, called the voltaic arc, is brilliant, but it is not from this arc that the chief part of the light comes. The ends of the carbon become intensely bright, being raised to a white heat. Both the positive and negative carbons are fiercely heated, but the positive is heated most. As, ordinarily, both carbons are thus heated in the open air, combustion necessarily takes place, though it is to be noticed that the lustre of the carbons is not due to combustion, and would remain undiminished if combustion were prevented. The carbons are thus gradually consumed, the positive nearly twice as fast as the negative. If they are left untouched, this process of combustion soon increases the distance between them beyond that which the electricity can pass over. Then the light disappears, the current ceasing to flow. But by bringing the carbon points near to each other—they must, indeed, be made to touch for an instant—the current is made to flow again, and the light is restored.

The following remarks by M. H. Fontaine (translated by Dr. Higgs) may help to explain the nature of the voltaic arc: "In truth, the voltaic arc is a portion of the electric circuit, possessing the properties of all other parts of the same circuit. The molecules swept away from point to point" (that is, from one carbon end to the other) "constitute between these points a mobile chain, more or less conductive, and more or less heated, according to the intensity of the current and the nature and separation of the electrodes" (that is, the quality and distance apart of the carbon or other substance between which the arc is formed). "These things happen exactly as if the electrodes were united by a metallic wire or carbon rod of small section" (so as to make the resistance to the current great), "which is but saying that the light produced by the voltaic arc and that obtained by incandescence arise from the same cause—that is, the heating of a resisting substance interposed in the circuit."

The intensity of the light from the voltaic arc and the carbon points varies with circumstances, but depends chiefly on the amount of electricity generated by the battery. A fair idea of its brilliancy, as compared with all other lights, will be gained from the following statements: If we represent the brightness of the sun at noon on a clear day as 1,000, the brightness of lime glowing under the intense heat of the oxy-hydrogen flame is about 7; that of the electric light obtained with a battery of 46 elements (Bunsen's), 235. With a battery of 80 elements the brightness is only 238. These results were obtained in experiments by Fizeau and Foucault. The intensity does not, therefore, increase much with the number of the component elements after a certain number is passed. But it increases greatly with the surface, for the experimenters found that with a battery of 46 elements, each composed of 3, with their zinc and copper respectively united to form one element of triple surface, the brightness became 385, or more than one-third of the midday brightness of the sun (that is, the apparent intrinsic lustre of his disk's surface), and 55 times the brightness of the oxy-hydrogen lime-light.

Another way of obtaining an intense heat and light from the electric current generated by a strong battery is to introduce into the electric circuit a substance of small conducting power, and capable of sustaining an intense heat without disintegration, combustion or melting. Platinum has been used for this purpose. If the conductive power of copper be represented by 100, that of platinum will be represented by 18 only. Thus the resistance experienced by a current in passing through platinum is relatively so great that if the current is strong the platinum becomes intensely heated, and shines with a brilliant light. A difficulty arises in using this light practically, from the circumstance that when the strength of the current reaches a certain point the platinum melts, and, the circuit being thus broken, the light immediately goes out.

The use of galvanic batteries to generate an electric current strong enough for the production of a brilliant light is open to several objections, especially on the score of expense. It may, indeed, be safely said that if no other way of obtaining currents of sufficient intensity had ever been devised, the electric light would scarcely have been thought of for purposes of general illumination, however useful in special cases. (In the electric lighting of the new Opera House at Paris batteries are used.)

The discovery by Oersted that an electric current can make iron magnetic, and the series of discoveries by Faraday, in which the relation between magnetism and electricity was explained, made electric lighting practically possible. One of these shows that if a properly insulated wire coil is rapidly rotated in front of a fixed permanent magnet (or of a set of such magnets), currents will be induced in the coil, which may be made to produce either alternating currents or currents in one direction only, in wire conductors. An instrument for generating electric currents in this way, by rapidly rotating a coil in front of a series of powerful permanent magnets fixed symmetrically around it, is called a magneto-electric machine.

Another method, now generally preferred, depends on the rotation of a coil in front of an electro-magnet; that is, of a bar of soft iron (bent in horseshoe form), which can be rendered magnetic by the passage of an electric current through a coil surrounding it. The rapid rotation of the coil in front of the soft iron generates a weak current, because iron always has some traces of magnetism in it, especially if it has once been magnetized. This weak current being caused to traverse the coil surrounding the soft iron, increases its magnetism, so that somewhat stronger currents are produced in the revolving coil. These carried round the soft iron still further increase the magnetism, and so still further strengthen the current. In this way coil and magnet act and react on each other, until from the small effects due to the initial slight magnetism of the iron, both coil and the magnet become, so to speak, saturated. Machines constructed on this principle are called dynamo-electric machines, because the generation of electricity depends on the dynamical force employed in rapidly rotating the coils.

We need not consider here the various forms which magneto-electric and dynamo-electric machines have received. It is sufficient that the reader should recognize how we obtain electric currents of great intensity in one case from mechanical action and permanent magnetism, and in the other from mechanical action and the mere residue of magnetism always present in iron.

In the cases here considered, it is in reality the sudden presentation of the coil (twice at each rotation) before the positive and negative poles of the magnet, which induces a momentary but intense current of electricity. The rotation being exceedingly rapid, these currents succeed each other with sufficient rapidity to be appreciably continuous.

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A similar principle is involved in the use of what is called the inductive coil, except that in this case the sudden beginning and ceasing of a current in one coil (and not magnetic) induces a momentary but strong current; matters are so arranged that the current induced by the starting of the inducing current, immediately causes this to cease; while the current induced by the cessation of the inducing current immediately causes this current to begin again; so that by a self-acting process we have a constant series of intense induced currents, succeeding each other with great rapidity, so as to be practically continuous, as with those produced by magneto-electric and dynamo-electric machines.

All that we have said about the voltaic arc, the incandescence resulting from resistance to the current's flow, and so forth, in relation to electricity generated by galvanic batteries, applies to electricity generated by induction coils, or by magneto-electric and by dynamo-electric machines. Only it is to be noticed that in some of these machines the currents alternate in direction with each revolution of the swiftly turning coil, in others the currents are always in the same direction, and in yet others the currents may be made to alternate or not, as may be most convenient.

LIGHTING THE THAMES EMBANKMENT BY ELECTRICITY.

We have now to consider how light suitable for purposes of illumination may be obtained from the electric current. Hitherto we have considered only light such as might be used for special purposes, where a bright and very intense light was required; where, perhaps, expense and complexity of construction might not be open to special objections, and where, in general, the absolute steadiness of the light was not an essential point. But those who have seen the electric light used, even by the most experienced manipulators, for the illustration of lectures, will know that the light as so obtained, though of intense brilliancy, is altogether unsuited for purposes of ordinary illumination.

If we consider a few of the methods which have been devised for overcoming the difficulties inherent in the problem of electric lighting, the reader will recognize at once the nature of these difficulties, and the probability of their being effectually overcome in the future, for, though much has been done, much yet remains to be done in mastering them.

Let us consider first the Jablochkoff candle, the invention of which brought about, in July, 1877, the first great fall in the value of gas property.

The Jablochkoff candle consists of two carbons placed side by side, instead of one above the other in a vertical line. Thus placed, with a slight interval between them, the carbon rods would allow the passage of the electric current at the place of nearest approach, and therefore of least resistance to its passage. A variable and imperfect illumination would result. M. Jablochkoff, however, interposes between the separate carbon rods a strip of plaster of Paris, which is a nonconducting material. The upper points of the carbon rods are thus the only parts at which the current can pass. They are connected by a little bridge of carbon, which is necessary for the starting of the light—just as in the case of the ordinary electric light, the two carbons must, in order to start the light, be brought into contact. When the current flows, the small bridge of carbon connecting the two points is presently consumed, but the arc between the points is still maintained; for the plaster becomes vitrified by the intense heat of the two carbon points on each side, and melts down as the carbons are consumed. If the light is in any way put out, however, a small piece of carbon must be set again, to form a bridge between the carbon points. Throughout the burning of

THE DYNAMO-ELECTRICAL MACHINE OF GRAMME.

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the Jablochkoff candle the fused portion of the insulating layer forms a conducting bridge between the carbon points; and hence there is a considerable loss of electric force (probably about thirty per cent.), which, in the ordinary arrangement, would increase the intensity of the light. The great advantage of the candle consists in the circumstance that throughout its consumption the carbon ends are at a constant distance from each other without any mechanical or other arrangement being necessary to maintain them in due position.

One point should be noticed here. In the ordinary arrangement of carbon points, the positive carbon, as we have already said, is much more intensely heated, and consumes twice as fast as the negative carbon. Now, if one carbon of the Jablochkoff candle were connected with the positive, and the other with the negative pole of the battery or of a machine, the former side would consume twice as fast as the latter, and the two points would no longer remain at the same horizontal level, which is essential to the proper burning of the Jablochkoff candle. By using a machine which produces alternating currents, M. Jablochkoff obviates this difficulty, the carbon being alternately positive and negative (in extremely rapid succession), and therefore consuming at the same rate.

The Jablochkoff candle lasts only about an hour and a half. But four, six or more candles may be used in the same globe or lantern, and automatic arrangements adopted to cause a fresh candle to be ignited at the moment when its predecessor is burnt out.

The figure No. 1 does not represent part of the Jablochkoff machine, but is an end view of the Gramme machine used to generate a constant current of electricity; *a*, is the revolving circular magnet, having coils of copper wire about it; *b*, *b*, are the conductors of electricity from the magnet to the coils of wire placed above and below; these conductors, or collectors, are formed of bundles of fine wire, like a brush, sweeping the surface of the coil around the magnet, and brushing the electricity off it, so to speak.

Fig. 2 is the Gramme machine used by M. Jablochkoff for the generation of alternate currents. It contains eight magnets, arranged upon a revolving axis, like the spokes of a wheel; and the inner circumference of the surrounding fixed circle is furnished with eight coils of wire. These surrounding fixed coils are so placed, alternately in pairs, that four of them come in contact with four of the revolving magnets, and the other four coils meet the other four magnets, there being two different lengths of magnets corresponding with two different sets of coils. As the machine revolves, therefore, the magnets alternately touching and not touching the coils in the circumference, alternate electric currents proceed from it, the one positive and the other negative. The current passes outward through one magnet to the coils, and returns inward through the next magnet, as is indicated by the little arrows in our engraving. The wires, *a*, *a*, convey the electricity to the carbon candles.

Fig. 3 represents one of these "candles," which consists of a pair of carbon rods, *a* and *a*, each nine inches long, and perhaps three-sixteenths of an inch thick, or it may be thicker. The pair are connected at the top by a short piece of graphite, but are, throughout their length downward, insulated respectively by an intervening composition of china clay, *b*. The lower end of each carbon is insulated in a brass tube, *c*, which is the socket by which it stands in the chandelier. The clay plaster between the carbons is decomposed by the electric action as the carbons are consumed; it is converted into aluminium, which burns away, and silica, which melts and drops down.

Fig. 4 shows the chandelier, with the bases of four carbon candles, each a pair of carbons, in their brass sockets, held by spring clips upon a stand, having a round disk of opal glass beneath them to temper the glare, and below this are the metal conductors, *a*, *a*, to supply the electricity from the machine. The four candles burn separately, one succeeding another; each will last an hour and a half; and when it is consumed the next one must be placed, by an attendant touching a spring, in connection with the electric machine; and so on till the four are used up, in six hours. An attempt has been made, however, to contrive an automatic apparatus, instead of shifting the connection by hand.

Fig. 5 represents the entire chandelier, but divested of the opal glass plate, so as to show the candles in position, with the "commutator" and inductor below; the commutator is a nucleus of conducting wires, inclosed within a non-ducting case, and it serves to regulate the distribution of electricity to the four candles.

In Paris and elsewhere (as in Holborn for instance), each Jablochkoff lamp is inclosed in an opal glass globe. Mr. Hepworth remarks on this, that in his opinion the use of the opal globe is a mistake, as it shuts off quite fifty per cent. of the light without any corresponding advantage, except the correction of the glare. "This wasteful disadvantage will no doubt be remedied in the future," he says, by the use of some less dense medium. "Mr. Shoolbred states that from a series of careful photometric experiments carried out by the municipal authorities with the Jablochkoff lights, each naked light is found to possess a maximum intensity of 300 candles. With the opal globe this was reduced to 180 candles, showing a loss of 40 per cent., while during the darker periods through which the light passed, the light was as low as 90 candles."

It may be mentioned here that Mr. Van der Weyde, who has long used the electric light for photographic purposes, has given much attention to the important problem of rendering the electric light available as an illuminator without wasting it, and yet without throwing the rays directly upon the object to be illuminated. The rays are intercepted by an opal disk about four inches in diameter, and the whole body of the rays is gathered up by a concave reflector (lined with a white material), and thrown out in a flood of pure white light, in which the most delicate shades of tint are discernible. He can use any form of electric candle in this way. Only it should be noticed, before the employment of his method is advocated for street illumination, that there is a difference between the problems which the photographer and the street-lighter have to solve. The Jablochkoff candle, for instance, must be screened on all sides, and even above, when used to illuminate the streets. If its direct light is allowed to escape in any direction, there will be a mischievous and unsightly beam, and from every point along the path of the beam, the intensely bright light of the candle will be directly visible. Again, it is essential that whatever substance is used to screen the light should be dense enough to cause the whole globe to seem uniformly bright, or nearly so. The only modification which seems available (when these essential points have been secured) is that the tint of the globe should be such as to correct any color which the light may be found to have in injurious excess. We may, however, remark that the objection which has been often raised against the color of the electric light can scarcely be just—the injury to the eyes in certain cases arising probably from the strong contrast between the light and the background on which it is projected. For, as to color, the electric light derived either from the glowing carbon or from incandescent metal, is appreciably the same as sunlight.

The Rapieff burner, employed in the London *Times* office consists of four carbon pencils, arranged thus ${}^{\vee}_{\wedge}$ except that the two v's are not in the same plane, but in planes at right angles with each other. The spark crosses the space between the points of the v's, and arrangements are made for keeping the two points at the right distance from each other, and also for keeping the ends of the two pencils which form each point in their proper position. If the current is from any cause interrupted, an automatic arrangement is adopted to allow the current to pass to the other lamps in the same circuit. There are six lamps in circuit in the *Times* office; and M. Rapieff has exhibited as many as ten. The advantages claimed for this light are the following: "First, its production by any description of dynamo-electric machine with either alternating or continuous currents; secondly, great divisibility and complete independence of the several lights, and long duration without change of carbons; and lastly, the extreme facility with which any ordinary workman or servant can renew the carbons when necessary, without extinguishing the lights."

The last-named advantage results, it need scarcely perhaps be said, from the use of two carbons to form each point. One can be removed, the other remaining to keep the voltaic arc intact until a new carbon has been substituted for its fellow; then it in turn can be replaced by a new carbon, the new carbon already inserted keeping the voltaic arc intact.

The six lamps of the *Times* Office thoroughly illuminate the room, and give light for working the eight Walter presses used in printing the paper. The light has been thus used since the middle of last October, and it is said that other rooms in the building are shortly to be illuminated in the same manner. "Each lamp is inclosed in an opal globe of about four inches in diameter, and so little heat is given off, that the hand can be placed on the globe without inconvenience, even after the light has been burning for some time."

The following notes explain our engravings of figures to illustrate the several parts of the Rapieff apparatus.

Fig. 1. The Rapieff electrode, or electric candle. It differs from the Jablochkoff arrangement in this respect—that the Jablochkoff candle requires an insulating substance between the two carbons, by which means it maintains a constant size of the voltaic arc from the top to the bottom of his candle. Mr. Rapieff puts a little magnet under his candlestick, which causes the carbons to maintain the required distance throughout a considerable portion of the length of the carbons without any insulating substance. By this arrangement he gets two enormous advantages—first, that he does away with the insulating substance which, in the case of the Jablochkoff candle, destroys one half of the power of the light; and, secondly, that he has the same means for re-lighting his light in case of extinction, as he has in his first regulator. The carbons, when being consumed, are separated from each other by the action of the magnet concealed in the stand of the lamp. *a*, *a*, are wires to the magneto-electro machine.

Fig. 2. The Rapieff regulator, part of which is shown on a larger scale in Fig. 3. *a*, *a*, positive carbons, 19½ inches long, approaching toward and touching each other only at the point of illumination. *b*, *b*, negative carbons, whose arrangement is the same as *a*, *a*. These two pairs of carbons are kept in juxtaposition by means of a fine endless cord, *c*, on which is suspended a weight, *d*. This weight surrounds the two uprights, and, when descending, draws the carbons together. *e*, small friction pulleys, to facilitate their forward movement, and to insure their exact position at all times, also acting as conductors of the electric current. *f*, set-screw, for adjustment of the top holder, so that the carbon points may be placed nearer to, or further from, each other—in other words, for increasing or decreasing the length of the voltaic arc. *g*, lever working on a pivot, and connected with the arm of the lower carbon-holder. If, by any chance, the light should be momentarily extinguished, the current immediately flows to the magnet in the base of the lamp. The magnet attracts an armature, which pulls down the rod *h*, connected by the arm with the upper pair. *i*, pivot to allow of slight play of holder. *k*, an upright rod containing the wire for the negative current. *l*, rod with positive wire inside it. *m*, wires to battery. *n*, wires to and from the resistance carbons in the base of the lamps, and belonging to the system adopted for the subdivision of the light.

Fig. 4 is what Mr. Rapieff calls his "moderator." It will be observed that the four carbons point upward, on the top of which is a disk of magnesium, chalk, or any substance that will retain the heat. By this means Mr. Rapieff utilizes the entire heat of the voltaic arc to intensify its power of illumination. The reader will observe also by this form that it is perfectly easy to surround the light-point by an 8-inch opal globe, and the other portion of the apparatus may be covered by the body or shell of an ordinary moderator lamp.

Fig. 5. A portion of same, enlarged. *a*, cylindrical-shaped refractory substance, such as magnesium, chalk, etc.; this utilizes the heat, and renders the light more brilliant. *b*, *b*, carbon-holders; the carbons are assisted in their forward motion by wheels, *c*, *c*. These also serve as conductors of the current. *d*, weight with pulleys and cords attached. *e*, elongated metallic tube with continuation of carbon, insuring its complete consumption. *f*, stand in which is concealed the electro-magnet for re-lighting the carbons. *g*, wires to magneto-electric machine or battery.

The dotted lines round Fig. 4 show its use as an ordinary table-lamp, and bears out the name given to it by Mr. Rapieff.

The diagrams on page 501 show a new arrangement of the Rapieff regulator. Its principle is precisely the same in every respect, except that the magnet is at the top instead of at the bottom, as in other lamps (which will still be constructed as before). In this case also the upper carbon is stouter than the other two, and there are only three carbons instead of four. The dotted lines show the glass globe and shade. This is a special modification for the *Times* printing-office, instead of those which have hitherto been in use there. The new lamp is now in operation at the *Times* office, and is found to work better.

In the Wallace lamp there are two horizontal plates of carbon, about nine inches in diameter, instead of mere carbon points. When the current is passing, these carbon plates are separated by a suitable small distance which remains unchanged. The electric arc, being started at the point along the edge of the carbons where there is least resistance to the passage of the current, gradually passes along the edge of the carbons as combustion goes on, changing the position of the place of nearest approach and consequently of least resistance. The light will thus burn for many hours—even for a hundred with large carbon plates—and any number of lights up to ten can be worked from the machine. The objection to the Wallace lamp is, that the light does not remain at one point, but travels along the whole extent of the carbons. It will not be easy to design a glass shade which will be suitable for a light thus changing in position.

Fig. 1. The Farmer-Wallace dynamo-electric machine. *a*, four stationary field electro-magnets of semi-circular oblong shape. *b*, two sets of twenty-five revolving electro-magnetic coils, each set being secured to a strong, broad,

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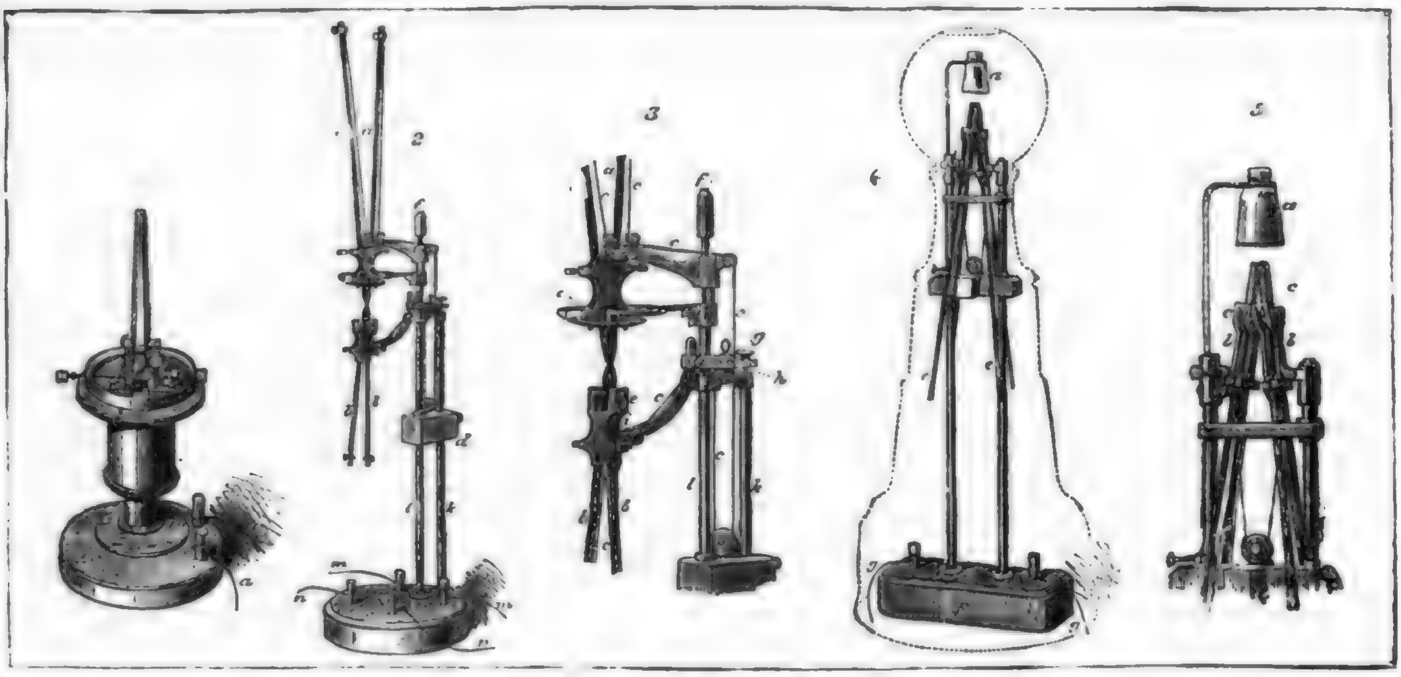


THE RAPIEFF ELECTRIC-LIGHT APPARATUS.

flat disk of iron; these disks, with a space between them, are firmly fixed to the shaft. Slips of iron, *c*, which point to the centre of disks, are to cause an outward current of air, so as to prevent undue heating. *d*, commutators on the axis of the revolving magnets. The commutator is constructed of wood, with one hundred slips of metal let in lengthways completely round the surface. *e*, conducting wires from revolving magnets to commutators. *f*, brushes to convey the currents generated in the revolving coils from commutators, and thence by means of wires, *g*, the accumulated electricity passes through the field magnets, and thence on to one external circuit. The wires proceed to the lamps on the further side of the machine, not seen in our illustration. *h*, driving bands from steam-engine.

Fig 2. The commutator on a larger scale, or, more properly speaking, the collector, as with this machine the currents always pass in the same direction.

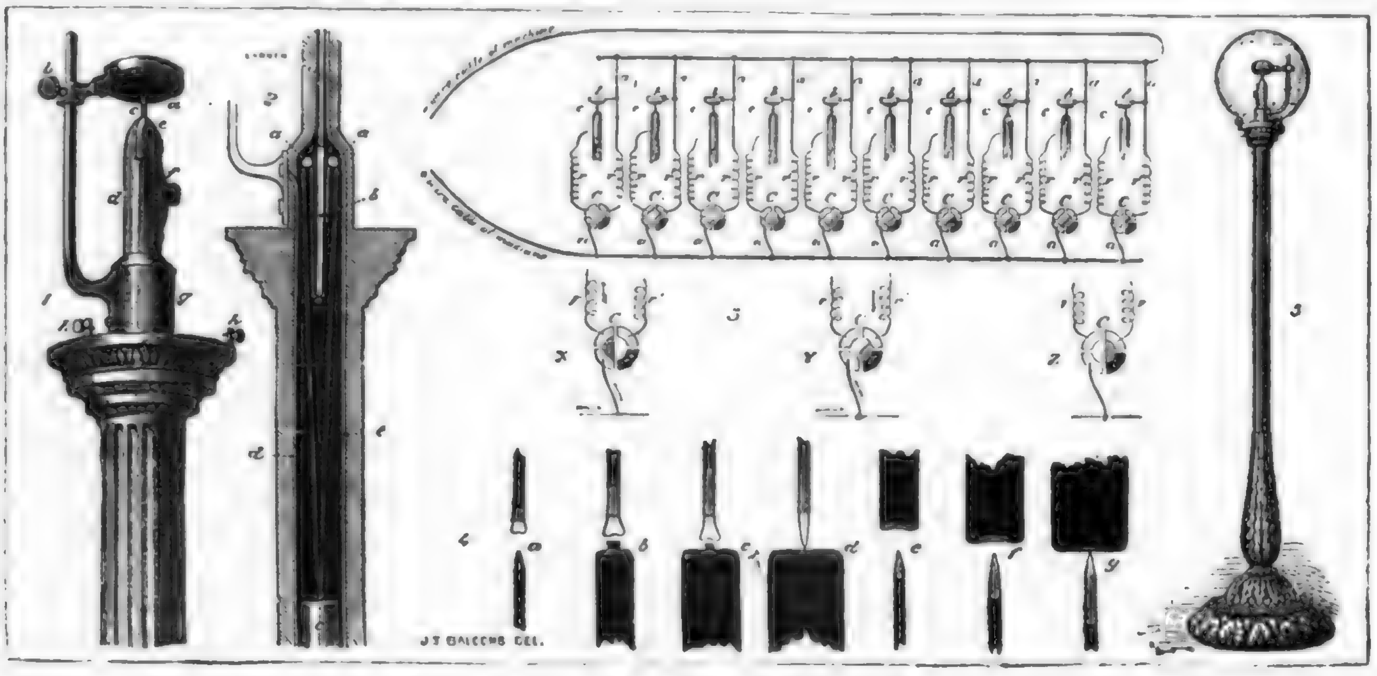
Fig. 3. End view of central revolving magnets, and edge view of brushes, *a*, showing the arrangement of the latter on the commutator. The air-holes for ventilation show through the wires, *b*.

Fig. 4. A brush, front view. It consists of two or three layers of fine copper wires soldered together at one end.

Fig. 5. The Wallace Lamp. *a* is a fixed plate of carbon; *b* is a similar plate of carbon, but connected with the rod, *c*, which passes freely through the cylindrical electro-magnet contained in the box, *d*. The two plates are joined to opposite poles of the machine. When there is no current the plate, *b*, rests, as represented, on *a*; but when the electric current is started, the electro-magnet being excited attracts the keeper and raises *b*, which thus maintains the distance necessary for the production of the electric light. The whole is intended to be contained in a clear glass shade.

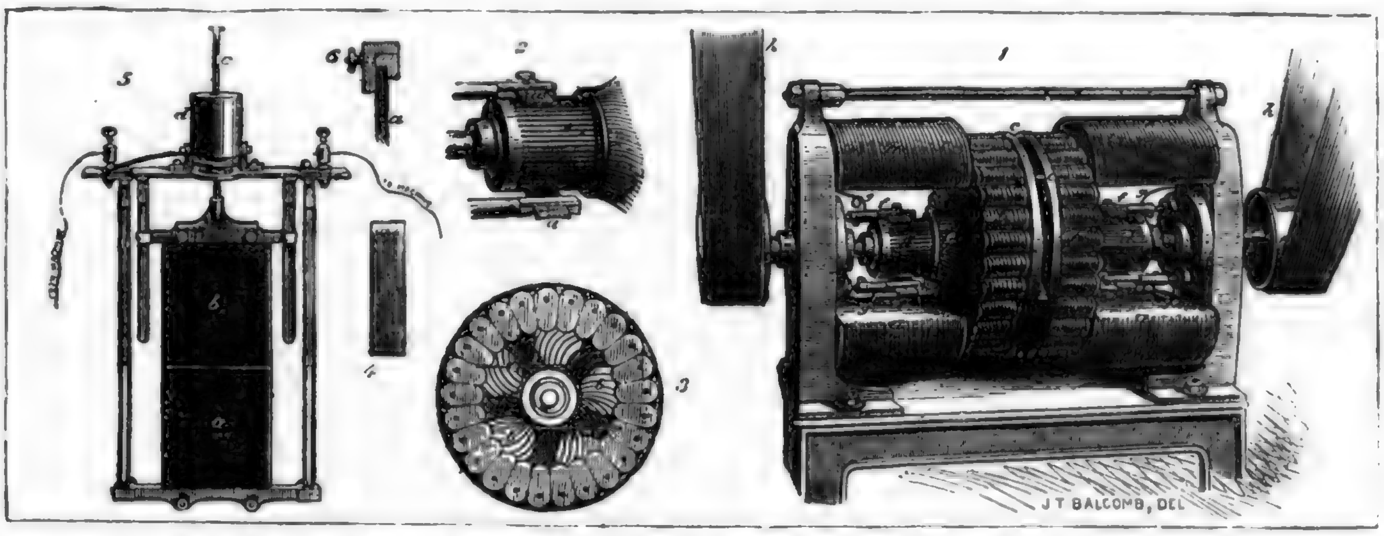
Fig. 6. Section on a larger scale, showing clearly how the carbons are fastened in the lamp. *a*, carbon plate; these plates are about five inches by four, and will last fifty hours.

The Werdermann regulator is on an entirely new plan;



THE WERDERMAN ELECTRIC-LIGHT APPARATUS.

but it has not yet been submitted to the test of practical working outside the laboratory. The positive carbon, which is lowest, ends in a sharp point, which, strangely enough, retains its figure while the carbon burns away at the rate of about two inches per hour. The negative carbon is a block having its under side, against which the positive carbon presses, slightly convex. The positive carbon is pressed steadily against the negative, by the action of a weight. The increased resistance to the passage of the current at the sharp point of the positive carbon generates sufficient heat to produce a powerful light. The light resembles a steadily radiant star, but "with all its softness and purity of tint, it is so intense that adjacent gas-flames are thrown on the wall as transparent shadows." The light will last for fifteen hours without attention, the positive carbon rod being used in lengths of three feet. The carbon block scarcely undergoes any change. When the lamp has been burning a long time, a slight depression can be seen at the place where the positive carbon touches it, but by shifting the carbon in its holder this is easily remedied. Mr. Werdermann lately exhibited a row of ten small lamps burning side by side at the same time. "The two wires from the machine," says Mr. Hepworth, "were carried one on either side of this row of lamps, branch wires being led from them for the service of each lamp. Mr. Werdermann says that his perfected lamps will be furnished with keys, by which the current can be turned on or off, as in the case of gas. We may say, in fact, that in the nature of its connections and various arrangements, it (the Werdermann lamp) most nearly comes up in convenience to the use of gas."



THE FARMER-WALLACE DYNAMO-ELECTRIC APPARATUS AND WALLACE LAMP.

Fig. 1. Exterior view of the Werdermann lamp. *a*, negative "bun"-shaped carbon, held in its place by a metal ring, secured on upright metal rod by screw, *b*. These are conductors of the electric current. *c*, positive carbon pencil, which slides within tube, *d*. *e*, split contact-piece. This grips the pencil, and to it is conveyed the positive wire. *f*, spring to regulate the pressure of the split contact-piece. *g* contains the mechanism by which the pencil is kept up. *h*, screws to secure the clear glass globe.

Fig. 2 shows the interior of *g*. *a*, *a*, wheels over which revolves a chain, its two upper ends being fastened to the carbon-holder, *b*. *c*, counterbalance weight. This always keeps the pencil carbon, as it burns away, in gentle contact with the disk. *d*, conductor to negative carbons. *e*, conductor of positive electricity through the split contact-piece to the pencil carbon.

Fig. 3 shows the method of connecting up the Werdermann lights in a parallel circuit. The lamps are connected to the main cable by the wires *a*, the wire at the top going to the negative carbon, and that at the bottom going on to the commutator *C*, the use of which will be presently explained. *b* is the top or negative carbon; *c*, the small pencil or electrode which is consumed; *i*, the tube through which it is guided, and which forms contact with it; *r* is a spiral spring of steel wire, to offer resistance in the circuit through which the electric current flows from the cable to the lamp; *r′* is another resisting spring, equivalent to *r* and the resistance of the electrodes combined, so that if any particular lamp is extinguished the current which originally flowed through that lamp is shunted, through the resistance *r′*, and the intensity of the other lamps is then not affected. But the current from any extinguished lamp can be used to increase the light of those left burning, if necessary, by simply turning the handle of the commutator, the arrangement of which is shown at X, Y and Z. The use of the commutator is for turning the light off and on. When the commutator stands as at X, then the current goes from the cable up through *r* to the lamp. When it is standing as at Y, the current goes through the equivalent resistance to the lamp, the light now being out. When it stands as at Z, the circuit of the commutator is broken, and no current passes; the other lights are then slightly increased in illuminating power.

Fig. 4 illustrates the history of Mr. Werdermann's experiments, leading up to the principle of his invention. *a* shows the ordinary arrangement of carbons in an electric lamp. *b*, the result of increasing the lower carbon in sectional area. Notice the cylindrical pimple of carbon, and the spreading out of the end of the upper electrode. *c* is a larger lower carbon; when, in order to maintain continuity of the arc, it was necessary to bring the two carbons closer together. In *d*, the lower carbon is still larger, and the continuity of the circuit could only be maintained by keeping the two carbons in actual contact. Notice the pointed form of the upper carbon. In *e*, *f* and *g*, we see what occurred when the large carbon formed the positive pole.

We do not yet know certainly what arrangement Mr. Edison employs to obtain the light of which so much has been heard. It is asserted that his light is obtained from the incandescence of an alloy of iridium and platinum, which will bear without fusion a heat of 5,000 degrees Fahrenheit. It would be unsafe, however, to assume that this account is trustworthy, or to infer, as we might in the case of almost any other inventor, that such being the nature of his plan, it could lead to no result of practical

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value. As has been well remarked by a contemporary writer, whatever Edison's invention may be, "it is certain to be something to command respect, even if it does not quite come up to the glowing accounts which have reached us in advance."

The following passage from one of these accounts, which appeared in the New York *Herald*, will be read with interest, and may be accepted as trustworthy, so far as it goes: "The writer last night saw the invention in operation in Mr. Edison's laboratory. The inventor was deep in experimental researches. What he called the apparatus consisted of a small metal stand placed on the table. Surrounding the light was a small glass globe. Near by was a gas-jet burning low. The professor looked up from his work to greet the reporter, and in reply to a request to view the invention, waved his hand toward the light, with the exclamation, 'There she is!' The illumination was such as would come from a brilliant gas-jet surrounded with ground glass, only that the light was clearer and more brilliant. 'Now I extinguish it and light the gas, and you can see the difference,' said Mr. Edison; and he touched the spring. Instantly all was darkness. Then he turned on the gas. The difference was quite perceptible. The light from the gas appeared, in comparison, tinted with yellow. In a moment, however, the eye had become accustomed to it, and the yellowish tint disappeared. Then the professor turned on the electric light, giving the writer the opportunity of seeing both side by side. The electric light seemed much softer; a continuous view of it for three minutes did not pain the eye; whereas, looking at the gas for the same length of time caused some little pain and confusion of sight. One of the noticeable features of the light, when fully turned on, was that all the colors could be distinguished as readily as by sunlight. 'When do you expect to have the invention completed, Mr. Edison?' asked the reporter. 'The substance of it is all right now,' he answered, putting the apparatus away and turning on the gas; 'but there are the usual little details that must be attended to before it goes to the people. For instance, we have got to devise some arrangement for registering—a sort of meter; and again, there are several different forms that we are experimenting on now, in order to select the best.' 'Are the lights to be all of the same degree of brilliancy?' asked the reporter. 'All the same.' 'Have you come across any serious difficulties in it as yet?' 'Well, no,' replied the inventor, 'and that's what worries me; for in the telephone I found about a thousand, and so in the quadruplex. I worked on both over two years before I overcame them.'"

Other methods, as the Sawyer-Man system, and the Brush system, need not at present detain us, as little is certainly known respecting them. In the former it is said that the light is obtained from an incandescent carbon pencil within a space containing nitrogen and no oxygen, so that there is no combustion. In the latter the carbon points are placed as in the ordinary electric lamp, but are so suspended in the clasp of a regulator that they burn fourteen inches of carbon without adjustment, the carbons lasting eight hours, and producing a flood of intense white light, estimated as equivalent to 3,000 candles.

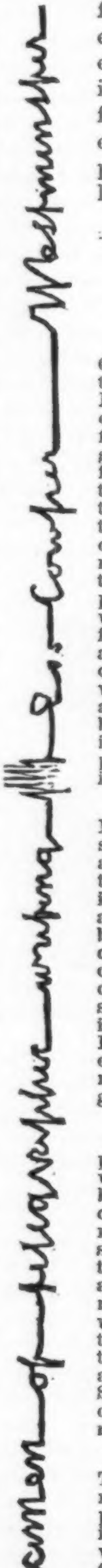
We have no space to consider the cost of electric lighting, even if the question were one which could be suitably dealt with in these pages. Opinions are very much divided as to the relative cost of lighting by gas and by electricity; but the balance of opinion seems to be in favor of the belief that electric lighting will on the whole be as cheap as lighting by gas. Then it is to be remembered that, important though the question of cost is, it is far from being all-important. The advantages of electric lighting for many purposes, as in public libraries, in cases where many persons work together under conditions rendering the vitiation of the air by gas-lighting exceedingly mischievous, and in cases where the recognition of delicate differences of tint or texture is essential, must far more than compensate for some slight difference in cost. The possibility—shown by actual experience to be a real possibility—of employing natural sources of power to drive machines for generating electricity, is another interesting element of the subject, but could not be properly dealt with save in greater space than is here and now available.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Physiological action of Nitrous Oxide Gas.—Considering the fact that nitrous oxide gas is now extensively used by dentists, it has occurred to M. Paul Bert that the same agent could be advantageously employed in hospitals in surgical operations. He finds that the nitrous oxide acquires a very great degree of activity when submitted to pressure. After a few inspirations in a compressed atmosphere containing one-sixth of nitrous oxide, a dog falls entirely to sleep. The heart beats, however, and the temperature remains normal. The excitation of the centripetal nerves determines the production of the reflex phenomena. The author was able to keep up this condition for more than an hour. If at the expiration of this time air is allowed to enter the lungs, we see, after the third respiration, all of the ordinary functions re-established. The sensibility is returned, and with it full energy and activity. There are none of the disagreeable effects which follow chloroform, which is explained on the principle that the latter agent forms a combination with the principles of the blood, while the nitrous oxide is simply dissolved in it. In view of these facts, M. Bert suggests the importance of introducing the compressed nitrous oxide in hospitals.

The Satellites of Mars.—Prof. Asaph Hall, of the National Observatory at Washington, discovered two satellites of Mars, by aid of a very powerful telescope, and also favored by the near approach of the planet to the earth, in 1877. In the eighteenth century the idea was prevalent that such satellites ought to exist, and Mr. Richard Proctor has found a letter, written by Kepler to his friend Wachenfels, in 1610, in which occurs the following passage: "So far from being opposed to the idea of the existence of four satellites of Jupiter, I am waiting for you to send me a telescope, in order that I may try to find two accompanying Mars, because the mass seems to demand them." It was probably from Kepler that Swift and Fontanelle derived the idea of the probable existence of two moons around Mars. The prediction was nearly forgotten, until the fortunate discovery of Prof. Hall.

A Real Telegraph.—A new invention of a real, practical character, not a mere *paulo post futurum* invention, like many we have heard of lately, has just been made by Mr. E A. Cowper, the well-known mechanical engineer. It is a real telegraphic writing machine. The writer in London moves his pen, and simultaneously at Brighton another pen is moved, as though by a phantom hand, in precisely similar curves and motions. The writer writes in London, the ink marks in Brighton. We have seen this instrument at work, and its marvels are quite as startling as those of the telephone. The pen at the receiving end has all the appearance of being guided by a spirit hand. The apparatus is shortly to be made public before the Society of Telegraph Engineers. We annex a fac-simile of the writing produced by this telegraphic writing machine.



Specimen of telegraphic writing — E. A. Cowper — Westminster

Cryptogamic Botany.—A superb work, by M. Thuret and M. Bornet, on the algae, fuci and other marine plants, has appeared in France. It is composed of 101 pages of text and 51 magnificent plates, in folio. Among the subjects treated of in this work, we notice the peculiar fecundation of the fuci, the extraordinary phenomena of the fecundation of *polyides*, and finally the sexual reproduction of coralline, never before described. The monograph will prove to be interesting, not only to botanists, but also to all persons occupied with the question of the reproduction of organic beings.

The Effect of Colored Light on Vegetation.—M. Paul Bert has recently communicated to the Academy of Sciences the results of exhaustive investigation on the influence of colored light on vegetation. When he found that plants placed under green glass perished rapidly, he considered the explanation of the fact to be that, as they were themselves green by reflected or transmitted light, the rays allowed to reach them being of the same color, they were rejected as useless. But considering that these leaves, when in thick layers, appeared red, he supposed that they could not either utilize the red rays, but was greatly surprised to find that vegetable life persists almost indefinitely when only supplied with the red rays. That apparent contradiction led him to a more profound investigation. By the spectroscope he discovered that, in diffused light, the red glass intercepted the yellow, and all the more refractible rays, allowing only to pass the orange and the red; the green, on the other hand, allowed all to pass except about three fourths of the red. The former suffices to maintain life, but the second kills. Therefore, the part of the spectrum necessary to support vegetable life is found in the rays which are absorbed by the green. If they are prevented from falling on the plant, no further increase takes place, and the resources already stored up by the vegetable are gradually exhausted until it perishes. Behind red glass, plants live long, doubtless, but they grow excessively tall, are thin, and the members are flabby and very slightly colored. The reason is, that they are deprived of the blue and violet rays. Consequently, each part of the spectrum contains elements which play an active part in the life of plants. The conclusion at which M Paul Bert arrives is that, although vegetable life may be maintained almost indefinitely under the influence of certain colored rays, yet each part of the spectrum has its specific action, and that unless plants have due access to the whole rays which, combined, form white light, the vegetation must inevitably be imperfect.

A New Lacustrine Station.—A new lacustrine station has been discovered at Locras, on the lake of Bienne, in Switzerland. It dates from the end of the age of stone, and is situated at some distance from the shore, not far from another station explored in 1873. The present one has been left exposed by the fall of the waters, which were unusually low last Autumn. The researches, directed by Dr. Gross de Neuveville, have brought to light a number of curious and interesting articles; among others are flint hatchets, pierced like those found in Denmark, and fixed with pitch to a handle of deerhorn, which is itself fitted into a wooden stock; flint spear-heads; various articles of domestic use in wood, including a colander and a vase in a good state of preservation, and several instruments and arms of pure copper. The discovery of these objects serves to prove that the age of stone was not followed immediately by that of bronze, but that there was an intermediate period, during which copper without alloy was used. Several human skulls were found, and one of them bears evident marks of trepanning. After death, a round piece was cut from the crown to form an amulet to which certain virtues were attributed. According to Dr. Broca, a similar operation was practiced on living children, to give an issue to the evil spirit which was believed to be the cause of convulsions. Similar amulets have been found in the sepulchral grottoes and dolmens of the South of France, as well as in Sweden, Germany and Austria.

The New Metal, Davyum.—Prof. Sergius Kern has contributed some further information relative to the metal discovered by him, and which he named davyum, in honor of Sir Humphrey Davy. The metal is obtained from platiniferous sand, by the analytical method of Prof. Bunsen. Only a very small quantity has been obtained. The chloride of davyum is very soluble in water, alcohol or ether, and its crystals are not deliquescent. It forms double salts with the chlorides of potassium and ammonium, which are insoluble in water and very soluble in absolute alcohol. The double salt of sodium and davyum is almost insoluble in water and alcohol, a reaction which is characteristic, and may lead to a method for the precipitation of soda. The specific gravity of davyum is 9.38, thus classing it with the lighter metals of the platinum group. The atomic weight has not yet been determined, but preliminary experiments point to 150 or 154 as the probable number. The spectrum of davyum has been investigated by vaporizing the metal in powder, between the carbons of the electric lamp. It is found to give lines differing from those afforded by any other metal, thus confirming the elementary character of the substance. The metal is soluble in aqua regia, from which solution potash gives a yellow precipitate of the hydrate, which is easily acted on by acids, even acetic acid. Thus far no uses have been suggested for the new metal.

Silicate of Alumina Substituted for Albumen in the Preparation of Photographic Paper.—Mr Phipson recommends to float the paper upon an aqueous solution of silicate of potash (soluble glass) until it is well saturated, and then to immerse it in a bath of alum-water. The two baths must contain equivalent quantities of each salt. While the paper is still moist, it is passed between wooden rollers, and subsequently hung up to dry. The sheets are sensitized in the ordinary way, and the prints resemble perfectly those made on albumen paper.

Measuring Height by the Barometer.—A neat and easily recollected rule for measuring height by means of the barometer is given in Admiral Fitzroy's treatise. The figures are, of course, approximate, since no allowance is made for temperature; but they will often serve where accuracy is not required, and the height to be estimated does not exceed a quarter of a mile The rule is to divide the difference of reading between the upper and the lower stations by the decimal 0.011; the result is the elevation in feet.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A Dry Time.—About eleven o'clock A. M.

Fine Day.—Monday morning at the police court.

Disagreeable Duties.—On passengers' baggage.

Why is a church bell more affable than a church organ? Because one will go when it is *tolled*, but the other will be *blowed* first!

"If a Miss is as good as a mile, how good is a Mrs?" If she is a widow, she will be good for a league under any circumstances.

A Kansas man who offered bail for a friend, was asked by the judge if he had any incumbrance on his farm. "Oh, yes," said he, "my old woman!"

"The cat in gloves," said Franklin, "catches no mice." Indeed, no; not she. When the cat is able to wear gloves she can afford to buy her mice, ready dressed and cooked.

There may be differences between a single cat in a fit and a couple of them in a fight, but it amounts to about the same thing if they each happen to select the flower-plot in the front yard as the scene of their activities.

"Oh, granny!" cried little Tommy, at the top of his voice, "I just seen the biggest ant! It couldn't begin to git inter that door!" Granny was duly excited, but not so much as when Tommy told her it was an eleph-ant!

A lawyer about to finish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, to make it as light as possible. "Ah!" said the lawyer, "you might properly enough say that to the foreman of your establishment; but that is not the way I make my bread."

When a woman gets a red spot on the end of her nose, the world charitably remarks that her blood is out of order; but just let that red spot appear on a man's nose, and every one will declare they smell whisky as soon as they get within twenty feet of him.

One of our most learned men of science has worn his head nearly bald trying to invent a machine that would calculate with some kind of accuracy the difference between the weight of a fish when it is first taken out of the water and when it gets into the newspapers.

The gentleman whose lips pressed a lady's snowy brow, caught a severe cold. The lady who had a spark in her eye, is now suffering with a match in the other. The gentleman who was devoured by love's flame, recovered when his lady-love threw cold water on his proposals.

"Mamma," said a wicked youngster, "am I a canoe?" "No, child; why do you ask?" "Oh, because you always say you like to see people paddle their own canoe; and I didn't know but maybe I was yours." The boy went out of the door with more reference to speed than grace.

Compliment on the Spot.—Count d'Orsay, in remarking upon a beauty-spot upon the cheek of Lady Southampton, compared it to a gem on a rose-leaf. "The compliment is far-fetched," observed her ladyship. "How can that be," rejoined the count, "when it is made on the spot?"

A new recipient of judicial honors in Alabama was reminded, after the argument in a case that was being tried before him was closed, that he should charge the jury, and rose and said, "Gentlemen ob de jury, I charge you half a dollar apiece, and I say you must pay it before de case goes on."

"Sound," said the schoolmaster, "is what you hear. For instance, you cannot feel a sound." "Oh, yes, you can!" said a smart boy. "John Hopkins," retorted the pedagogue, "how do you make that out? What sound can you feel?" "A sound thrashing!" quickly replied the smart boy.

"That's a very stupid brute of yours, John," said a Scottish minister to his parishioner, the peat-dealer, who drove his merchandise from door to door in a small cart drawn by a donkey; "I never see you but the creature is braying." "Ah, sir," said the peat-dealer, "ye ken the heart's warm when friends meet!"

Dr. Byles's wit once met with a severe retort. Encountering a lady who, having declined an offer of marriage from the doctor, had married a gentleman of the name of Quincy, he said, "So, madam, it appears you prefer quincy to biles." "Yes," she replied, "for if there had been anything worse than biles God would have afflicted Job with them!"

A little fellow, five or six years old, who had been wearing undershirts much too small for him, after having been washed, was put into another garment as much too large as the other had been too small. Our six-year-old shrugged his shoulders, shook himself, walked around, and finally burst out with, "Ma, I do feel awful lonesome in this shirt!"

The editor of a Virginia City paper was asked the other day why he never wore an overcoat. "Overcoat!" said he; "how in thunder could I run fast in an overcoat? If you were chased to and from your office every day by some indignant citizen or other with a club, you wouldn't need an overcoat, bet your life! A linen duster would be too heavy, even. I generally make the home-run in my shirt sleeves!"

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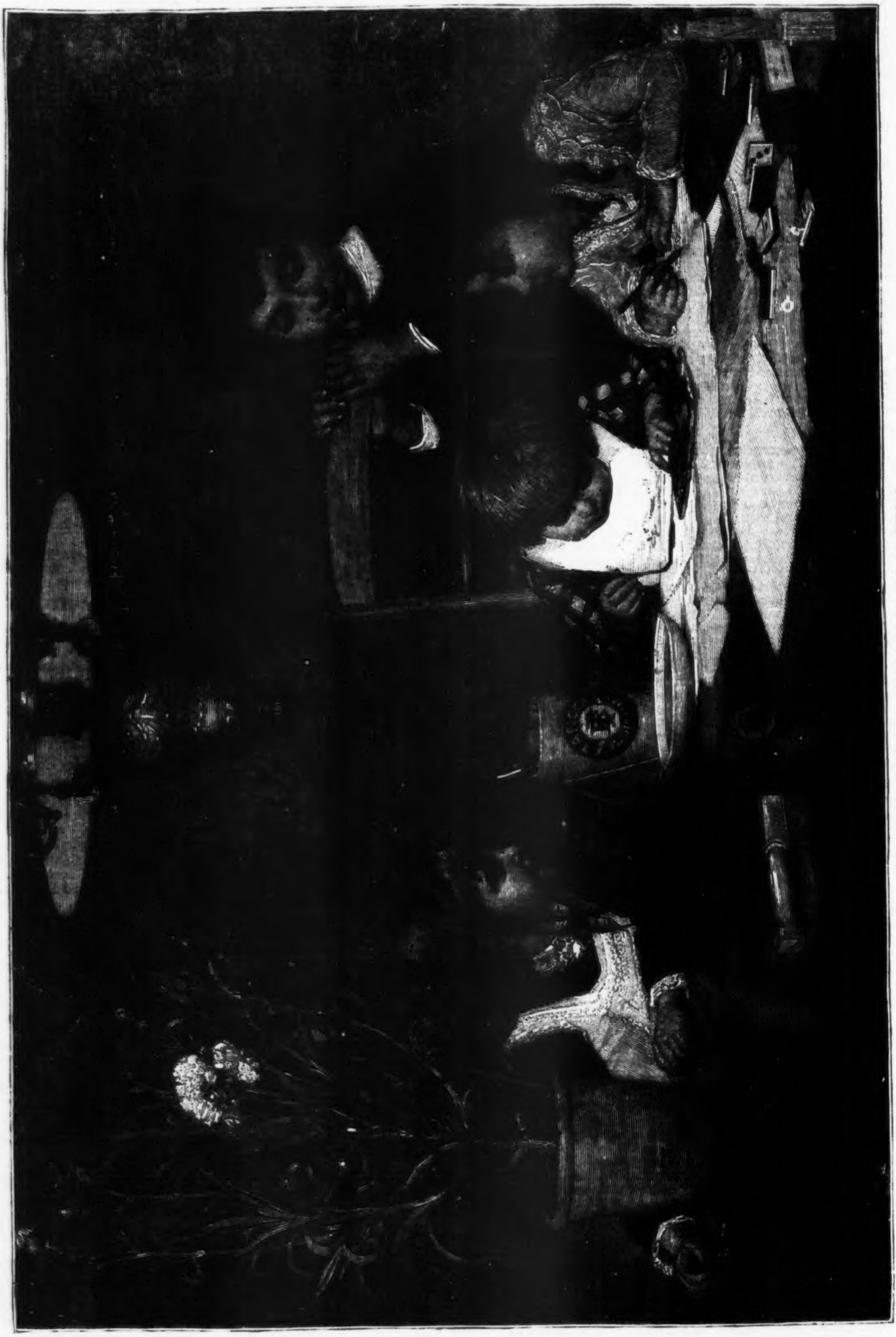

THE MASTER PAINTER.—FROM A PAINTING BY VERHAS.